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MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

GEORGE WITHER

SECOND COLLECTION

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PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND COLLECTION.

The references are to Hazlitt's Bibliographical Hand Book.

1. Vox Pacifica: A Voice tending to the *Pacification* of God's wrath; and offering thoſe *Propoſitions*, or *Conditions*, by the acceptation, and performance whereof, in ſome good meaſure, a firme and continuing *Peace* may be obtained. It is directed to the King, Parliaments, and People of theſe Iſlands. By Geo. Wither Eſquire, (a *Commander* in this *War*) heretofore their unheeded Remembrancer of *Plagues* and *Deliverances* paſt; and their timely *Forewarner* of the *Judgments* now come. He hath diſpoſed it into ſix Books, or Canto's, whereof foure onely are contained in this Volumne; and the other deferred to be hereafter publiſhed, as there ſhall be Cauſe. *To day, if you will heare this Voice, harden not your hearts*, &c. *London*, Printed by *Robert Auſtin*, in the Old-Baily. cIↃ IↃc xlv. (107 *leaves.*) [*H.* 31.]

2. Carmen Eucharisticon: a Private Thank-Oblation, exhibited to the Glory of *the Lord of Hoſts*, for the timely and wonderfull Deliverance, vouchſafed to this Nation, in the routing of a numerous Army of Iriſh Rebells before *Dublin*, by the Sword of his valiant Servant, *Michael Jones*, Lievtenant-Generall for the Parliament of England. Compoſed by *Geo. Wither* Eſquire, Auguſt 29. 1649.

The longeſt-laſting Sacrifice
Is that, which moſt neglected lies.
Sweet Incenſe *into nothing fumes*;
The Fat of Beaſts *away conſumes*;
A Song, *which doth* God's *Works commend,*
Continues longer; *yet, hath end:*
But perfect-love *is an* Oblation,
Which hath no finall conſumation.

London: Printed by *Robert Auſtin.* 1649. (4 *leaves.*) [*H.* 47.]

3. A Suddain Flaſh timely diſcovering, Some Reaſons wherefore, the ſtile of *Protector*, ſhould not be deſerted by theſe *Nations*, with ſome other things, by them very conſiderable. It was first made viſible, *the fourth day, after the* Author *heard it reported, that the Lord* Protector, *had waved the Title of King. By Britans Remembrancer.*

——Poetis
Quidlibet audendum, ſemper fuit, eſtque Poteſtas.

A *Preoccupation*, relating to this *Title.*

If ſome ſhall think, this *Book* miſ-nam'd hath been
Becauſe, ſo *long a Flaſh* was never ſeen;
Know; that, through *Cranies*, it did thither fly,
Where *Touchwood*, and where ſmoking *Flax* did ly,
Which kindling, made it longer then intended;
And, was a *chance*, that cannot now be mended.
But, *Flaſhie Names*, and *things*, thoſe times beſeem
Which, do not *ſolid-ſerious things* eſteem.
And, they who are not pleas'd to run a Courſe,
On *Pegaſus*, may, like a *Hobby-horſe.*

London, Printed for *J. S.* in *little Britain*, and are to be ſold *there*, and at the *Pile of Bibles*, the corner ſhop of the Eaſt end of the *Fiſh-market* in the *Stocks*, looking into *Lumbard ſtreet;* 1657. (37 *leaves.*) [*H.* 63.]

4. A Triple Paradox: Affixed to a *Counter-Mure* raiſed againſt the Furious Batteries of *Reſtraint*, *Slander and Poverty*, the three Grand Engines of the *World*, the *Fleſh* and the *Devil.* By Major *George Wither*, who, now beleagured by their Forces, throws out unto them this Defiance. The ſaid *Paradox* maintains theſe Particulars.

That Confinement *is more ſafe than* Liberty,
Slander *more advantageous than* Praiſe,
Poverty *more profitable than* Riches.
Nuſquam, non poteſt eſſe virtuti locus. Seneca.

London, Printed for the Author. 1661. (40 *leaves.*) [*H.* 80.]

5. A Proclamation in the Name of the King of Kings, to all the Inhabitants of the Iſles of Great Brittain: and eſpecially, to thoſe who have Hypocritically pretended to *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, *Honeſty* and

Religion; (as alſo to them who have lived in open Prophaneſs and Impiety) ſummoning them to Repentance, by denouncing God's *Judgements*, and declaring his *Mercy*, offered in the *Everlaſting Goſpel.* Warrantably Proclaimed, and Preached, by *Geo. Wither.* Though not by any *Humane Ordination.* Whereto are added, ſome *Fragments* of the ſame Authors, omitted in the firſt Imprinting of the Book, Intituled, *Scraps* and *Crums:* and a few which were Collected ſince that Impreſſion, and during his Impriſonment. *London,* Printed in the year, 1662. (35 *leaves.*) [*H.* 82.]

VII

1645.

Vox Pacifica.

[Hazlitt, No. 31.]

VIII

Vox Pacifica:

A VOICE

TENDING TO

The *Pacification* of GOD'S wrath;
and offering thoſe *Propoſitions*, or *Conditions*,
by the acceptation, and performance whereof, in
ſome good meaſure, a firme and continu-
ing *Peace* may be obtained.

It is directed to the KING, PARLIAMENTS,
and PEOPLE of theſe Iſlands:

BY

GEO. WITHER Eſquire, (a *Commander* in this *War)* heretofore their unheeded REMEMBRANCER of *Plagues* and *Deliverances* paſt; and their timely *Forewarner* of the *Judgments* now come.

He hath diſpoſed it into ſix BOOKS, or CANTO'S, whereof foure onely are contained in this VOLUMNE; and the other deferred to be hereafter publiſhed, as there ſhall be Cauſe.

To day, if you will heare this VOICE, harden not your hearts, &c.

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Auſtin*, in the Old-Baily.
cIↃ IↃc XLV.

The meaning of the Frontiſpice.

A Trumpet *ſounds a parlee to this* Iſle,
And, over it, a Hand *diſplayes, the while,*
A Flag of Peace ; *that, this new* Signe *at doore,*
May draw you in, to view a little more.
We hung it forth, that theſe beſotted Nations
May heed the ſeaſon of their Viſitations ;
And, grow more carefull to conforme their wayes
To what this VOICE, and their known Duty, *ſayes:*
Though, yet, the moſt, our words *no more have* mark'd,
Then if a Cat *had meaw'd, or* Dog *had bark'd.*
You ſee the building ; *you have ſeen the* Signe ;
And, if it pleaſeth you, may taſt our Wine.
You view the Type, *and* Title, *of the* Play,
Our Argument, *and where the* Scœne *we lay* ;
And, that, for which the Maker *dearer paid,*
May, when you pleaſe, for little be ſurvai'd ;
Ev'n for as little as you thinke it worth,
When he, at that low rate, can ſet it forth:
And, that we offer no unwholſome Wares,
Our Licence, *and our* Priviledge, *declares.*
Neglect not courteſies, *when few are done* ;
Nor Opportunities, *till they are gone:*
Nor doubt your uſage, though abroad you heare,
Our Authour, *in reproving, is auſtere:*
For, they who bring a well-compoſed minde,
In his moſt harſh reproofs, will mildneſſe finde:
And, none have been his Adverſaries, yet,
But, they, who wanted honeſty, *or* wit.
When his owne failings have to him appear'd,
Himſelfe no more then others he hath ſpar'd ;
And, did, what, he ſuppoſeth, him became.
Let ev'ry Reader *ſtrive to do the ſame,*
And ſhortly, here, in ſubſtance will be ſeen,
What, in this Embleme, *hath but ſhadow'd been.*

VOX PACIFICA
PAX VOBIS
SCOTLAND
Aberden
S Andrew
Edenburg
Barwick
Newcastle
York
ING LAND
Chester
Bangor
Nottingam
Worcher
Lyn
Norwich
Ipwich
Oxford
London
Cant:
Bristo
Landaff
Exceter
Cork
Kell
Dublin
IRLAND
Leche
Arglas
Telin
Toy

TO THE KING, PARLIAMENTS, *AND* PEOPLE, OF Theſe BRITISH ISLES.

NOt to petition King, or *Parliament*,
Or Court the *People*, ſuits with his intent
Who ſends you this: Nor, is it come to crave
Your *Favours*, or, your *Patronage* to have.
It is almoſt too late; and 'twas too ſoon:
At this time, therefore, he expects that *boone*
From *One* who better knowes him; and from whom
This VOICE, doth to your ſight, and hearing come.
And, had he alwaies done ſo, he had loſt
Leſſe labour; and eſcaped with leſſe coſt.
He hath no mind to flatter: if he had,
To flatter at this time, were to be mad;
And, peradventure, alſo, he hath, now,
As little *cauſe*, as *mind*, to flatter you:
For, Courtſhip on that LADY who beſtowes
That poore, deſpis'd, deform'd and aged growes,
Who ſleighted him, and left him to diſpaire
When ſhe was wealthie, lovely, young, and faire.
Yet, that thoſe old affections may appeare,
With which, by him, you alway ſerved were;
And, that he may not give a juſt offence
(By ſeeming careleſſe of the reverence

Belonging to your *Greatneſſe*) he profeſſes,
That, meerly, for the ſake of theſe *Expreſſes*,
The freedome of *bold-language* he aſſumes;
And, that he nothing, for himſelfe, preſumes:
Nor, means to honour, love, or ſerve you, leſſe,
For your unkindneſſes, or your diſtreſſe.
The *Newes* he brings, accepted if it be,
Will warrantize the *Speaker* to be free:
And, if it be deſpiſed, he conceives,
Some will grow bold, ere long, without your leaves;
And, make you heare, with ruder complements,
A blunter *Language*, and to worſe intents:
For, dreadfull things are murmur'd; and unleſſe
Men more conforme, to that which they profeſſe,
You'l find, ere long, he dareth, without feare,
To ſpeak more truth, then many dare to heare.
What ever *He*, what e're his *Language* ſeems;
Your *Perſons*, none more values, or eſteems.
None loves your Honours, or your ſafeties, more
Then he yet doth, and hath done heretofore.
None, oft'ner his own blame hath ventur'd on,
That others might not wholly be undone;
Or, is more free from aimes, at that which tends
To perſonall reſpects, or private ends.
And, thus profeſſeth he, that you might grow
More honourable, by believing ſo.
He, that hath done GOD'S errand, was, ere now,
Reputed a **Mad-fellow*: Some, of you, *2 *King.* 9. 11.
Have ſo been pleas'd, perhaps, of him to ſay,
Becauſe he hath appear'd in ſuch a way,
As, never, ſince the *Chriſtian-paths*, were trod,
Was traced, by a *Meſſenger* from GOD.
But, times have been; and, this is ſuch a time,
In which the People, much regard not them
Who ſpeak in *Ordinary:* And, then muſt
Some *Ploughman*, or ſome *Herdman*, forth be thruſt
To

To help awake them; and, He, peradventure,
With *Riddles*, *Signes*, or *Parables*, muſt enter;
Or, els, by ſome unuſuall ſtraines proceed,
To make his Hearers give the better heed;
And, know, the *Spirit* ſtoupeth from on high,
Somtime, ev'n with a vulgar *Minſtralſie. * 2 *King.* 3. 15.
Be pleaſed, therefore, not to under-prize
Him, or his *Preſent*; leſt (when his diſguiſe
Is taken off) you find him ſomwhat els
Then you have thought, or his appearance tels.
Permit you not the crafty *Polititians*
In either *Faction*, to beget ſuſpitions,
That, he, who wrote this VOICE, hath ſome *Intents*,
For compaſſing whereof, he, now, invents
A Fancie, and pretends the *publike-Peace*,
When, really, he aimes at nothing leſſe.
For, that his purpoſes, no other were
Then he profeſſeth, plainly ſhall appeare
To men of ingenuity, or wit,
Who weigh things paſt, with what he, now, hath writ.
For, whoſoe're hath obſervation took,
With what *impartiall-freedome* he hath ſpoke
To *either ſide*, (nor ſparing *Friend*, nor *Foe*;
Nor caring, who diſpleas'd, or pleas'd ſhall grow)
Can never draw that falſe concluſion thence,
Without much folly, or much impudence.
Yea, ſince it is apparent, that his *Pen*
Hath ſpar'd himſelfe, no more then other men;
Since he hath, now, nigh five and thirty years,
This *Freedome* uſed; and nought, yet, appears
To be, thereby, acquir'd, but ſad events,
Diſgraces, loſſes, cloſe impriſonments,
Deſpights and miſchiefs; how can you ſuppoſe
His folly ſuch, that, now, the world worſe growes,
He thinks, this courſe will him advantage more,
Or, bring him fewer miſchiefs, then before?

He

He knowes, there is the ſelfe-ſame *baſeneſſe*, yet,
The ſame *corruption*, the ſame *little wit*,
And *malice*, which in former times was here;
Though, now, in other habits they appeare,
And act another way. He knowes, what then
Beſt pleas'd; and, what will, now: yet, takes agen
The ſelfe-ſame *Courſe:* Becauſe, he knowes from whom
His *meſſages*, and *warranties* do come:
And, that it ſhall be more his reputation,
To be undone, by ſuch a Generation,
For doing of his Dutie; then, therby,
To be advanc'd for furth'ring vanitie,
Till he and they into perdition fall,
Like Sheep, or Bullocks, ſlaught'red in their ſtall.
This, hath ſo ſteel'd him, that he can abide,
To heare a *fooliſh-Gallant* him deride,
And (taking up his *Poem*) grin, and ſay;
Come, let us heare what novelties we may
Collect from this New-Prophet? and behold,
What future things, are here, by him, fore-told?
This, makes him bold, and reſolute, for *you*;
Who, for himſelfe, doth baſhfully purſue
The meaneſt favour, while you ſeeme to ſee
Another, who thereof may worthier be.
And, therefore, now, this one time him regard,
For your owne ſakes, though never afterward.
Be warie, that this VOICE you truly heed,
Before to any *cenſure*, you proceed,
Condemning *it*, or *him*, by whom it came;
Leſt you, your ſelves, incurre the greateſt blame:
And, thereupon, this alſo, may enſue;
That, thouſands for that *cenſure*, cenſure you,
When they perceive, that you a courſe have run,
Whereby, you are diſhonour'd, and undone.
And, to this end; of thoſe, who cauſe have bin
Of all your preſent Plagues, and of that ſin,

Which

Which brought them on you (that *two-horned-Beaſt*)
Beware of: yea, be warie that no *Prieſt*,
Of either ſide, make void what this VOICE tels,
By their prejudicating it: Or els,
By ſhowes of *Learning*, or fain'd *Holineſſe*,
Make you beleeve, that this way to expreſſe
Divine concernments: Or, for *Saints*, to uſe
The *Muſes* language, ſome way doth abuſe
Their Sanctitie: Or, that this way of Preaching,
Is Heath'niſh, and a *Pagan-ſtraine* of teaching.
For, though moſt *Poets* were, long time ago,
(And yet are) Prieſts of *Luſt*, and *Drunkenneſſe*,
They, from their firſt beginning, were not ſo;
But, men inſpir'd divinely, to expreſſe
The will of GOD; and, by their holy *Songs*,
To rouze up that affection in the heart,
Which to the Love of *Pietie* belongs;
And, to encline it to the *better-part*.
At this our Author aimes; and, to reſtore
That *Gift*, to what it hath been heretofore,
His *Muſes* conſecrates: and, ſhewes the *way*,
That, others (if it pleaſe them) follow may.
Permit not then, the rigidneſſe of thoſe,
Who think *Divinitie* confin'd to *proſe*;
And, Verſe ordain'd, at firſt, for nothing els
But, carnall fancies, fooliſh charms, and ſpels:
Oh! ſuffer none of thoſe (who have beſide
Their ignorance, much envie, and much pride)
Your judgements to pervert, divert your eyes,
Or, fill your eares, with vanities and lies,
To keep off your attention, from this VOICE,
By juggling with Formalities, and noyſe;
Both to the prolongation of your woe,
And, loſſe of good effects which thence may flow.
For, if this VOICE be welcome to your eare,
The bleſſed *way* of *Peace*, it ſhall prepare:

And,

And by the Charmings of this new-tun'd *Song*
The rage of *War*, ſhall be allaid e're long.
That wicked *Spirit* ſhall be charmed downe,
By whom, the ſeeds of *diſcords*, have beene ſowne:
The *Hags* and *Furies*, that have danced here,
No longer, to affright you, ſhall appeare:
But, all the ſacred *vertues*, and the *graces*,
Shall beautifie your *Deſolated-places*.

If you contemne this VOICE, what e're you deem,
Of that it ſpeaketh, (or, what e're *he* ſeem,
Who now proclaimes it) GOD ſhall ſpread the ſame,
In ſpight of all detractions, to your ſhame,
And to the honour of that *Inſtrument*,
By whom it comes: yea, as a *Monument*,
Ev'n *you*, (and *yours*, who ſleight it) ſhall preſerve it
From being loſt; your *cloſets* ſhall reſerve it,
To bear a *Teſtimoniall* of your crimes,
And your impenitence, to *future times*:
Or, for a warning, to ſome age to come;
Or, to exalt GODS *Juſtice* in your doome:
The leaſt of which, will yeeld a rich returne
For all his paines, though you his labour ſcorne.

Should you deſpiſe theſe counſels, it will ſhew
So plainly, thoſe events which muſt enſue,
That, he ſhall neither value thoſe reſpects
The world affords, nor care for her neglects:
But (your ſad doomes bewailing) ſhall deſire,
That, *he* and *his*, may ſpeedily retire
To that ſafe *reſting-place*, wherein are found
Sure ſhelters, from thoſe plagues, that will abound:
And, where he never more ſhall feel, or heare
The ſcornes of *pride*, the rage of malice feare:
Or, labour, as he hath done, heretofore,
To make a *White-man* of a *Blackamoore*.

But, yet he hopes; and yet, a while expects
Some other, and more ſuitable effects,

To

To his deſires: which (if they ſhould ſucceed
Accordingly, will bring *him*, or, *his ſeed*,
To ſee (forth of theſe *Fires*) that *Phœnix* riſe,
Which, is the chiefe deſire, of all their eyes,
Who love *Ieruſalem*. And, with this *hope*,
His heart, he comforting, here, makes a ſtop;
And ſignifies, that, He, who doth preferre
This VOICE, is your deſpis'd REMEMBRANCER.

GEO. WITHER.

A Poſtſcript.

BE pleas'd to know, that, though our Author gives,
In theſe four *Canto's*, fretting *Coroſives*,
He taketh no contentment in your ſmart;
But, ſtudies to perform that *Leaches* part,
Who, rather, ſeekes his *patients* life to ſave,
Then, how to flatter him into his grave.
If you (with patience) let this *Plaiſter* lie,
The next that he intendeth to apply,
Shall be a *Balſome*, which will cure and eaſe;
And (if you be not verie hard to pleaſe)
Give proofe (what ever, knaves and fooles pretend)
Why, ev'ry honeſt man, ſhould be his friend.

The

The Contents of the ſeverall Canto's *contained in this Volumne.*

The Contents of the firſt Canto.

Firſt, here is to your view prefer'd
When, where, *and* how *this VOICE was heard:*
What kind of Muzings, *were the* ground*:*
What worlds, *and* wonders, *may be found*
Within our ſelves: what ſafe-Retreats
From thoſe oppreſſions, frauds, and baits
Which are without: *how little feare*
Of Terrours, which affright us here:
How plainly, there, *a man may ſee*
The villanies, that acted be
For private ends, *with* publike ſhowes:
How generall the miſchiefe growes:
Why, to acquaint you with this VOICE,
GOD, *by ſo meane a man, makes choice:*
Then, ſhewes how our grand-hopes *deceive us,*
And, prayes his aid, that muſt relieve us.

The Contents of the ſecond Canto.

This Canto's *Preface being done,*
The VOICE, to theſe effects, goes on;
Tells, how unworthy we are, yet,
For Peace *deſired, how unfit:*
How vain, how harmfull Treaties *be,*
Till both Sides, *in one* Third *agree*;
And (laying by ignoble ends)
Vſe likely meanes of being Friends.
Shewes, that the Peace *which moſt purſue,*
Will be nor permanent, nor true.
Then, that ſome Cures *may be appli'd,*
Declares, which Parts *are putrifi'd*;
Which, muſt be purg'd, *without delay*;
Or, cauteriz'd, *or* cut *away,*
If we will, e're it be too late,
Recure this weake, this dying State.

The

The Contents of the third Canto.

Here, whether you be pleas'd, or no,
This Author, *maketh bold to ſhow*
That Portion of his private wrongs,
Whoſe knowledge, and redreſſe, belongs
To Publike Juſtice; *that, her eye*
May through his wounds, *her own eſpie.*
The V O C E, then ſpeakes again, and ſchooles,
In Him, *all other froward-Fooles,*
Who, with impatiencie do vent
Their private wrongs, or diſcontent:
As if their Trifles could be heard,
When Kingdomes *cannot finde regard.*
It ſhewes, our Senate *blameleſſe are,*
Of thoſe Diſtractions, raging here;
And, where the Fault, and Fountaine lies,
From whence, our preſent plagues ariſe.

The Contents of the fourth Canto.

While here, our Authour *doth recite*
His Muzings after Naesby *fight,*
The V O I C E returnes; and, doth begin
To ſhew us, what muſt uſher in
Exiled Peace. *Then, told are we,*
How kept our Vowes, *and* Covenants *be:*
How we reforme, *and* faſt, *and* pray:
What Thankfulneſſe *we do repay:*
What, muſt in generall *be done;*
What, by each Individuall-One:
What courſe both King *and* State *muſt take,*
E're they their Peace *with GOD ſhall make:*
What he expects, from ev'ry Nation,
From ev'ry Town, *and* Corporation,
And ev'ry Houſe, *in ſome degree,*
Before our Peace *renew'd will be.*

Theſe faults are diſcovered in the printing, which the Reader is deſired to mend with his pen, and to pardon ſuch other as are over-ſeene.

PAg. 3. *line* 30. *read* rectifie. *pag.* 15. *lin.* 9. *read* tezed. *p.* 18. *l.* 8. *read* yee. *p.* 41. *l.* 4. *read* in. *p.* 50. *l.* 16. *read* -clean. *p.* 52. *l.* 1. *r.* Treatings. *p.* 57. *l.* 23. *r.* yee. *p.* 105. *l.* 36. *r.* this war. *p.* 123. *l.* 36. *r.* fore-ſhow. *p.* 128. *l.* 24. *r.* you. *l.* 25. *r.* your ſorrow. *p.* 130. *l.* 28. *r.* inward. *p.* 142. *l.* 29. *r.* winning. *p.* 144. *l.* 12. *r.* Our loſſes by the Sword we repoſſeſſe. *p.* 145. *l.* 27. *r.* invokes. *p.* 155. *l.* 3. *r.* oppreſſions. *p.* 159. *l.* 19. *r.* though. *ibid. l.* 28. *r.* Chriſtian-libertie.

VOX PACIFICA:

OR,

A VOICE preparing the way of PEACE:

AND,

To that end, dedicated to the KING, Parliaments and People of theſe Britiſh Iſles.

The Contents, of the firſt Canto.

Firſt, here is to your view prefer'd
When, where, *and* how *this VOICE was heard:*
What kind of Muzings *were the ground:*
What worlds, *and* wonders, *may be found*
Within our ſelves: what ſafe-Retreats
From thoſe oppreſſions, frauds, and baits
Which are without*: how little feare*
Of Terrours, which affright us here:
How plainly, there, *a man may ſee*
The villanies, that acted be
For private ends, *with* publike ſhowes:
How generall the miſchiefe growes:
Why, to acquaint you with this VOICE,
GOD *by ſo meane a man makes choice:*
Then, ſhewes how our grand-hopes *deceive us,*
And, prayes his aid, that muſt relieve us.

I Who (before my *Harp* was tun'd or ſtrung)
Began to play a deſcant on the *Times,*
And was among the firſt of thoſe that ſung
The ſcorn and ſhame of VICE, in Engliſh *Rymes.*
I, that have, now, juſt halfe the Age of *Man,*
Been ſlaſhing at thoſe *Hydra's* heads of ſin,

Which are, yet, more then when I firſt began;
And more deformed growne, then they have bin,
I, that have ſpoke of *Truth*, till few believe it;
Of *taking heed*, till *Follie* hath her doome;
Of *Good-advice*, till no man will receive it;
And, of *Deſerved-Plagues*, till they are come:
Once more appeare, with an intent, to ſay
A needfull *Word* in ſeaſon, if I may.
The *Sun* hath run his courſe through all the Signes,
And, thirteen times the *Moone* renew'd her light,
Since laſt I limb'd my thoughts in meaſur'd lines,
Or, felt my heart for *Numbers* tun'd aright;
For, ever ſince my *Muſings in the Field*,
The cloſe whereof, a *Voice* of *PEACE* fore-tells,
With ſuch diſord'red thoughts I have been fild
As uſe to thrive where ſad diſtemper dwells:
And, we have, *All*, ſo broken that Condition,
On which our wiſhed Comforts founded are,
That, of accompliſhing our hopes fruition,
Not many certaine ſymptomes, yet, appear;
Though, therefore, I have ſilent been till now,
My ſlowneſſe blame not, neither murmure you.
The *Muſes* are not ſtill at my command,
Whereby thoſe Informations are acquir'd,
Which many have expected at my hand;
(And ſomwhat out of ſeaſon too, deſir'd.)
The VOICE, there mentioned, was but a *Sound*,
Not then, articulated into words;
The perfect Forme thereof I had not found,
Nor what interpretation it affords.
If I had ſpoken, e're I had mine *Arrant*,
Beyond my wit, my forward tongue had went;
If I had run, before I had my *Warrant*,
Well might I, for my labour, have been ſhent.
There is, for all things an appointed houre;
And, *Times*, and *Seaſons*, are not in my power.

My

My *Veſſell* ſtirreth not, till that *Wind* blowes
Which never blowes but when, and where it liſt:
Drie is my *Ciſterne*, till that *Fountain* flowes,
Whoſe flowings-forth, I cannot then reſiſt.
Somtimes, in me, ſo low the *Waters* lie,
That every Childe and Beaſt is trampling on me;
Somtime againe, they riſe, they ſwell ſo high,
That Princes cannot make a Bridge upon me.
Had *King*, and *Parliament*, the other day,
Commanded from me that which now I write,
To ſave my life, I knew not what to ſay
Of that, which was inſpired yeſternight:
And, being, now, as full as I can hold,
Though none they pleaſe, my *Muſings* muſt be told.
Miſtake not tho, as if it ſhould be thought,
That by *Enthuſiaſme*, now, I write;
Or, that the matter which to me is brought,
By GODS immediate dictates, I indite.
Far is that Arrogancie from my Pen:
The Objects of my *Contemplation*, be
The ſame which GOD affords to other men,
Who uſe aright, the Guifts beſtow'd on me.
The *Muſes* challenge a peculiar phraſe
And freedomes, not ſo well becoming thoſe,
Who are confined to obſerve the lawes
Of common ſpeech, and tell their minds in proſe:
For, whereas theſe have but one worke to do,
I have, in my Intentions, often two.
To reaſon out a *Truth*, is their perfection;
That, ſo, mens judgements rectifie they might:
Thereat, I aime: But, how to move *Affection*,
And ſet the motions of the *Will* aright,
Is my chiefe work: And; to that end, I catch
At all advantages of *Place* and *Time*,
Of *Actions*, or *Expreſſions*; and, I watch
For ev'ry meanes of well improving them.

By which endeavours (and, for ought I know,
By ſome aid, more then ordinary too)
Mixt with mine own Conjectures, I fore-ſhow
Some things, which GOD requires, or means to do.
And, when I apprehend ſuch things as theſe,
They neither are conceall'd, nor told with eaſe.
As when a portion of new ſpritly-wine,
Is in a cloſe, and crazie Veſſell pent,
Which neither can ſufficiently confine
The working Liquor, nor well give it vent;
Ev'n ſo I far'd: For, (though I felt my breaſt
With matter fully ſtor'd) ſeaven daies I ſtrove
My ſwelling *Thoughts*, in *Words*, to have expreſt,
Yet neither could deſiſt, nor forward move.
But, on that night in which our *Monethly-Faſt*
Had ſwallow'd up our greateſt *Feſtivall*,
My *Muſe* broke looſe: And, now the ſtop is paſt,
Will run her Courſe, what ever may befall;
And (ſince to ſpeak her mind ſhe hath begun)
Reſolves, She will be heard, e're She hath done.
Once more therefore, yee BRITAINS lend an eare;
KING, PRIEST, & PEOPLE mark what now I ſay,
And, if you ſhall be pleas'd this VOICE to heare,
Take heed, you harden not your hearts to day.
For, if your pride, and follie, ſhall deſpiſe
The gentle VOICE, that now ſalutes your eare,
Ere long, there ſhall another VOICE ariſe,
Which will not ſuch a peacefull note preferre.
It ſhall not move with ſo becalm'd a Breath,
Nor be dilated through ſo milde an ayre,
But, from the wombe of *Hell*, and Jawes of *Death*,
Be thund'red forth, with horrours and deſpaire:
And, few ſhall hear that VOICES dreadfull ſound,
Without a ſmarting, and a cureleſſe wound.
Though you my former *Warnings* did abuſe,
It brookes excuſe: Becauſe, I ſo fore-told

Enſuing

Enſuing things, as yet, no *Moderne-Muſe*
Hath done the like; and few in times of old:
But, now, by ſeeing thoſe *Predictions* true,
You, as it were, an *Earneſt* have receiv'd,
And an aſſurance, tendred unto you,
That, what is here declar'd, may be believ'd.
By vertue, therefore, of that *Seal*, and *Signe*,
I challenge that beleefe, and that reſpect,
Which appertaineth to this VOICE of mine,
Till, thence, I ſeeke to draw ſome ill effect;
By making that, which hath fulfilled bin,
An Argument to warrantize a ſin.
If an advantage I ſhall take from thence,
To tempt, from any duty to be done;
To act, what gives the *Deitie* offence,
Or any unbeſeeming Courſe to run;
Let me be cenſur'd as *Impoſtors* ought,
That woo the *world*, by ſeeking *Heaven* in ſhow:
Or as a man that's by deluſion taught,
To take more paines for *Hell*, then others do.
But, if this VOICE, by Truth ſhall ſtand approv'd,
And by your Conſciences allowed be;
Reſiſt not that, whereto you ſhall be mov'd,
Nor of my Hopes, at this time, hinder me:
For, in their proſecution, I'le proceed,
How e're you practice, or how ere I ſpeed.
The twentieth *year*, tenth *moneth*, and ſixteenth *day*,
With carefull thoughts, and thoughtfull heart oppreſt,
Near to the fruitfull Banks of *Thame* I lay,
With waking eyes, whilſt others were at reſt.
It was that day, on which they *mournd apart*,
By whom this *Realm* hath repreſented bin;
Thereby, inſtructing ev'ry *Single-heart*,
Which way, the *Peace* deſired, muſt begin)
With private griefs, I had enough to do,
To rob my body, and my mind of reſt:

Yet, I had many publike ſorrowes, too,
By which, my other ſuffrings were increaſt:
And, who was ever unafflicted known,
That beareth others burdens with his own?
Were I but onely rob'd of my eſtate,
And, thereby brought in danger to be poore;
Or of ſuch other miſchiefs, as of late
Theſe warres have brought on me, and many more:
Could I no other miſeries conceive,
Then thoſe, which make our carkaſſes to ſmart,
Our children crie, our tender women grieve,
Or trie the ſtoutneſſe of a manly heart:
Were but the outward glories of this *Realme*,
Or of this *Church*, indanger'd, and no more;
Our wounds had needed but a common balme,
A ſigh or two had blown my ſorrowes ore:
Becauſe, for ſhells, but little care I take,
Save onely for the precious kernell ſake.
But, though the happineſſe of *Realmes* and *Men*,
Doth not, alone, in outward things conſiſt;
(Nay, rather gaines perfection, now and then,
By having ſome externall bleſſing miſt)
Yet, he to his experience little owes,
Who ſees not, that defect of needfull things,
Breeds incivility; and overthrowes
That induſtrie, from whence *well-being* ſprings.
And, he to our condition is a ſtranger,
Who knowes not, that, by theſe diſtractions here,
Reformed-Churches are (this day) in danger
To ſuffer, in our ſuffrings, ev'ry where:
And, that, if our confuſions we purſue,
Meer Barbariſme will (ere long) enſue.
Who, can behold the ſpirit of contention
Still active; and, all overtures of *Peace*
Retarded ſtill; or, poyſoned with diſſention,
Yet not bewaile our miſeries increaſe?

Or,

Or, who laments not? that may feare he carries
Within his loynes, the ſeed of Generations,
That may be bred for *Romiſh-Janiſaries*:
And, nurſed up in their abhominations?
For, though GOD may prevent what we may dread,
(And will perhaps) yet none ſhould ſenſleſſe grow
Of that wherewith our Land is over-ſpread;
Nor of thoſe *Plagues*, which theſe may bring us to:
But, rather, labour for, by ſighes, and teares
A publike Freedom from our private Feares.
For, who now dreads not, that upon this Age,
Worſe Plagues are coming, then as yet, we view?
And, that the things we ſuffer, do preſage
Far greater miſchieves, will on thoſe enſue?
Loe, that great *Feſtivall*, which by this Nation,
Was ev'ry yeare obſerv'd, upon this week,
With ſuch magnificent ſolemnization,
That through the world, there hath not been the like:
That *Feſtivall*, which memoriz'd the birth
Of our great *Paſtor*, and (for no ſmall while)
Did fill each Temple, and each houſe with mirth,
Through ev'ry *Shire*, and *Village*, of this *Iſle*:
That *Feaſt* into a *Faſt*, our ſins now turn;
And, where we have triumphed, we now mourn.
The *Feaſt* of *Aſhuerus*, was to this
A petty banquet (if conſidered
In ev'ry circumſtance) though great was his,
And many people for a long time fed.
The Jewiſh *Paſſover*, which did ſurpaſſe
The moſt for ſome reſpects; in all of them,
By our great *Feſtivall*, exceeded was,
As well in *Plenties*, as in *Place*, and *Time*.
For, therein, all Proviſions did abound:
It was throughout all places, too, extended;
With ſome, it ent'rance in November, found;
And not till February, fully ended;

But, univerſally, twelve dayes, at leaſt,
Throughout the Land, it was a yearly *Feaſt.*
That *Feſtivall,* (which till it was polluted
With *Bacchanalian* Rites, and *Superſtition,*
A pious Obſervation was reputed)
Is now exploded, as a vaine *Tradition.*
Our *Triumph-day,* by *Providence,* is come
To be the day of our *humiliations.*
The *Glorie,* now, is quite departed from
This *Kingdome,* for our great abominations.
The *pleaſant things,* in which we were delighted,
Are took away. The coſtly trimmings, which
To Superſtition, Ignorance invited,
And which began to cozen, and bewitch,
Are broken down; Our brave rich-Robes are gone,
And, all of us, have *Mourning-Garments* on.
For our abuſe of them, G O D, takes away
The chiefe of our *Melodious-Inſtruments*;
And, they who heretofore did ſing and play,
Now, ſadly ſigh; or, howle forth diſcontents.
Our *Lutes* and *Violls,* (which were wont to ſound
Eare-charming ſtraines) are broke and throwne aſide:
Or, by the noyſe of *Drums* and *Cannons* drown'd,
In whoſe loud thundrings, terrour doth reſide.
The *Peace,* which we ſuppoſed everlaſting,
Is fled away: Our *Iubilees* are ended:
Our *Horne of plenty,* ev'ry day is waſting,
Our Foes are ſtrong, and we are ill befriended:
Our fruitleſſe hopes, have utterly undone us;
The things we feared, are now come upon us.
Our many great and unrepented crimes,
The Plagues that *Sin* hath multiplied here;
The wilfulneſſe and madneſſe of the times,
So repreſented to my fancie were,
That, through this *Iſland,* I (me thought) could ſee
No *Worke* ſecur'd from being overthrown;

No

No *act*, or *counſell*, from confuſion free;
No *place*, that was not metamorphos'd grown:
No *man*, almoſt, that had not chang'd his mind;
No *principle*, that was not call'd in doubt;
No *courſe*, in which we might a ſafetie find;
No *vertue*, in all trials, holding out;
Nor any hope of being freed from
Our preſent evils, for the time to come.
That *Cloud of Plagues*, which fill'd in Embleme-wiſe,
The *Title-page*, of my REMEMBRANCER,
(To ſet before this heedleſſe Nations eyes,
A glimpſe of Judgments, then, approaching near)
That *horrid-cloud*, through all theſe *Iles* diſperſt,
Me-thought I view'd; and ſhowring on theſe Lands,
The black effects, which I long ſince rehearſt;
And, all the *Plagues* attending GODS commands.
Not only *Famine*, *Peſtilence*, and *Sword*,
With ſuch, as bring on outward Deſolations;
But, Plagues appeared alſo, more abhord
By thoſe, who cheriſh nobleſt expectations:
For, though theſe harmfull are, more hurt they do,
Which murther us in Soule, and Bodie too.
I ſaw ſo great, ſo many our Diſtractions,
Such Diſcords, riſing up between the Nations;
In ev'rie *Shire*, in ev'rie *Towne* ſuch Factions;
In ev'rie *Perſon*, ſuch diſſimulations:
Among the *Wiſe*, I found ſo little Reaſon;
So little goodneſſe, left among the *Beſt*;
In faireſt ſhewes of *Truſt*, ſuch reall Treaſon;
And ſo much Fraud, where *Truth* was moſt profeſt;
That, neither *want*, nor wealth; nor *wit*, nor Folly;
Nor *Vice*, nor *Vertue*; *Love*, nor *Hatred*, neither,
Nor *ſanctified things*, nor *things unholy*
Diſtinguiſht were; but, ſhuffled ſo together,
That, all things in this world, appear'd, me-thought,
Into a Soul-confounding *Chaos*, brought.

While

Which melancholy Apprehenſions rear'd
Such crotchets, and ſuch whimſies in my braines;
That, many *ſights*, and *ſounds*, I ſaw and heard,
Like thoſe which *Feare* begets, or *Fancie* faines:
Before me, as a ſhadow ſeem'd to paſſe,
Things *preſent*, *paſt*, and *coming*; till I ſaw
Quite out of ſight, all that which I S, or W A S,
And, to an end things *Future*, alſo, draw.
Strange *ſounds* and *noyſes*, heard I round about me,
Or, in me rather; ſuch as did begin
From thoſe which rumbled ev'rie day without me,
Before a troubled *Fancie* let them in:
Which, though to be uncertaine *Sounds*, we grant,
A *Myſterie*, not one of them doth want.
One while, me thought, *Wolves*, *Foxes*, *Dogs*, & *Swine*,
A greedy, craftie, curriſh, naſtie rabble,
Did howle, bark, ſnarle and grunt; and ſometime joyne
In conſort: Muſike moſt abominable!
Sometime, as when an Angrie *Lyon* roares,
Or, as when *Thunder* breaks out of a cloud,
Or, as when raging *Billows* teare the ſhoares,
I *Voyces* heard; ſo ſhrill, ſo deep, ſo loud.
I heard, me thought, the *Voyce* of *Deſperation*,
The crying *Voyce* of *Sin*, the *Voyce* of *Bloud*,
The *Voyce* of *Death*, and utter *Deſolation*;
The *Voyce* of *Iudgement*, from an angrie G O D,
And ev'ry *Voyce*, and ev'ry *Cry* and *Sound*,
In which amazement, dread, and death is found.
Which, had it ſounded to an *Outward-eare*,
(As, by my *Vnderſtanding* it was heard)
The noyſe, had made both dead and living, heare:
The Spheres to ſhake, and Earth, and Hell afeard:
The terrour of it, made my *Soule* to flie
Beyond the limits of corporeall things;
Sometimes deſcending, ſometimes mounting high,
To ſhun the din, which doubt and horrour brings.
But,

But, whatſoever way her courſe ſhe ſtear'd,
Confuſed *noyſe* did ev'ry where abound ;
Confuſed *actions* ev'ry where appear'd ;
Which caus'd my ſtrong diſtempers to abound :
And, almoſt cureleſſe, made I my diſeaſe,
By asking of my heart, ſuch things a theſe.
Why is this *World* (a Scene of ſin and paine)
Fill'd full of ſhadows, which no ſubſtance have *?*
A place of time and labour ſpent in vaine *?*
And where we loſe our *ſelves*, a Toy to ſave *?*
From thence, where we nor ſmart, nor griefe did feele,
We through the womb come crawling weakly hither ;
Then getting ſtrength, we ſcratch and fight a while ;
And, through the grave, paſſe on, we know not whither.
If we purſue what nat'rally delights us,
And walk that courſe, which gives the fleſh content ;
Our *Conſcience*, or ſome *Powre-divine* affrights us,
With inward feares, and threats of puniſhment ;
And, if our ſelves we virtuouſly diſpoſe,
The *World*, and all without us, are our Foes.
Diſgracefull ſlanders, ev'ry where attend us,
Though none can, juſtly, any where accuſe us :
They, who are moſt obliged to befriend us,
When we expect beſt uſage, moſt abuſe us.
They, who to all enormities are prone,
And make no conſcience, of the fouleſt crimes,
(If they ſuſpect us guiltie but of *One)*
Miſ-judge us, as off-ſcourings of the Times.
While for their peace, our ſtudies we employ,
And ſpend our ſelves, to propagate their good ;
They, labour our *well-doing*, to deſtroy,
And ſtaine their murth'rous weapons, with our blood,
As if thoſe portions they regarded not,
Which were not torne, out of a brothers throat.
Since *Kings*, and *Princes*, were at firſt promoted,
Nor for their owne, but for the *Peoples* ſake,

Why

Why, on their trappings, have all Ages doted?
How, did our *Creatures*, ſlaves of us, firſt make?
How grew *man-kind* ſo mad, to flatter them
Vp to that needleſſe height, of pomp, and powre,
Which makes their Arrogancies to contemne
Our *Freedomes?* and our *Birth-rights* to devoure?
How, are they ſtill ſo fool'd, as not to know
(By that which they have *heard*, and *read*, and *ſee*)
That, *Tyrants* alwayes have an overthrow,
When great'ſt their Hopes, and their Oppreſſions be?
And, juſtly, loſe their Honours, Crownes, and Lives,
By ſtruggling for unjuſt *Prerogatives?*
Since G O D, for M A N, at firſt, this world did frame,
(And made it principally for the ſake
Of thoſe who ſerve him, and adore his Name)
Why, doth his Foe, poſſeſſion thereof take?
How comes it, that the *Serpent*, and his breed,
Lords Paramount through all Earths Kingdomes are?
And, that the promis'd and the bleſſed *Seed*,
Enjoyes of this vaſt Globe, ſo ſmall a ſhare?
Yea, ſince the *Earth* is G O D S, and they are *His*,
To whom, by free donation, it was given:
Why, is their due infringed, as it is?
And, why are they from their poſſeſſions driven,
Scorn'd, injur'd, and abus'd, as abject things,
Where they ſhould honour'd be, as *Lords* and *Kings?*
Why is the choſen flock of *Chriſt* ſo few,
And, they ſo numerous, who them deſpite?
(The *Pagan*, the *Mahumetan*, the *Iew*,
The *Papiſt*, and the *Boſome-Hypocrite.*)
Since G O D made *Man*, for good, and not for ill,
(To be *in him*, and *with him*, ever bleſſed)
How did his Foe firſt captivate his *Will?*
How, of his *Creature*, is G O D diſpoſſeſſed?
How, is he glorified, while thoſe Fiends
Do perſecute, inſult, and domineere

In

In miſchieves? and in ruining his Friends,
Who ſaid, Their *Lives* and *Deaths*, to him are deare?
Since GOD is *good*, why, ſo prevaileth *evill?*
Since he's *Almightie*, how, ſo thrives the *Devill?*
Whilſt theſe Expoſtulations I purſu'd,
A BOOKE to me appeared, fairly writ;
In which, I ſatisfying anſwers view'd
To all the Queſtionings of *Carnall-wit.*
Wherewith, my Soule remained ſatisfide,
And drew her ſelfe from theſe wild *Contemplations*,
(Which, elfe perhaps, had carried her aſide
From better, and from ſafer meditations.)
Then, from all outward *Noyſes*, to be free,
Into my *Selfe*, I further did retire;
Ev'n to that *Cloſet*, which is call'd in me,
The INNER-MAN, to ſeek out my Deſire:
And, being there, enough I heard and ſaw,
To teach, to comfort, and to keep in awe.
For, then, my *Heart*, (which did before appeare
A little, narrow, lonely, darkſome Roome)
Was filled with a *Light*, that ſhin'd ſo cleare,
And made the ſame ſo viſible become;
That *(looking inwardly)* I ſaw diſtenſions
So boundleſſe, in their *Width*, their *Depth*, and *Height*,
That, weighing well a fleſhly Hearts dimenſions,
It might be thought an admirable ſight.
For, were you on that mountaine, or high cliffe,
Whence you might fartheſt round about you ſee,
(Suppoſe it were the famous *Tenariffe)*
The *Proſpects*, there, to thoſe that *In-ward* bee,
To me, no more to be compar'd, appeares
Than that within a *Nut-ſhell*, to the *Spheares.*
It ſhewes a *Place* (if *Place* we call it may)
Within the Concave of whoſe wondrous *Orb*,
The Eye of *Contemplation* may ſurvay
Sights, which no *Bounds*, or *Shaddowes*, do diſturb.
There,

There, may be ſeene the meanes which doth diſcloſe,
Though not the Eſſence of *Eternall-things*,
So much at leaſt, as ev'ry notion ſhowes,
From whence, beleeſe of their true *Being* ſprings.
There, may the *Soule* that hideous *Downefall* ſee,
Which leadeth to the brinck of *Deſperation:*
There, may that Entrance plainly viewed be,
Which guideth to a bleſſed *Exaltation:*
And, there, the *Spirit*, to our knowledge, brings
The *Good* and *Ill*, of all created things.
For, hitherto, I never heard of ought
In Heav'n, or Earth, but I perceiv'd it there:
Yea, many *Novelties* from thence are brought,
Which have no *Being*, any other where.
It is indeed, another WORLD within
The *World* without me; and I thither go,
When I to loath externall things begin,
And, doubtfull am, what in this *World*, to do.
I ſometime there have entertainments had,
Like thoſe which may in *Paradiſe* be found:
Sometime againe, 'tis like a *Chaos* made,
Wherein deluding *Fancies* do abound.
Sometime, the *Light* of Heav'n there ſeems to dwell,
And, otherwhile, it is as dark as Hell.
Within our *ſelves* (as GOD vouchſafes his grace)
That Bliſſe, and that true happineſſe is found,
Which men ſeek after in that *Time* and *Place*,
Which have not much relatiom to this *ROVND:*
I being thither guided (by that *Light*
Which faileth none) there, found out an abode
Quite out of hearing, and beyond the ſight
Of thoſe diſtractions, which I ſaw abroad.
There, found I out, a Reſting place to hide me
From *ſcorne of Fooles*, and from the *Strife of tongues:*
From their deſpight, who ſlander and deride me;
From private miſchiefes, and from publike wrongs;
From

From all the menaces, my eares have heard ;
From all the perils, which my heart hath fear'd.
There, I with ſportive fleightings, did peruſe
That, which their *malice*, who theſe times do flatter,
Have ſpewed forth againſt my blameleſſe *Muſe*,
In lumps of ſcurrill, baſe, and witleſſe matter :
And, am content to let the C V R S alone,
Though loud they ſnarle and bawle ; becauſe I find
Thoſe *Beaſts* are by their *Maſters* ſeized on ;
And, do but bark, according to their kind.
Though not their *wit*, their *malice* might, perhaps,
Deſerve a Rating ; and, I could have flung them
A *Bone*, that would have broke, or gagg'd their chaps ;
(Or, throwne the *Wild-fires* of my Brain among them)
But, they in vaine ſhall *bark* ; in vaine they *raile* ;
To ſcratch the *Scabs*, I ſcorne to foule my naile.
For, I, in that *Retirement*, ſeem'd no more
By ſuch decrepit-*Malice*, to be hurt,
Than is a well compacted *Rockie-ſhore*,
On which, the Billows caſt up Foame, and durt.
There, ſhewne I was, the high prerogatives,
(The priviledges) of my *Second-birth* ;
And, from what noble *Root*, my *Soule* derives
Her Pedigree, though ſhe be cloath'd with earth.
And, could I ſtill (when I from *Contemplation*
Returne to *Act)* retaine in me that height
Of *Spirit* ; and the reall eſtimation
Of that, wherein at thoſe times, I delight :
I never more, an earthly hope ſhould cheriſh,
Or, prize the honours, of the *Beaſts that periſh*.
There, on a Throne, above the world I ſate,
Beholding, with diſdaine, Terreſtriall things ;
The fruitleſſe love of Mortals, and their hate,
The Tyrannies of *Subjects*, and of *Kings*.
There, I beheld (without thoſe perturbations,
Which vexed me abroad*)* how *Pride* and *Folly*

Support

Support each other, by their combinations,
In wicked projects, and in works unholy.
There, ſpi'd I, by what ſecret Links and Ties,
The *curſed-Counſell* which deludes the *King*,
And, that *falſe-pack* which in our boſome lies,
Their dark Deſignes together cloſely bring:
And why ſo many moneths in vain are ſpent,
Their treacheries and treaſons, to prevent.
There, can I ſit obſcur'd, and ſpie what ends
Are cloſely follow'd by the Politician;
Who, ſeemingly, the *common-Cauſe* befriends,
That he may ruine it, without ſuſpition.
There, I deſcrie, what avarice, what frauds,
What ſpight, and what hypocriſie doth lurk
In many, whom the *publike-Voice* applauds,
As faithfull men, in *carrying on the Work.*
Without diſtemper, there, I think upon
Their pride and envie, who had rather ſee
Three *Kingdomes* univerſally undone,
Then, wained from their wilfulneſſe to be:
Becauſe, I know, GODS *Worke* will be effected,
In ſpight of what their madneſſe hath projected.
There, without breach of Patience, I can heed,
How impudently ſome have ſought to ſeem
Of eminent deſert; who are indeed
More worthy of contempt, then of eſteem:
How quaintly other-ſome can miſchief do;
And then, by policie, and frauds contrive
To purchaſe thanks, and pay, and favour too,
For that, which, rather, ſhould a halter have.
Yea, there, without offence, I notice take
How zealouſly *Malignants* are befriended;
How ſleight account of their deſerts we make,
Who have, with life, and goods, the *State* defended:
And, with what confidence, we ſtill confide
On thoſe, that will be true to neither ſide.

There,

There, likewiſe, without wrath, I view, and heare
How ſenſleſſe many, who are counted wiſe,
Both of advantages, and dangers are,
Which ev'ry day appear before our eyes.
How needleſſe good *Advice*, by ſome, is thought
Till 'tis too late; how, to prevent a *Wound*
They loſe a *life*; and, (to be thriftie thought)
How, they to ſave a *groat*, miſpend a *pound*.
How deſp'rately they ſomtime take a *Fall*,
To ſcape a *Slip*; how, other while, to ſave
Some *Rotten-Members*, they adventure all
Which we by *Grace*, or *Natures* Charters have.
All this, in my Retirements, I can ſee,
Yet, nothing vexeth, or affrigheth me.
For, therewithall, ſuch meanes appear to ſhow
That both the good Endeavours of our Friends,
And all the Counterminings of the Foe,
Shall work out that, at laſt, which GOD intends:
And, that, if we contented can become
To beare our Burthens, but a little longer,
His *Grace*, will render them, leſſe troubleſome,
Or make us, to ſuſtaine them, daily ſtronger.
Wherewith well pleas'd, I totally reſign'd
My *Will* to his; And, by that Reſignation,
Delightfull Calmes within my heart did finde,
So freeing me, from former perturbation,
That, all *within*, and all *without me*, kept
Such ſilence, as if all the world had ſlept.
As at high *Midnight* in a Deſert Vale,
Or'e-hung and bordred by a *Double-Hill*,
On which there blowes not any *whiſtling-gale*,
Down which, there flowes not any *murm'ring Rill*,
Near which, nor *Bird* doth ſing, nor *Beaſt* doth play,
Through which, no *Travailer* doth ever paſſe;
By which, there growes no ruſling *leafe* or *ſpray*,
In which, no noiſe of *Creature* ever was;

Such ſeem'd that *Calme*, which, then, I did poſſeſſe,
(Or deeper, if it might a deeper be)
And, that the *Silence*, which I now expreſſe,
May not prove empty both to *You*, and *Me*,
In this Retreat, from ev'ry other noiſe,
As from a farre, to me there came a VOICE.
A VOICE there came; From whence, I will not ſay:
Judge yet, to whom I ſhall report the ſame;
For, if you mark the ſenſe, conceive you may
Aſwell as I, from *whom* and *whence* it came.
So *ſtill* a VOICE it was, that with mine *Eare*,
I heard it not; nor made it ſuch a noiſe
As that, which our corporeall ſence doth hear;
Nor was it an articulated VOICE:
But, ſuch a VOICE as when the *Spirit* brings
A Meſſage down from GOD; and, to the heart
Doth whiſper thoſe intelligible things,
Which *words* do but imperfectly impart;
Or, ſuch a VOICE, as from GODS written *Word*,
The Genuine ſenſe well heeded, may afford.
And yet it ſpake ſo plainly, and did ſhew
Thoſe Informations which I gain'd thereby,
In ev'ry Circumſtance, to be ſo true,
That of no branch thereof, miſdoubt have I.
Thus, it began. Thou *Off-ſpring of the earth*,
Whom *Providence* deſigned, in this Nation
To have thy temp'rall Being; and thy Birth
In this Degree, and in this Generation:
Suppoſe not, that, in any worth of thine
There could a merit, or a motive be,
Which might *Eternall-Providence* incline,
To caſt ſo gracious an aſpect on thee,
As to deſcend ſo low, as to thy heart,
The knowledge of his pleaſure, to impart.
For, from thy Childhood, he thy thoughts hath ſeen,
Heard all thy words, obſerved all thy waies;
Can

Can tell how vaine thy youthfull years have been,
And, how thou haſt defil'd thy elder-daies.
He knowes thy ſeeming vertues imperfections;
He ſaw what evill ſecretly thou didſt;
And made thee likewiſe feel by due corrections,
That, he beheld what from the *world* thou hidſt.
The Folly, Fraud, and falſhood of thy heart;
The vices, and the vainneſſe of thy tongue;
How falſe to others and thy ſelfe thou art,
How ſlow to good, how ſwift in doing wrong,
He truly knowes; and, findes thee apt to do
No dutie, but what he compells thee to.
And, he obſerved (though thy guilt he ſmothers)
That, thou to whom he better things hath taught,
Art in thoſe Crimes as deeply di'd as others,
Who on this Iſle, theſe preſent Plagues have brought.
Obſerv'd he hath, how fondly thou haſt ſtriven
With *Wordlings*, in their luſts, to have a ſhare;
Although, to thee, experiments were given,
What empty, and pernitious things they are.
Yea, with ſome indignation he diſcerned
That, madly, thou didſt many times partake
In provocations, whereof thou hadſt warned
This Land (even thoſe thou vowedſt to forſake)
And, that, with greedineſſe thou haſt purſu'd,
Thoſe vanities that ought to be eſchew'd.
Although thy heart inform'd thee, long agoe
(By an indubitable information)
That, all the ſervices thou couldſt beſtow
Vpon the *Minions* of this Generation,
Should nothing profit thee: Thou, neretheleſſe,
(Forgetting what was counſell'd, and reſolved)
Didſt fawne on ſome of them, in thy diſtreſſe;
And hadſt, no doubt, thereby thy ſelfe involved
Within thoſe *Nets*, which at their *Boords* are ſpred;
But, that, GOD did permit them to contemn

Thy honeſt *Muſes:* who a plot had laid,
Into thoſe vertues, to have flatter'd them,
Which they regard not: otherwiſe that *Courſe*
Which nothing better'd *them*, had made *thee* worſe.
When thou hadſt, in thy *Poems*, vice reproved,
He ſearch'd thy *heart*; and ſaw it was not, then,
Meere love to *vertue*, whereby thou wert moved;
Or, that thou hadſt leſſe guilt then other men.
Somtime, that fickle bubble, *Reputation*,
Sometime that hope which thy vaine *Fancie* gives thee;
Sometime, *applauſes*, ſometimes, *indignation*,
Into a juſt reproofe of ſinners drives thee.
Some other by-reſpects, oft wrought upon
Thy heart, to rouze up in thee an indeavour
In things, that ſeemed worthy to be done:
But, thy performances proceeded never
From that true love, and that ſincere affection
Which thou didſt owe to *Him*, and his perfection.
And, for theſe things, their mouths wide op'ned be,
Who ſeek to turn thy *glory* to thy *ſhame:*
Thoſe witleſſe *Railers* are let looſe on thee,
Whom, in thy *Meaſures*, thou didſt ſcorn to name.
For this, thou ſuffereſt by the ſharp deſpights
Of *open-ſinners:* and much more, by farre,
Through thoſe malicious, and proud *Hypocrites*,
Who kindled firſt, and ſtill foment this warre.
For this, thou (who for others couldſt eſpie
Conceal'd events) haſt oft ſo blinded been
In matters of thine own, that what thine *eye*
Seem'd fixed on, thy *wit* hath over-ſeen; (brought,
Till, to thy mind, they through thoſe meanes were
By which each Foole, and ev'ry child is taught.
For this, wert thou deſervedly depriv'd
Of bleſſings, which thou els mightſt have enjoy'd:
And, for that cauſe, haſt worthily ſurviv'd,
To ſee thy hopes, with other mens, deſtroy'd,

For

For this, thou (with the firſt) haſt plundred bin ;
For this, thou both by Friends and Foes art torn ;
For this, where thou hadſt hopes, reſpects to win,
Inſtead of honour, thou reproach haſt born :
For this, thy beſt endeavours have been croſt,
By them, whoſe power could els no ſpite have done thee;
For this, thoſe paines, and thoſe deſignes are loſt,
Which otherwiſe had great advantage won thee ;
And, but that whom GOD loves, he leaveth never,
For this, rejected thou hadſt been for ever.
Yet ſuch is his compaſſion, that his love
Still ſeeks to reingage thee by his graces ;
Beholding thee with favour from above,
In *wants*, in *ſuffrings*, in all *times* and *places*,
According to thy truſt in him repoſed,
(When thy *Remembrances* did firſt appeare)
As with a wall of braſſe he thee incloſed,
From thoſe who at thy *Muſe* inraged were.
The *Prelates* and the *Nobles*, who conſpired
To ruine thee, and thereto did comply,
Obtain'd no power to act what they deſired,
Though open to their fury thou didſt lie ;
Although ſome ſuffred, then, (for milder lines)
By Stygmatizings, *Baniſhment*, and *Fines*.
When thou wert graſped in that *Dragons* pawes,
Who fought thy ſpoil; GOD, ſtrangely charm'd his rage :
He from devouring thee reſtrain'd his Jawes,
Even while he rav'd, and ſtorm'd at thy *preſage*.
Yea, whereas thou didſt imprecate on thoſe,
Who ſhould malitiouſly thy lines defame,
(And without penitence their Truth oppoſe)
A *Publike Marke*, to brand them for the ſame ;
Ev'n ſo it came to paſſe : For, ſcarcely one
Of thoſe Oppreſſers are at this day free
From having thoſe juſt Cenſures undergone
By which, the *publike-Foes*, now marked be ;

And, to the chief of them, this *mark* GOD gave,
That, *He* with ſhame, went headleſſe to his grave.
In all the changes of this toylſome life,
He kept thee with an honeſt Reputation.
He, was thy comfort ſtill, in times of griefe,
In dangers, he hath been thy preſervation.
He ſav'd thee from the furiouſt *Peſtilence*
That ever in this Clymate did appear;
And, hitherto, hath by his Providence,
Secur'd thee from the *Sword*, yet raging here.
Now, when they lack, who ſurfeted of late;
When *Bread*, with men more worthie, groweth ſcant,
(Yea, though the Foe hath ſpoiled thy eſtate)
He keepes thy family, from pinching want;
And makes thee hopefull, whatſoere betide,
That, he for thee and thine will ſtill provide.
Moreover, when thy patience was nigh tir'd;
When thy eſtate, the world did moſt deſpiſe;
GOD gave thee that which moſt thy heart deſir'd,
(And, of all things terreſtriall, moſt hath priz'd)
He ,likewiſe, hath preſerv'd thee to behold
Thoſe things, in thine own life-time verifide,
Which ſeem'd as dreames, when firſt by thee fore-told;
Which fooles did ſleight, and wiſer men deride.
And, not thus only, was he pleas'd to do;
But, now, hath alſo call'd thee, to prepare
The *Way of Peace*, and, to reveale unto
Theſe *Britiſh Iſles*, what thoſe Conditions are,
Whereon, it is his pleaſure to return
That *Bleſſing* to them, for which, yet they mourne.
It is not for thy ſake, that, now, his eyes
He fixeth, not on perſons eminent;
Or, hath not choſen one more learn'd and wiſe,
By whom, this weighty *Meſſage* might be ſent:
But, rather, to abaſe and vex their pride
Who carnall Pompe, and outward ſhowes adore,
Vouch-

(Vouchſafing ſcarce to turn their eye aſide,
To heed the ſuits, or counſells of the poore)
And, that (to humble them) they may be faine
Perforce, to hear, and to accept from *him*,
(Whoſe guifts and perſon, moſt of them diſdaine)
The *Way of Peace*, which he ſhall offer them ;
Or elſe, through pride, grow hardned in that *ſin*,
Which bringeth *Deſolation* faſter in.
This is the *Courſe*, which *Providence* hath took
When ſelfe-conceit, and ſin, befooleth Nations ;
And Carnall policie, doth over-look
The lowly meanes, of timely preſervations.
Thus, that the *Jewiſh-pride* he down might bring,
When they the pompe of *heatheniſh-Kings* affected,
He made, one *Seeking-Aſſes*, their firſt King ;
And, them unto a *Shepheard*, next, ſubjected.
When their proud *Phariſees*, and *Prieſts*, beleeved,
That *He*, who came the *Kingdom* to reſtore,
Should from their power and wiſdom have received
Chiefe aid thereto ; he rais'd it by the poor.
From their formalities, his eyes he turn'd,
And choſe the *meek-ones*, whom their pride had ſcorn'd.
And, GOD thus dealeth ſtill, when he intends
To purge a *People*, and refine a *State* ;
Making one motion, move to ſev'rall ends,
As it to ſundrie Objects may relate.
Who ſhould have thought, that ſaw a while ago
The *Prelacie* in pompe (advancing thorow
This potent *Iſle*) it ſhould be baffled ſo
In height of all it pride, at *Edenborough ?*
Who could have then ſuppoſed, that a *Stoole*,
Flung by a ſillie woman, in her zeal,
(When policie did labour to befoole
Your brethren, and the *Dragons* wound to heale)
Should have, in thouſands, kindled ſuch a flame
Of zeale, as from that meane occaſion came ?

Who would have thought the late deſpiſed *Scot*,
(A *Nation*, whom your elders diſ-eſteem'd,
A *Nation*, whom your Fathers loved not,
And, of whoſe friendſhip, careleſſe you have ſeem'd)
Should firſt have rouz'd, a paſſage to have broke
Through that Attempt; which, will (if unrepented
And wilfull ſins obſtruct not) breake that yoke
Which *Hereſie* and *Tyranny* invented?
Who would have been perſwaded, but erewhile,
The *Scot* ſhould faithfully for you have kept
Your nigh-loſt footing in the *Iriſh* Ile?
And, while the Flame into their borders crept,
Should, brother-like, contribute their chiefe powers,
To quench the Burnings, which your Towns devours?
Or, who would have beleeved (having heard
The ſcandals, and malignant jealouſies,
Wherewith ſome do their love, yet, miſ-reward)
That *Scotland* ſhould for *Englands* aid ariſe,
And in their marches through your fruitfull lands,
More conſcience make, than you your ſelves have ſhown,
Of laying violent, and griping hands,
On them, whoſe wounds and loſſes are your own?
But, G O D is pleas'd theſe things ſhould come to paſſe,
To humble and abaſe that high conceit,
Which falſly of your ſelves admitted was;
And, that both *you* and *they* might have a ſight
Of his great *Providence*, in ſo proceeding;
And, *Good*, and *Bad*, confeſſe it merits heeding.
For, by this courſe, he doth effect his will
Within them, *by them*, and *upon them* too.
Both Friends and Foes, all actions good or ill,
Promote the work which he intends to do.
They, who, long time, have wilfully perſiſted
In crooked paths, from which they call'd have bin,
And, in thoſe *Calls*, the *Spirits* Voyce reſiſted,
(Or careleſly proceeded in their ſin)

Shall

Shall (blind with malice, and obdur'd with pride)
Sleight all the counſels, tendred now by thee:
The Tenour of this VOICE, they ſhall deride,
And, madly, ſtubborne in their Courſes be,
Till on their heads, thoſe judgements down ſhall come,
Which are an unrepentant Sinners doome.
And, when with plagues deſerved they are ſtung,
(In ſtead of Penitence, or filiall awe)
As doth a *Dog* at whom a ſtone is flung,
So they ſhall ſnarle, and ſo the weapon gnaw.
Or, rather, as it was fore-told of thoſe,
For whom, GOD, his *fifth Violl* ſhould prepare,
The greater, ſtill, their feare or torment growes,
The leſſe to be reform'd will thoſe men care.
They (to the *Throne* and *Kingdome* of the BEAST
True Vaſſals being) will GODS name blaſpheme;
Or, elſe be ſtupified, at the leaſt,
When GOD with ſtripes, or counſells viſits them.
To theſe, this VOICE, will no good *Omen* ſing;
To theſe, no *Peace*, no *Comfort*, will it bring.
But, they who by their chaſtiſements for ſin,
Are humbled ſo, ſo ſchool'd, and made ſo meeke,
As to admit that true repentance in,
Which makes them gladly, *Truth*, and *Mercie* ſeeke,
Ev'n they ſhall from this VOICE, receive content;
And not diſdaine the *Wine of conſolation*,
Though in an earthen Veſſell it be ſent;
But, take it with a thankfull acceptation.
And, if of theſe, that *number* found ſhall be,
For which, three wicked *Kingdomes* may be ſpar'd,
You ſhall from Ruine, once againe be free;
To ſhew the World, that, what few now regard,
Prevents more miſchiefe, and more *ſafetie* brings,
Than potent *Armies*, *Parlaments*, and *Kings*.
For, *Kings*, and *Parlaments*, and *Armies*, too,
When *crying ſins* in any Realme abound,

Advantage

Advantage not, ſo much as they undo;
As, by a late experience, you have found.
A *King* you had, who was, at firſt, conceiv'd,
To pitie, and to pietie enclin'd;
(Such, he was really of thee beleev'd)
Yet, of thoſe Vertues, now, ſmall ſignes you find.
The *Cup* and *Fornications* of the WHORE,
Do ſeeme to have bewitcht his royall breſt:
With bloudy ſins, his Realmes are flowed o're,
(Defil'd with crimes, that cannot be expreſt)
And, more in danger to be quite undone,
Than, ever ſince, a *King* firſt fill'd this Throne.
He takes a *Courſe*, which if purſu'd, will do him
More dammages than all his forraigne foes:
And all their malice could have brought unto him.
Yea, ſo improvident a path he goes,
As if by his *Fore-fathers*, or by *Him*,
Some ſin had been committed, which hath ſhaken
His verie *Throne*, defac'd his *Diadem*,
And, for which, Vengeance muſt ere long be taken.
For, though he knowes the peoples griefes and feares,
Though ſprawling in their bloud he ſees them lying;
Though he beholds the flames about their eares,
And, in their deaths, his honour daily dying:
Yet, ſeemes he nothing to *heare*, *know*, or *ſee*,
Which for your ſafety, or his own may be.
The *Royall-Pow'r*, that ſhould the Realme have guarded,
Is to the ruine thereof, miſ-imploy'd;
The *Perquiſites*, allow'd to have rewarded
Deſerving-men, by Ruffians are enjoy'd.
The *Dignities*, ordain'd to have been placed
On them, whoſe deeds their nobleneſſe declar'd;
To Slaves are proſtituted; and diſgraced,
By being on *Buffoones* and *Clownes* conferr'd.
His *Councell-Table* was become a ſnare,
His *Court*, a Sanctuarie for Tranſgreſſors;

The

The *Iudgement-Seats*, were engines to prepare
Advantages, for Bribers and Oppreſſors:
The *Soveraigne*, from the *Subject* is eſtranged;
And *Kingſhip* into *Tyranny*, is changed.
But, though the *King* be partner in theſe crimes,
'Tis *you*, who have your ſelves, and him undone:
For, as *Idolaters* in former times,
Firſt, made carv'd Images, of Wood and Stone,
(Perhaps, but meerly for Commemoration
Of ſome deceaſed *Worthy)* and, at laſt,
Improv'd it into ſottiſh *adoration*;
So, Thoſe, on whom the *Government* was plac'd,
(By prudent Counſell) Baſe men, by degrees
So idolized, and with flatteries
So long, in ſervile manner, bow'd their knees
To their *Self-will*; that, firſt, to tyrannize
The peoples blockiſhneſſe, and baſeneſſe brought them:
Yea, how to be Oppreſſors, they firſt taught them.
And, when *Kings* ſaw, the peoples fooliſhneſſe
Did make themſelves beleeve, that their owne *Creature*
Had therein, an inherent awfulneſſe,
Advancing it above the humane nature;
They, quickly from that folly, and that feare,
Advantages aſſumed to improve
Their pow'rs: It made them greater to appeare;
And in a more Majeſtick Orb to move.
The ſlaviſh *geſtures*, and the ſervile *phraſe*
Long us'd in Court, did thereto ſo much add,
That, he who like a *man*, declares his cauſe,
Is judg'd unmannerly, or ſomwhat mad:
Nay, to that height the ,*Royall claime* is brought,
That none, but *Slaves*, are now true *Subjects* thought.
A *Parliament* you have, which you obtained,
When you were moſt deſirous to have had it;
You, thereunto a priviledge have gained,
Which, now, more fixt than formerly, hath made it.
The

The *Houſe of Peeres* is of a party cleared,
Whom, leaning to your, Common-Foe you doubted;
Whoſe power you felt, *whoſe* policie you feared,
And, whom, long ſince, ſome gladly would have outed.
Yet had Corruption over-fill'd it ſo
With honour'd *Titles*, worne without deſerts;
And, with ſo many, raiſed from below,
To ſit on *Princely Seats*, with *Slaviſh-hearts*,
That, when your troubles well-nigh cur'd you thought,
Far greater miſchieves, were upon you brought.
Your *Houſe of Commons*, (though when firſt convented,
It fill'd you with a hopefull expectation)
Hath ev'ry way ſo truly repreſented,
The *Common Conſtitution of this Nation*;
That, little hitherto hath been effected
To mitigate your *Feares*, or ſettle *Peace*,
According to the iſſue you expected;
But, ev'ry day your ſorrowes more increaſe.
So great an inundation of confuſion
Is broken in upon you; that, in vaine
You hope or labour for a good concluſion,
Till GOD himſelfe make up the *Breach* againe;
And, you (with more ſincerity) confeſſe
Your Guilt, your Weakneſſe, and your Fooliſhneſſe.
Betwixt *You*, and your *King*, there is of late
A curſed *Fire* broke forth, whoſe raging flame
Each others ruine threatens, like to that
Which from *Abimelech*, and *Shechem*, came.
So damnable a *Spirit* of Contention
Is conjur'd up, that, his deſignes are brought
Paſt all thoſe remedies, and that prevention
Which by the wit of mortalls can be wrought.
So madly, you each other do oppoſe,
That ev'ry one conſults and acts in vaine:
What one reares up, another overthrowes;
What one deſtroyes, another builds again:

And

And nothing is the vulgar expectation
But ruine, if not utter Desolation.
For, *crying-sins* do gen'rally prevaile,
The *Rules of Order*, quite aside are laid:
The *prudence* of the *Counsellour* doth faile;
The *honestest-Designes*, are most gain-said;
The *Grossest Falshood*, soonest is believ'd;
His cause best speedes, who aimes at *basest-ends*,
The *worst-Transgressour*, shall be soon'st repriev'd;
The *veriest Knave* shall find the Lordliest friends:
And, when *Foundations* thus are overthrowne,
What can the *Righteous* do? what likely hope
Have Husbandmen, when all is over-growne
With Briars and Thornes, to reap a thriftie crop?
Or, what can by a *Parliament* be done,
Where all are with Corruption over-grown?
With *Warlike Forces*, too, now strongly arm'd
You do appear; and Martiall men abound,
As though each Township, Bee-hive-like had swarm'd,
And *Horse*, and *Armes*, sprung daily from the ground.
But, what have these availed, in regard
Of expectation? Nay, how multiplide
Are these afflictions, rather, (which you fear'd)
By their dissensions, insolence, or pride?
Your Treasures, Stocks, & Fields, they have nigh wasted,
Their avaritions fury to allay;
Yet, as if they had *Pharoah's kine* out-fasted,
So greedie, and so hungrie, still are they,
That, all the plenties of your peacefull years,
Will hardly quench that vast desire of theirs.
Want of sincerenesse in your chiefe Commanders,
Too much ambition, much respect of friends:
(Most men that hear this, know these are no slanders)
Fraud, Envie, Cowardice, or private-ends;
And, gen'rally defect of Discipline:
Or, (to be plaine) want of that honestie,

Which

Which theſe Forth-breakings of the *Wrath-divine*
Hath, now, required in your *Soulderie*,
Have ſet licentiouſneſſe ſo much at large,
And made moſt Officers, preſume upon
Such looſneſſe; and ſo ſlackly to diſcharge
Their duties; that, you likely are to run,
By your owne *Forces* (as the matter goes)
Not much leſſe hazard, than by open Foes.
Your *Common men*, (this will diſparage none
Among you Martialiſts, that blameleſſe are)
Have not in miſdemeanours, been out-gone
By many, who the *States* oppoſers were.
They cheat, rob, lye, curſe, ſweare, blaſpheme and rore,
They equally oppreſſe both Friend, and Foe;
They plunder, ſcoffe, inſult, game, drink and whore,
And ev'rie day corrupt each other ſo;
That, if this plague continue but a while,
You and your *King*, ſo many *Rogues* will arme,
That, throughout ev'rie Townſhip of this Ile,
This curſed brood of *Lice* will crawle and ſwarme,
Till they have quite devoured thoſe that fed them;
And, pine in that ſtarv'd Body, which firſt bred them.
For, though the higheſt honours temporarie,
On *Souldiers* are conferred, whoſe true worth,
Whoſe vertues in employments *militarie*,
With an illuſtrious candor ſhineth forth:
Though they, who to defend their *Countries* cauſe,
Themſelves to death and dangers do expoſe,
(Obſerving duly, G O D S and *Natures* Lawes,
Not only to their friends, but to their foes)
Though *theſe*, deſerve all honours; no expreſſion
Is full enough to make an illuſtration
Of their ignoble, and their baſe condition,
Who triumph in their *Countries* deſolation:
And, as the raskall ſort of *Tinkers* do,
Pretend to mend one hole, and then make two.

For,

For, theſe foure yeares of *Diſcord*, have ſo changed,
The gentleneſſe, already, of this Nation ;
And, men and women are ſo far eſtranged,
From civill, to a barb'rous inclination :
They are ſo prone to mutinous diſorders,
So forward in all miſchievous projections,
So little mov'd with robberies or murthers,
And, ſo inſenſible of good Affections ;
That, they whom you have arm'd for your defence,
Will ſhortly ruine you, unleſſe preventions
Be interpoſed by that *Providence*,
Which fruſtates diabolicall intentions :
And therefore, now, *Conditions* are propounded,
On which, a *Reſtauration* may be grounded.
Yea, now, when *Med'cines* (that moſt ſoveraigne were
At other times) have multiply'd diſeaſes :
When all your *Policies* quite routed are ;
To intervene, a *Timely-Mercie* pleaſes.
Now, that your *Armies*, *King*, and *Parliaments*,
Which were your hopefulſt meanes of preſervation,
Are made, by *Sin*, imperfect Inſtruments,
And, leave theſe *Iles* almoſt in deſperation :
Thou, ſhalt once more, to diſ-reſpective men,
A *Herald*-extraordinarie be ;
And, carrie them conditions, once agen,
Whereby they from theſe troubles may be free ;
And, that thoſe *Angels* which now ſmite theſe Lands,
From Deſolation, may with-hold their hands.
Now, then, for Overtures of *Peace* provide ;
Silence thy Trumpets, let thy Drums be ſtill ;
Furle up thy Colours, lay Commands aſide,
Sheath up thy Sword, reſume againe thy Quill ;
And, make thou ſuch an entrie on Record,
Of what thou intellectually doſt heare,
That, to theſe preſent Times, it may afford
A legible Expreſſe, of what they are :

That,

That, thereby, meek men may have information,
What humble ſervice, and what ſacrifice
May beſt promove that reconciliation,
Which will conclude theſe bloudy Tragedies;
And, that it may, by working upon ſome,
A Bleſſing, unto all theſe Iſles, become.
To that intent, once more, thy ſelfe prepare,
To heare inraged *Tyrants* madly rave;
The envious to detract, the proud to jeer,
And Fooles to ſhew how little wit they have.
Prepare thy ſelfe, to ſuffer what diſgrace
The ſpight of ſecret malice hath begun;
And, all thoſe injuries, which, to thy face,
May, by an open enemy, be done.
And faulter not: but, plainly publiſh thou,
What is, and ſhall be ſpoken to thy heart;
That, if *theſe* will not, *times to come* may know,
By what good Spirit thou inſpired art:
And, that men may, unto GOD's praiſe, confeſſe,
That, He, in *Juſtice*, is not *mercileſſe*.
And be not ſway'd by any by-reſpect
To *King*, or *People*, Perſons, or Eſtates.
From uttering (to thy power) the full effect
Of whatſoever, now, this VOICE relates.
Nor be thou ſo preſumptuous, as to add
One ſyllable, (beyond what ſhall be true)
Through feare; or, that ſome profit may be had;
Leſt thy vaine feares, and thy falſe hopes thou rue.
But, ſpeak what truth ſhall whiſper forth to thee,
In ſo impartiall, and ſo bold a ſtraine,
That, to their ſoules, it may a terrour be,
Who ſtill, in their impenitence remaine:
And, therewithall, thoſe conſolations bring,
Which make the *meeke*, and *broken-hearted* ſing.
Feare neither *Peeres*, nor *Commons*, Friends, nor Foes,
So long as thou thy duty ſhalt performe;

Nor

Nor feare the threatnings or the frownes of thoſe,
Who, at thy publiſhing this V O I C E may ſtorme,
For, of whatever they ſhall thee deprive,
Who, therewithall, are ſpitefully offended,
Thou for the fame ſhalt ſeventie fold receive,
In life and death, by all good men befriended.
And, if by thy Detractors ought be ſpoke,
Which this thy warrantable dutie wrongs,
Their malice ſhall quite vaniſh into ſmoke,
And for the fame, ten hundred thouſand tongues
Shall cenſure *them*, who now miſ-cenſure *thee*,
Ev'n while they *are*, and when they ſhall *not bee*.
The V O I C E, here made a pauſe: For, though I had
My ſelfe, into *my ſelfe* retir'd, as far,
As a Retreat could poſſibly be made,
From things, that Bars to *Contemplation* are;
Yet, thither carried I ſo much about me,
Relating to the *Fleſh*, which I have on me;
(And alſo to the *World* that is without me)
That ſhe, with violence, broke in upon me;
And came ſo over-joy'd with fruitleſſe newes
Of an approaching *Treatie*, and with hope
Of *Peace* thereby; that ſhe diſturb'd my *Muſe*,
And brought thoſe *Revelations* to a ſtop,
Of which, this *Ile* ſhall never heare againe,
Till ſhe hath prov'd all other meanes in vaine.
Your wits, yee *Politicians* therefore trie,
Yee *Mightie*, thereunto your Forces joyne,
And *you*, that with a *Formall-pietie*,
Or *morall-facings*, your projections line.
Purſue your waies of *Peace*, till you are gone
So far, that you no forwarder can get;
And find, that when your wilfull courſe is done,
You, like *wild-Bulls*, lie tumbling in a net:
For, then, perhaps (though but a Mouſe it were,
That gnaw'd the ſnare) your pride would be content,

The meanes of your deliverance to heare,
By whomeſoere the *Meſſage* ſhall be ſent.
When that hour coms, the VOICE that ſpake before,
Will ſpeak again; and, then Ile tell you more.
Meane-while, I purpoſe to returne unto
Thoſe other under-takings, wherewithall
I am intruſted; or, thoſe works to do,
For which, the *Common-danger*, firſt may call.
And ſince I ought not wholly to neglect,
Their private wants, who on my care depend,
I will be bold, a little, to reſpect
My own Affaires, which few men, yet, befriend;
Leſt, e're I finiſh what I have begun,
I may incurre ſome ſudden detriment;
Or, elſe, by my Oppreſſors, be undone.
For, he that makes no conſcience to prevent
His private ruine, ſhall be ſeldom heard
In any publike matter, with regard.
LORD, by thy power (for, by thy power, alone,
Such Plagues are cur'd) recure us e're too late,
And, once again, in mercie, looke upon
This heart-ſick, languiſhing, and dying *State.*
Once more be reconcil'd: (Once more at leaſt)
To theſe diſtracted, theſe divided Lands,
Let that *Preſerving-Mercie* be expreſt,
On which, the ſafety of a *Kingdome* ſtands.
Abate thoſe Earth-quakes, which have made unſteady
The Pillars of this *Church* and *Common-wealth*;
Diſperſe thoſe *Vapours*, which have made us giddie;
Purge out thoſe *Humours*, which impaire our health:
Support the *Limbes*, which muſt prevent our fall,
Cut off, thoſe *Members*, which may ruine all.
And, give me Courage, Wiſdome, Grace, and Pow'r,
So, to diſcerne thy *Will*; ſo, to expreſſe
What is inſpir'd; and in ſo good an houre,
As, that it may prepare the *Way of Peace.*

THOV

THOV, that, by *Babes*, and *Sucklings*, doſt reſtore
Decayed *Strength*; and, by diſpiſed things,
Advance thy *Kingdom*, and thy *Glory*, more
Then by the Councells, and the Pow'rs of *Kings*:
So, make this VOICE to ſpeak; ſo, make men heare;
That, both *Times preſent*, and the *Times to come*,
May love thy *Mercies*, and thy *Judgements*, feare,
Throughout theſe *Iſlands*, till the day of doome:
And, let this VOICE'S good effects be ſhowne
Moſt clear in *Him*, by whom, thou mak'ſt it known.

The ſecond Canto.

The Contents.

This Canto's *Preface being done,*
The VOICE, to theſe effects, goes on;
Tells, how unworthy we are yet,
For Peace *deſired, how unfit:*
How vain, how harmfull Treaties *be,*
Till both Sides, *in one* Third *agree;*
And (laying by ignoble ends,)
Vſe likely meanes of being Friends.
Shewes, that the Peace, *which moſt purſue,*
Will be nor permanent, nor true.
Then, that ſome Cures *may he appli'd,*
Declares which Parts *are putrifi'd;*
Which muſt be purg'd, *without delay;*
Or, cauteriz'd, *or* cut *away,*
If we will, e're it be too late,
Recure this weake, this dying State.

THe VOICE and *Muzings*, hitherto expreſt,
In me, ſo ſad, ſo ſerious Thoughts had left,
And, ſtamped them ſo deep into my breſt,
That, of it health, my *Body* they bereft:

And, e're my former ſtrength could be renew'd
(Or thoſe Affaires diſpens'd with, which deny
To be, at will, delayed or purſu'd)
Three moneths of Relaxation paſſed by:
And, in that ſpace, was op'ned ſuch a *Sluce*
To Interruptions, diſcompoſing ſo
My meditations; that, them to reduce
To their late temper, I had much adoe.
Oh GOD! from me, how faſt *good motions* fly!
How long are they unborn! how ſoon they dy!
My heart, that is corrupt enough to know
What any wicked man can think or ſay,
Before my feet, began harſh rubs to throw,
And, caſt great ſtumbling blocks orethwart my way.
When I had ſome remov'd, Loe, (with a jeere)
A thought within me ſaid; If nothing elſe
But *Vertue* guides thy *Pen*, what needed here,
All that, which of thy *Selfe*, this *Poem* tells?
Why mention'ſt thou (as if thou wert afraid
Thy Readers knew not, or forgot the ſame)
What thou *fore-toldſt?* what thou haſt thought or ſaid?
And what events on thy *Predictions* came?
And, in a *Magiſteriall-ſtraine* haſt ſpoke,
As if thou for a *Prophet* wouldſt be took?
Indeed, my *Vanities*, I find to be
More then enough, my *Muſings* to expoſe
To miſ-conſtructions; and, to bring on me
The ſharp reſult of ſuch like thoughts as thoſe:
For, never could I fix my mind upon
GOD'S Work ſo cloſely, but, *Charrs* great or ſmall,
Have ſtill been therewith brought me to be done,
By thoſe old *Haglers*, whom I live withall.
Ev'n in this *Taske*, (though GOD ſtands over me
With Fire, and Sword) ſuch failings will appear,
And, ſo imperfect my endeavours bee,
That, much I grieve, to think how vain they are;
And,

And feard, they had been but effects of pride,
Till thus, for me, another *Thought* replide.
GOD, pleaſed ſeemes, to make thy *Vices* do
Thoſe duties, which thy *Virtues* leave undone.
And what though this may add (if it prove ſo)
Diſhonour to thy *ſelf*, ſo GOD have none?
If thou thy *Thoughts*, haſt cloathed in ſuch words,
And, them in ſuch a dreſſing, forth ſhall ſend,
As beſt advantage to thy *Selfe* affords,
Why ſhould it any other man offend?
Or, if thou addeſt ought for thine own praiſe,
Why ſhould an envious Reader grudge the fame,
Since *Malice*, and *Diſpight*, have many waies,
To turn ſuch empty Glories, to thy ſhame?
Or, why ſhouldſt thou forbeare, if cauſe thou find,
To make thy *words* help fortifie thy mind?
Thine own *expreſſions*, are ſometime the *Charmes*
Which waken thy *Reſolves* that were aſleep:
Thy *Heart*, the repetition of them warmes;
Thy *Spirit* from dejection they do keep.
The mentioning what GOD hath for thee done,
Or, what he hath inabled thee to do,
May to his glorie be inſiſted on;
And, otherwhile, to thy advantage too.
Why then, through Feare of witleſſe *Cenſurers*,
(Or, of an ayrie ſcoffe, ſhouldſt thou omit
Thy ſelfe to mention, or thine own affaires,
When thou (on good occaſion) thinkſt it fit?
Since, if thy *Muſes* would be ſo confin'd,
They to themſelues were traytors, or unkind.
And, to make voyd what ſhall well purpos'd be,
There intervene ſo many caſualties,
By miſ-conceiving, or miſ-knowing thee,
Sometime, ſuch Inconveniences ariſe,
As that, it may eſſentially advance
Thy *Work* in hand, if ſome few lines be ſpent,

To add, or to inlarge a circumſtance,
Which captious men may think impertinent;
For, when the *Matter* moves not that reſpect,
Which is deſir'd, perhaps, the *Manner* may:
And, if thou honeſtly thy hopes effect,
What though *Fools* think, that thou the *Fool* didſt play?
Although harſh doomes, this age to thee affords,
The Times to come, will give thee better words.
Thus ſpake my *Thoughts*; But, little do I care
How I am judg'd, ſave only for their ſake,
On whom thoſe *Verities*, which I declare,
May thereby, more or leſſe impreſſion make.
The care I tooke, was how to hear again
The VOICE, which I conceiv'd had much to ſay,
That to this *Iſlands* peace doth appertaine;
If, what is councelled, men would obey.
For, well I ſaw, although unſeen it was
By many, (and too well perceiv'd by ſome)
That ſuch a *Time*, was well nigh come to paſſe,
As my preceding *Canto*, ſaid ſhould come,
Before, the VOICE I heard, the reſt would ſay,
Of that, which was begun the other day.
Yea, I diſcovered them, on either ſide,
To be diſtracted and confounded, ſo,
By that which falſhood, policie, and pride,
Selfe-will, and Avarice, hath brought them to;
That, I began to feele my ſelfe affraid,
Deſtruction might or'e-whelme this Generation,
Before there would be meanes to hear, that ſaid,
Which may, perhaps, prevent our deſolation.
Affoon therefore, as GOD to me reſtor'd
Decayed ſtrength, and my infirmities,
Did Opportunities, and time afford,
I recompos'd my ſcatt'red faculties;
And, being then retir'd, and noiſe alaid,
The VOICE that ſpake before, thus, further ſaid.
Come

Come *Weakling*, fit thy ſoule, prepare thine eare,
Gird up thy loines, and ſet thy ſelfe apart,
That thou, the more intentively, mayſt heare
What, ſhall be further ſpoken to thy heart.
That TREATY, now, is at a fruitleſſe end
Which interrupted what I had to ſay:
That *Hope*, whereon ſo many did depend,
Is, like a faire bright *Morning*, paſt away
And, leaves you in a *Cloud*, that ſeemes to threat
A terrible tempeſtuous *After-noone*;
Which, you with many Feares, will round beſet,
Before the *Day of Triall*, ſhall be done:
And, therefore, that which will be now declar'd,
May, peradventure, find the more regard.
You look for *Peace*, (and he who well can ſing
That *Song*, deſerveth highly to be priz'd)
But, who can thither ſuch a bleſſing bring,
Where all Conditions of it are deſpis'd?
Or, what, as yet, have they to do with peace,
Whom theſe *Corrections*, move not to repent?
Whoſe Wickedneſſe, doth rather more increaſe,
Then ſeem abated, by their chaſtiſement?
Who can expect, the fretting Coroſives
Should be removed from your Feſt'ring ſore
Vntill the skillfull Surgeon firſt perceives,
It may, with healing ſalves be plaiſtred o're,
Vnleſſe, he rather hath a minde to ſee
The patient ruined, then cur'd to be?
How few haſt thou obſerv'd, whoſe former courſe
Is better'd by thoſe *Plagues*, which now are on them?
How many, rather, do appear the worſe?
And, to be more corrupt then thou haſt known them?
In what perpetuall broiles are they involved,
Who, for the publike welfare, moſt endeavour?
How friendleſſe are they, who are beſt reſolved?
And, in good reſolutions, dare perſever?

How many, into *Parties* quicklie band
A queſtioned *Malignant* to protect?
How few men, for that Innocent, will ſtand,
Whom Malice doth accuſe, or but ſuſpect?
And who now lives, and loves the *Common-Right*,
Who ſuffers not ſome inſolent deſpight?
Though moſt men ſee diſtractions hanging over
Their giddie heads; their Tragedie begun;
And, round about them, nothing can diſcover,
But univerſall Ruine drawing on;
Ambition, Malice, Avarice, and Pride,
Selfe-will, Selfe-love, Hypocriſie, and Guile,
As arrogantly ſtill on horſe-back ride,
As if no Plague had ſeized on this Iſle.
This man for *Place*; that, ſtriveth for Command;
Pretends the *Publike-weale*, but, ſeekes his *Own*;
And cares not, ſo he profit by the hand,
Though *Law* and *Goſpell* too, be overthrown:
And, He that in defence of them doth come,
Findes furious Foes abroad, and worſe at home.
In ev'rie Shire, in ev'rie Town and Citie,
The *Kingdoms* diſcords are epitomiz'd:
In everie Corporation, and Committee,
Some Engine for *Diviſion* is deviz'd.
Occaſions daily ſpring, each man ingaging,
To *ſide with*, or *ſtand leaning*, to ſome *Faction*,
And, by new quarrells, more and more enraging
Their Furie, to the heightning of Diſtraction.
An *Emblem* of which madneſſe, he might draw,
Who ſaw, within an old thatch'd Barne on fire,
Poore beggars quarrelling for louſie ſtraw,
(Or dunghill rags, new raked from the mire)
Who will nor heed their harmes, nor leave to brawl,
Vntill the Flames conſume *Rogues*, *Rags*, and *All.*
How can calme *Peace* be timelie wooed thither.
Where men ſo brutiſh are in their diſſentions,

And,

And, where the meanes of knitting them together,
Are ſtill occaſions made of new contentions?
How can theſe *Iles* have *Peace* that are ſo vitious?
And, who have Factious *Spirits* rais'd on them,
As wilfully diſpos'd, as thoſe *Seditious*,
Who brought deſtruction on *Hieruſalem?*
How can they looke for Peace, while they contrive
Deſignes, enlarging, ſtill, their diſcontent?
While *Policie*, doth wedges daily drive,
Twixt ev'ry joynt, to make a cureleſſe rent?
And, while to mend the breaches of this *Land*
Ther's nothing brought, but pebble-ſtones and ſand?
Who can unite again a *Broken-bone*,
Whoſe parted ends, are ſet the fromward way?
How long will oyle and water mix in One?
Or, things quite Oppoſite together ſtay?
There are betwixt you ſuch Antipathies,
And ſuch abhominatings of each other,
That, in no ordinarie Power it lies,
To knit you in a perfect League together:
And 'tis not poſſible, your feſt'ring ſores,
Should ever heal, while in them there is found
That putrified fleſh, and rotten cores,
Which keep from cloſing, and from growing ſound?
And which will ſuddenly break forth again,
Augmenting more your hazzard, and your pain?
How can theſe miſerable *Iſles* have *Peace*,
While *Juſtice*, nor Compaſſion find regard?
While they who ſhould protect, do moſt oppreſſe?
Where ſin ſcapes blame, and Virtue wants reward?
How can he hope for *Peace*, that would enjoy
His wiſh on any termes? And, for the *Shade*,
The *Subſtance* of that mercie quite deſtroy,
Which might by patient Induſtrie be had?
Or, how can he be worthy of that *Bleſſing*,
Who (knowing how much, lately it hath coſt,

In

In bloud and Treaſure) would the repoſſeſſing
Of that deare *purchaſe*, for a toy, have loſt?
And, everlaſtingly, himſelfe undo,
To ſatisfie his Luſt, a yeare or two?
Who knoweth not, that much more dread you have,
Leſt of *Eſtate*, or *Perſon*, you ſhould loſe
The loved *Freedomes*; then to be a *Slave*
To him, whoſe Tyranny, the *Soule* undoes?
For, to that end you *Give*, you *Lend*, you *Pay*;
To that intent, ſtrict *Covenants* you make;
To that intent, you ſometimes *Faſt* and *Pray*;
To that intent, much *Paines* and *Care* you take.
Yea, many goodly things to that intent
You daily do, and many moe, intend:
But, your *Peace-offrings*, all in vaine are ſpent,
Till you direct them to their proper end;
And, till the *Peace*, for which your Suits you make,
Shall be deſir'd for *Truths*, and *Mercies* ſake.
Who ſees not, that a *Peace* you now deſire
For nought, but that you might againe enjoy
Your luſts; and, to thoſe Vanities retire,
Wherein you did your former dayes employ?
Who ſeeth not, that, like to thoſe *Iſraelites*,
Whom from th' *Ægyptian Bondage* G O D redeem'd,
You have the pleaſing of your Appetites,
Much more than your *Deliverer* eſteem'd?
Their *Garlick*, and their *Fleſh-pots* left behind,
They thought on more, than on that *Servitude*,
From which they came; and, more than they did mind,
Thoſe *Wonders*, and that *Mercie*, which G O D ſhew'd:
And, you have acted, as in imitation
Of that perverſe, and fooliſh generation.
You have forgot, already, to what height
Of Tyranny and Pride, the *Court* was rear'd;
What *Projects* for Oppreſſion, were in ſight;
What Injuries you *felt*, and what you *fear'd*.

You

You ſeeme to have forgot, to what degree
Of Inſolence the *Prelacie* was come:
How, generally, you began to be
Bewitched, by the Sorceries of *Rome.*
You, have not ſo obſerved, as you ought,
How neare, unto a helpleſſe overthrow,
You (by your Foes confederacies) were brought,
Before their purpoſe did apparant grow;
Nay, you yet heed not, what will ſoone betide,
If, now, from *good-beginnings* back you ſlide.
But, as afore-ſaid, like the ſottiſh *Iewes,*
(Who, of the *Humane-nature,* and of *You,*
Are perfect Types) G O D S favours you abuſe;
And, ſo, your owne Inventions, you purſue.
Though like their *Fierie-pillar,* and their *Cloud,*
A ſpeciall *Providence* hath been your Guard;
An unbeleeving heart, your deeds have ſhow'd;
And, you of ev'rie *Bug-beare* are afeard.
Like them (ev'n while the *Law* to you is giving,
And all this *Iland,* like *Mount Sinai* ſmokes)
New *Worſhips,* and new G O D S you are contriving;
Like them, you ſleight his Benefits, and ſtrokes;
And, in your Provocations, are as daring,
While he is *Reſt* and *Peace,* for you preparing.
So, you forget, how great your *Bondage* was,
And whereunto you fear'd it might encreaſe;
So, thoſe great *Marvailes* you ſtill over-paſſe,
Which G O D hath wrought, to perfect your releaſe:
So, when by ſome new *Streight,* your Faith he tries,
You wiſh that in your *Bondage,* you had ſtaid:
So, your *Deliverers,* you ſcandalize;
As if by them, your Freedomes were betray'd:
So, murmure you, when any thing you lack;
So, you, deſpaire, when carnall props decay;
So, ev'rie difficultie turnes you back,
And ſtands like *Seas,* and *Gyants* in your way:

And,

And, ſo, through miſ-beleefe, your ſelves deprive
Of Bleſſings, which your *Children* ſhall receive.
And, thus it comes to paſſe, becauſe, like them
You are a ſtupid and a fooliſh *Nation*,
Who your *Deliverances* do contemne;
And, are like them, without conſideration.
Elſe, grudge you would not, for that, you are more
Imbroyl'd by ſeeking to preſerve your due,
And put to greater charges, than before
Your Vindication you did firſt purſue:
For, *Prudent men*, will while they are at eaſe,
Be willingly made ſick; and beare the coſt
Of Phyſick, for the cure of that diſeaſe,
Through which, ere long, their lives might elſe be loſt:
Yea, ev'rie ruſtick *Seed-man*, ſowes in hope,
(Advent'ring much) e're he receives a crop.
You juſtly might ſuppoſe, that *Patients* wit
Much craz'd, that when good phyſick works upon him,
Straight wiſheth, he had never taken it;
Cries out, that his *Phyſitians* have undone him;
Becauſe, they made him ſick, e're he was ſo:
Drinks, eats, and acts, both *what* and *when* he will;
Yea, thereby makes himſelfe more ſick to grow,
And cauſes that which would have cur'd, to kill.
Yet, this is your condition: and, if, now,
In this diſtemper'd, and untoward plight,
Your kind *Phyſitian* had deſerted you,
(As for your peeviſhneſſe, he juſtly might)
Your labours paſt, and thoſe you ſhall beſtow,
Will prove like Arrowes, from a warped Bow.
You mark not, what great wonders GOD hath wrought,
To move your hardned *Pharaohs* to relent;
And that from ſlaveries, you might be brought,
Nor heed you, what your Foes, for you invent.
A thouſand things, unthought on, you let go,
Of conſequence, which wrought for you have bin,
Since

Since your *Deliverer* began to ſhow
An *Outlet*, from the *Bondage* you were in.
As, in what dreadfull manner, in one place,
He ſeized by an *unſeen-meſſenger*,
A bold *Tranſgreſſor* (who ſo daring was,
As to provoke the Devill to appeare)
And, ſmoth'red him in loathſome ſmoke and ſtink,
Whilſt he preſum'd blaſphemous healths to drink.
You do not mark, how oftentimes the *Plot*,
Againſt you layd, hath croſſed been by *Him*,
When, elſe, you had no knowledge thereof got;
Nor, to prevent it, either *Pow'r*, or *Time*.
You have not memorized, as you ought,
How, GOD himſelfe, when your own ſtrength did faile,
For you, againſt your Enemies hath fought;
And made you conquer, when they did prevaile.
How wondrouſly, a *Remnant*, for a Seed,
In *Ireland*, he preſerves: how oft from ſpoile,
Your *Garriſons* and *Armies*, he hath freed,
When they have been in hazard of a foile:
Nor do you mind, how oft, him thank you may,
For ſaving, what, you would have fool'd away.
You ponder not, how often he hath ſav'd,
Where no *Salvation* was; how neare at hand,
He ſtill was found, when you protection crav'd;
And, when deſtruction over-hung the *Land*.
You have not heeded, how the Sapleſſe-breſt
Of wither'd Age, (when raging crueltie
The child of murth'red Parents had diſtreſt)
Did wonderfully, thereto milk ſupply:
Nor, for how many thouſand Families,
He food provides, whom *War* hath quite undone:
Nor, how his *Grace* reſtraines their *Poverties*,
From Outrage, whereinto they elſe had run;
And which, ere long, attempted you will ſee,
Vnleſſe more *Iuſt*, and *Mercifull* you bee.

You,

You, hardly yet believe, that, in concluſion
The miſchiefs, by your Adverſaries done,
Muſt be the *Ground-worke* of their own confuſion;
Or, that your *Peace* is by this *War* begun.
You mark not, that when firſt the ſottiſh *Dane*,
Preparing was, your cauſleſſe Foes to aid,
GOD, then, to call him to account began,
For all that bloud whereon his *Throne* was laid:
Nor how, ev'n then, GOD faſtned in his noſe
The *Swediſh-hooke*, and found him work at home,
To ſhew, that He of *Princes* doth diſpoſe;
And, what of *wilfull-Tyrants* will become,
Though, by permiſſion, for a while, they may
The Fooles, or Mad-men, on their ſtages play.
You mark not, with ſuch thankfull obſervations,
As would become you, that, GOD's providence,
(Though you are threatned by ſome other Nations)
Hath (by ingagements) kept them yet, from hence.
And many other things unheeded are,
Which muſt conſid'red be, ere you aright
Your hearts, and your affections can prepare,
For ſuch a *Peace*, as will be worth your ſight.
Yea, many things muſt be repented too,
And much amended, ere you may expect,
That either *ſwords*, or *words* this work will do;
Or *Blowes*, or *Treaties*, bring your wiſht effect.
The *Peace* of G O D you never can poſſeſſe,
But, by attonement, with the GOD of *Peace*.
You, by a *Treaty*, had a hope to ſee
A *Peace* concluded on. But how alas!
How poſſibly may that accompliſht be!
Till means is found to bring it well to paſſe?
The *Mediums* to that work, are wanting, yet,
By which, the *Parties* who at variance are,
Should reconcile; and they themſelves have ſet
Too farre aſunder, to be brought ſo neare.

There

There wants a *Third*, by whom they ſhould unite:
For, moſt who are imploid as Inſtruments,
To joyne them, in *Diviſions* take delight:
And, *private-intereſts*, that work prevents;
Becauſe, when theſe, the way to *Peace* ſhall take,
Themſelves obnoxious to the *Lawes* they make.
The chiefeſt outward-Inſtruments, whereby
To joyne a *King* and *Subjects* diſunited,
Was wont to be that Chriſtian Charity,
By which the neighb'ring *Princes* were invited
To mediate, and labour to compoſe
Their diſt'rences. As firſt, by *friendly words*,
And *prudent Arguments*, perſwading thoſe
Who ſeem'd unjuſtly to have drawne their ſwords.
By *threatnings*, next: And, if nor argument,
Nor interceſſion, nor ſharp menaces
Prevail'd; they then, to help the innocent,
As they inabled were, would ſomtimes pleaſe;
Leſt, an unbounded, and uſurped pow'r
Should all oppreſſe, and all at laſt devoure.
But you have no ſuch hope; For, all the *States*,
And all the *Kings* and *Princes*, near, or farre,
Which were your Friends, and your Confederates,
Neglecters of this pious duty are.
The *Swedes*, the *Germans*, and thoſe other Nations,
Who really compaſſionate your griefe,
Are ſo ingag'd, for their own preſervations,
That, thence you neither can expect relieſe,
Nor means of an *Attonement*. From the *Dane*,
(Your old Oppreſſor) you long ſince, had found
What he reſolv'd; unleſſe, the *Swede* had tane
Occaſion to imploy him in the *Sound:*
And, ſhould the *French*, or *Spaniard* intercede,
Againſt their own Deſignments, they might plead.
Th'Vnited *Netherlands*, who to purſue
This dutie, are oblig'd, beyond them all,

And,

And, who (unleſſe they prove both falſe to you,
And to themſelves) *themſelves* remember ſhall:
Ev'n they have hitherto but only ſent
Iobs comforters unto you: or, perchance
To practiſe here, ſome peece of complement,
Which they have newly learn'd from *Spaine*, or *France:*
Ot, elſe, to ſee a patterne of that *Plague*,
Which muſt, from hence, tranſlated thither bee,
When they have quite forgotten their old league
With you, who ſpent your bloud, to ſet them free;
When they, in danger were to be enſlav'd,
As you are now, and, for aſſiſtance crav'd.
Now, whether theſe are blinded by ſome ſin
That cals for Vengeance; or, by ſome poore hope,
New works on this *Iles* ruines, to begin;
Or, whether *Providence* hath made that ſtop,
To fruſtrate ſuch like meanes, that, you might flie
To him alone; it doth not yet appeare:
But, will ere long. Meanewhile, the certaintie
Of this, becometh manifeſtly cleare;
That, G O D ſuſpendeth ev'rie help to *Peace*,
Which forraine Aid, or forraine interceſſion
Are like to add; and, ſuffers an encreaſe
Of jars at home, which threaten your perdition:
For, ev'rie thing *eſſentiall* to that bleſſing,
Are, well-nigh, taken out of your poſſeſſion.
Moſt *Circumſtances*, thereunto pertaining,
Are miſſing too. For, on th'one ſide, at leaſt,
There's not ſo much as willingneſſe remaining,
To further what they have in *word*, profeſt.
The *Spheres* in which they move, divert them from
A true *Coujunction*; and, from all Aſpects,
From whence good *Influences* uſe to come,
Or, any laſting *peaceable-effects*.
It is deſtructive to their maine *Deſigne*,
And to their *Principles*, to make true *Peace*;

Or,

Or, with a faithfull purpoſe, to incline
To ſeek this *Iſlands* reall happineſſe.
Nor ſhould you think ſuch purpoſes they had,
Till, in their *courſe*, you ſee them retrograde.
As ſoon ſhall he that *Weſtward* alway goes,
Meet him, that ſtill an *Eaſtward* point doth ſteere,
As your two *Factions* firme together cloſe,
Till they, in their *chiefe-aimes*, approach more neer:
For, th'one is bent, the other to *inſlave*;
That other, is reſolved to be *free:*
The *Laſt*, would keep what GOD and *Nature* gave;
The *Firſt*, would ſeize, what ought not theirs to be.
And, theſe, from reconcilement are ſo farre,
That, all their kindneſſe is but to betray:
When moſt they talk of *Peace*, they purpoſe *Warre*;
When they embrace, they meane to ſtab and ſlay:
And, when they make you think the Warre is done,
The greateſt miſchiefe will be but begun.
Beſide, as yet, nor th'one, nor th'other ſide,
Nor *King*, nor *People*, *Commoners*, nor *Peers*,
Nor *Flocks*, nor *Shepheards*, have the courſe yet tride,
By which you can be ſaved from your feares.
A TREATIE may complete it: But, before
You venture that, you muſt be fit to *Treat.*
For, then, the work were half-way done, and more:
And, till that be, no ſtep you forward get.
In heat of quarrells, nothing done or ſpoke,
Can reconcile: a friends words move them not:
The more they talk, the more the peace is broke,
Till they their loſt *conſid'ring-caps* have got;
Till their hot bloud is cool'd, till rage is gone;
And, *Reaſon* doth examine them alone.
Then, peradventure, they with ſhame will view
Their overſights, their furiouſneſſe repent,
Diſtinguiſh *Truths*, from things that are *untrue*;
And, by that quarrell, future jarres prevent.

Thus likewiſe, when GOD, thereto ſaies *Amen*,
Your Diſagreements here, ſhall have an end:
Your Diſcords will be then allaid agen,
And, he that's now a Foe, ſhall be a Friend.
But, you muſt find, before this can be done,
A *Preparation*, and a *Ground-work* laid,
(With ſuch an alteration wrought upon
Your Hearrs) that *Reaſon* may be more obey'd:
GOD, make this Preparation; For, by none
But by himſelfe, this work may now be done.
When you may hope a *Treaty* will prevaile,
Good *Symptoms*, you to uſher it ſhall ſee;
Inducing you to hope it ſhall not faile:
And, for a taſt, they ſuch as theſe will be.
Both ſides will to ſome Courſe themſelves apply
That ſhall declare their hearts are growing clean;
Themſelves they will endeavour to deny;
Their tongues will nothing ſpeake, but what they mean.
You ſhall perceive more *Juſtice*, to be ſhowne;
More *Charity* among you will appear;
They will be meek, who to be proud were knowne;
Contentions will be fewer then they were;
And, they who on the *Publike-Truſt* attend,
Will leſſe abuſe it, for their private end.
A *Change*, thus wrought; theſe *Virtues*, in a while,
Will every where, beget themſelves eſteem:
By their *eſteem* the *Fire-brands* of this *Iſle*,
Will daily more abhominable ſeem:
That loathing of thoſe *Monſters* will increaſe
The number of true *Converts*: By that *number*,
The growing of *Malignancie* will ceaſe,
And *Newters* be awakened from their ſlumber:
By their *awakening*, ſuch will be affraid
Who have not gone malitiouſly aſtray:
That *Feare* will quickly make them well apaid
To leave their ſtanding, in the *ſinners way*,
And,

And, when theſe from that *Station* ſhall be gone,
It will bring ſcorne upon the *Scorners Throne.*
Thus, as at firſt, *Malignancie* was bred
By ill example, and miſ-informations;
So, *Good-affections*, will revive and ſpread,
And ſtrengthen by their changed Converſations.
Then, will ariſe a longing to be free
From your Imbroylments; with ſo true a ſight
Of preſent miſchiefs, and of what *may be*,
That, in the meanes of *Peace*, you will delight.
And, then, both *Parties* will be pleas'd to meet
On one ſet day, to fall with humbleneſſe,
For their foule bloudie ſins, before GODS feet,
Whoſe *Mercie*, far exceedes their wickedneſſe;
And he, perhaps, will make that complement,
An earneſt of your generall aſſent.
When ſuch like inclinations do appear,
(Both parties moving on, in ſome ſuch way,
As here is pointed at) they who draw neare
At firſt in generals, will every day,
Aſſent in ſome particular or other,
Till they who now ſo much divided be,
Shall lovingly unite again together,
And in one *Diſcipline* and *Faith* agree.
But, doubtleſſe, not till they themſelves deny,
And more forbeare, when they negotiate,
From ſeeking in their publike Agencie,
To ſerve and ſave themſelves, before the *State*;
Whoſe weale, to all men ſhould be dearer, far,
Then their eſtates, their lives, and honours are.
Nay, till both *Parties* do, at leaſt, agree
In all thoſe common principles, whereby
Humane Societie, preſerv'd may be,
With Nations Rights, and Chriſtian Libertie;
All *Treaties* will be miſcheevous, or vaine,
To men adhering to the better Courſe:

For, by ſuch *Threatnings*, Polititians gaine
Advantages, to make your being worſe.
Yea, by that meanes, theſe find occaſions may
To gaine, or give intelligence; to make
New plots, and friends; to haſten or delay,
As cauſe requires; and, other wayes to take
For their availe, which els they had not got:
And which true honeſty alloweth not.
Nor can, in any cauſe, a *Treaty* bring
More miſchief then in your; till on each ſide
The *Parties* treating, are in ev'ry thing
(Thereto pertaining) rightly qualifi'd:
Becauſe, when *Forraigners* alone are Foes,
Tis hard corrupting more then one or two;
Whereas, here want not multitudes of thoſe,
That, willingly, their Countrey would undo.
Nay, ſome among you are ſo void of reaſon,
To buy their Traytorſhips; and other ſome,
By conſcience, ſeem obliged to the treaſon:
And, theſe will to a *Treatie* never come,
To make true reconcilement; but, to gather
Advantages, for ſome new miſchief, rather.
You are this way, and many other wayes,
Corrupted ſo, ſo falſe, and ſo unfit
For *Peace* deſired; and for thoſe aſſayes,
Whereby you may acquire that bleſſing, yet,
That you muſt cleanſed be from that pollution
Which brought this curſe upon you; and whereby
Thoſe means are vainly put in execution,
Which might procure a bleſſed *Vnity*.
There is ſo little honeſty among you,
And your diſcretion is become ſo ſmall,
That they who moſt apparently do wrong you,
(And ſeek your Souls and Bodies to inthrall)
Have more incouragements, to help undo you,
Then they, who offer means of ſafety to you.

Inſtead

Inſtead of being linked faſt, in *one*,
Againſt the *common-Foe*, you have permitted
That *band of amity* to be undone,
Whoſe preſervation had theſe times befitted.
You, that in *Fundamentalls* do agree,
Are ſo divided about *Circumſtances*,
(Which might, at better leiſure, ſetled be)
That your *Deſtroyers* projects it advances:
And, if with ſpeed you cement not the breaches,
That which (ere long) muſt thereupon enſue,
Experience (which the verieſt ideots teaches;)
Will, to your greater ſorrow, daily ſhew;
Till you of all, are by thoſe foes deſpoil'd,
Whom you by good attonement might have foil'd.
You are a fickle, and inconſtant *Nation*,
Your ſerious *promiſes* deſerve no truſt;
Your *words* are full of baſe diſſimulation,
Your *thoughts* are vanity, your deeds unjuſt.
Your *vertues* are but few, your *vices* many;
Great is your *Folly*, and your *Wiſdome* ſmall;
Your *Principles* are ſuch (if you have any)
That, from your beſt reſolves you quickly fall.
With jealouſies, each other you purſue;
You misbelieve, and find, as you believ'd:
You, nor to G O D, nor men continue true:
And, therefore, of much comfort are bereav'd,
Which by their friendſhip might have been poſſeſt,
Who keep to you, that Faith which they profeſt.
Betwixt you, and your *Brethren of the North*,
The ſeeds of *Diſcord* ſecretly are ſown:
Much paine ſome take to make them tillow forth,
Diſſentions coales in ev'ry place are thrown;
And theſe by *Folly*, and by *Malice*, too,
So wilfully are blown by *either ſide*,
So ſcattered, and toſſed to and fro,
And ſo much fewell is to them appli'd;

That, if the patience of the *Stottiſh-Nation*
Exceed not Common-meaſure: If more true
They prove not to their *Vowes*, their *Proteſtations*,
And *Chriſtian-principles*, than ſome of You,
A worſe *Diviſion* will betwixt you ſpring,
Than this, between the People and the King.
For, this will in another Age abate,
But, that, unleſſe GODS grace prevent it ſhall,
Will grow into an everlaſting hate,
Or, bring a ſpeedy ruine on you all.
Now therefore, in both *Nations*, let thoſe few
Who faithfull are, firme in their Faith abide.
Now, let them to their Principles be *true*;
Now, let the Patience of the *Saints* be tri'd.
His laſt great *Batt'rie*, ANTICHRIST now reares,
His deepeſt *Mines*, againſt you ſinking be,
His pow'rfull *Army*, muſtred now appeares,
His chiefeſt *Cunning*, now, employeth he.
Oh! let him not by *Force* your Strength diſ-joyne,
Nor, by his fraud, your Counſels undermine.
But, let your Faith and Courage ſo prevaile,
That you may better *Fixed-Stars* appeare,
Than they, who daily by the *Dragons-Taile*,
Are ſmitten, or affrighted from their Spheare;
That, you may thoſe *Elected-Ones* be found,
Who cannot by *Deceivers*, be deceiv'd;
That, with thoſe *Conquerours* you may be crown'd,
Who ſhall not of their *Garlands* be bereav'd:
That, of the *Kingdome*, ſeizure you may take,
Which G O D, on *Perſeverers* doth beſtow;
And, not be ſhut from thence, by looking back,
When you have ſet your hands unto the plough.
In this *Back-ſliding*, ſome already are:
Some, nearer to it, than they are aware.
For, ſo imprudent are *Men diſcontent*,
That, to avenge their perſonall neglects,

Complaints

Complaints for private injuries, they vent
As *Nationall-affronts*, and diſ-reſpects;
Whereas, it is apparent ev'rie day,
That, many members of each ſev'rall Nation,
Do ſuffer, by their owne, as much as they,
In *Perſon*, in *Eſtate*, and *Reputation:*
And, that both *Nations*, mutually have ſhowne,
(Vnleſſe, perhaps, among the baſer ſort)
As loving a reſpect as to their owne,
And, therefore, let not *Prudent-men* retort
Miſtaken wrongs; or quarrels be begun (done.
'Twixt them, for that, which Fooles and Knaves have
Let not thoſe *jealouſies*, which were perchance
Devis'd by them, who in your ſpoiles delight,
Make you, imprudently, their ends advance,
And you, to their Advantage, diſ-unite.
If ſome of them, diſcourteſies have ſhowne,
To ſome of yours; or, injuries have done;
It is no more than you, unto your owne
Have offred oft, ſince firſt this *War* begun.
An *Army* cannot poſſibly be free
From all Injuſtice; and, yet, oftentimes
Ill-will, and men who diſ-contented be,
Will make complaints, much larger than the crimes.
But curſed be their malice, and their tongues,
Who Nations would divide for private wrongs.
Your Fathers felt, and ſome of you have heard,
The *Deadly-Fewds*, betweene you heretofore;
Which, if your owne well-being you regard,
Would make you glad it might be ſo no more:
And entertaine, and cheriſh with all dearneſſe,
The brotherly Affection, which that Nation
Hath late expreſt; and with a true ſincereneſſe,
Be carefull of your mutuall preſervation.
Yea, if the ſons of *Belial*, and of *Blindneſſe*,
On either Partie, rightly underſtood,

How greatly, to perpetuate this kindneſſe
Between the *Nations*, it concernes their good,
(Ev'n in thoſe outward things which they reſpect)
They would not your *diſ-union*, ſo project.
Believe it, this is not the way to *Peace*,
But rather, to an never-ending war;
And likelier new troubles to increaſe
Then ſet a period unto thoſe that are.
And, they who willingly ſhall tind ſuch flames,
Or, wilfully foment them, merit well
To be eſteem'd (to their perpetuall ſhames)
The *Plagues* of earth, and *Fierbrands* of hell.
For, of your *Scottiſh-Brethren*, wherefore, now,
Yee *Engliſh-Britaines*, are ye jealous growne,
Who have expreſt more faithfulneſſe to you,
Then you your ſelves, unto your ſelves have ſhown?
Or, wherein have they ſeemingly abus'd
Your truſt, whereof, they may not be excus'd?
They would appeare to be confided in
With leſſe diſtruſt, if ever you had heard
On what conditions, they allur'd have bin
To be diſhonourable, for reward.
For, when the *Prelates-War* had them conſtrain'd
To arme themſelves againſt the ſuperſtitions
Intruded on them; when they had regain'd
Their *Peace* with honour, and on good conditions;
And, when your Army could have been content
Vnnat'rally (on promiſe of reward)
To turne their Swords upon this *Parliament*,
(And ſo had ſurely done, had they not fear'd
The *Scots*, then, on their *Rear*) they were the men
who kept you from the miſcheef purpos'd then.
Had they been truſtleſſe; or, had aim'd at ends,
As baſe as many of your own have had;
Your Foe, e're this, had done what he intends:
And you and yours, perhaps, had ſlaves been made.
For,

For, to allure them, four brave Northerne *Shires*
Should have annexed been to Scottiſh-ground:
To beare expences (and to pay Arreares)
A paune to be three hundred thouſand pound
In Jewells, was deſign'd. *York*, ſhould have had
The Soveraigne-Seat of royall-Reſidence;
The *Scottiſh Generall*, ſhould have been made
The chiefe of both your Armies; and, the Prince
In *Scotland*, ſhould have had his education;
All which, together, ſeem'd a ſtrong temptation.
Yet, more was offred: For, to each *Commander*
Revenue, Office, yea, and Honour too
Was promis'd; and th'unvaluable plunder
Of *London*, to both Armies: What to do?
To force the *Parliament*, to make the *King*
A Monarch abſolute; and you, and your,
Into perpetuall ſlavery to bring,
By an ill-gotten Arbitrary power.
But, theſe temptations, their brave minds abhor'd:
Of which their nobleneſſe, this VOICE ſhall be
An everlaſting *Trophee*, and *Record*;
Wherein, theſe times, and times to come, ſhall ſee
How, we to ſale were offred; and, how theſe
Diſdain'd to thrive, by baſe advantages.
If they be faithleſſe, and you ſhall be true,
GOD, will with ſhame and vengeance ſend them home.
If, you unfaithfully your *Vowes* purſue,
Poſſeſſors of your Land they ſhall become.
In ſpight of all your policies and power,
Here, they ſhall ſettle; whither they were ſet,
To do the work of G O D (as well as your)
Who will requite the kindneſſe you forget.
But, if without hypocriſie and guiles,
You, Brethren-like, ſhall ſtrengthen one another,
In ſetting up his Throne, within theſe Iſles,
By, and *in whom*, you ſeem, now, knit together;
Both,

Both, ſhall thereby, that happineſſe enjoy,
Which all the powers on Earth, ſhall not deſtroy.
Look therefore, well about you, and perſever
In your vow'd union: For, the maine deſigne
Is to divide you; and, to that indeavour
Your Foes, with all their Faculties combine.
Yea, and of ſuch like projects, there are other,
Through levitie, or malice ſo promoted,
As if to ruine theſe three Realmes together,
It were almoſt unanimouſly voted.
No *Chronicle* hath ſhowne; no age hath ſeen
An Empire ſo divided, and yet ſtand;
Or that a Nation ſo corrupt hath been,
Whoſe deſolation was not near at hand.
And, if you ſhall eſcape it; be it knowne
To all now living, and that ſhall be borne,
A greater *Mercie* never was beſtowne
On any Kingdome ſince a Crown was worne:
And that no Nations, who ſo much profeſſe
In outward ſhow, did ere deſerve it leſſe.
Although by *vowes*, and *dutie* you are tide,
Yet, you are careleſſe in purſuing either;
And play at *faſt*, and *looſe* on ev'ry ſide,
Fair ſeeming friends to both, but, true to neither.
He, that's within your Covenants, and conceives
Himſelfe ingaged, by thoſe *Obligations*,
To bring to triall thoſe whom he believes
Injurious to the ſafety of theſe Nations;
Oft into greater danger thereby falls,
Of ſecret miſchiefs, of reproofs, or troubles,
Then they whom juſtly to account he calls:
And, by this meanes, your Foe his power doubles,
Takes courage, and accompliſheth his ends,
By making you to ruine your own friends.
'Tis, oft, more ſafe, to let the *Commonweale*
Be ruin'd, or betraid, then to oppoſe

A

A *Traytor* ; or with freedome to reveale
That, which your vowes oblige you to diſcloſe.
Your *perſonall immunities*, of late,
Are ſo inſiſted on, that many feare
The *Publike-Priviledge* to vindicate ;
Leaſt they Infringers of the firſt appeare.
And, if there be not ſome proviſions made,
Whereby free-men their minds may freely ſay,
When probable ſuſpitions they have had,
That ſome intruſted, do their truſt betray,
Your *Priviledged Perſons*, will advance
Their freedomes to the Publike hinderance.
Through ſome obſtructions, your moſt noble *Court*
Which is the *Sanctuary*, whereunto
Oppreſſed men, by multitudes reſort,
Yeelds leſſe reliefe, then it had wont to do.
For, publike Greevances are ſo increaſt,
That, time and leaſure, hardly can be gain'd,
To heare how men are privately oppreſt,
Till they are quite undone who have complain'd :
Beſide (which in *Committees* oft is done)
By making friends, to *come*, or *keep away*,
Vnwarranted advantages are won,
To wrong the *Truth*, or *Juſtice*, to delay,
Thus, when the *Peeres* or *Commons* are but few,
A miſchiefe unexpected may enſue.
For, when *Reports* or *Motions* ſhould be made,
If they who make them will deceitfull prove,
Occaſions doubtleſſe, may be watch'd, and had,
Injurouſly both to *report* and *move* ;
Since they who ſhall *report* (if to their choice
The times be left) may their deſignes propoſe,
And get it paſſed by a *Major-Voice*,
E're their appearing, who the ſame oppoſe.
Yea, 'tis nor hard nor ſtrange to watch and wait,
A week or two, for ſuch advantages,

And

And gaine a *Vote* for that by this deceit,
Which in a *Full-Aſſembly* would diſpleaſe.
Thus, by mans wickedneſſe, a miſchiefe ſprings,
From juſteſt *Courts*, and from the nobleſt things.
And, if you ſoone returne not from your height,
Of Falſhood and Injuſtice, that which was
Your *Idoll* (and the *Glorie of your might)*
Your hope of bringing mightie things to paſſe;
Ev'n, *that* ſhall alſo fail you, in the end:
That, ſhall augment your manifold vexations:
That, ſhall become unable to defend,
Or ſave it ſelfe, among your deſperations.
Nay, *that*, ſhall by degrees it ſelfe corrupt
To ſuch a *Monſter*, as will fright you more,
More grieve, and more your quiet interrupt,
Than all oppreſſing Tyrants heretofore.
For, when in ſinning, men preſumptuous grow,
GOD makes their ſtrength to be their overthrow.
It was not meerly in the *Government*
By *Kingſhip*, that you were oppreſt of late:
It was not that, which brought the Detriment
Dilacerating ſo, both *Church* and *State.*
The *Princes* errours, and the *Peoples* crimes,
(Increaſing by their aiding of each other
In wickedneſſe*)* have made them, in theſe times,
A mutuall *ſcourge*; and both now ſmart together.
By *godleſſe counſells* you miſled your King:
Then kept him, *ſtanding* in the *ſinners way:*
And to the *ſcorners throne* him now you bring;
Whereon if once he ſettle (as he may,
If God prevent not) you, as yet, but ſee
Beginnings of thoſe plagues that felt muſt be.
Vnleſſe by penitence you break off ſin,
Your *Parliamentall Members (*when *long ſitting*,
And *fewneſſe of the number*, ſhall bring in
Both meanes, and opportunity, begetting

Such

Such knowledge of each other, as is now
In ſome *Committees)* ſhall much repreſent
The *Lands* Corruptions; and make perfect ſhow
By *whom*, and from what *body* they were ſent.
For, then on *Priviledges* to inſiſt
Meer-perſonall, more then on *Publike-Right:*
To ſay their pleaſures; and do what they liſt,
In *Lawes* contempt, and *Equities* deſpight;
Shall grow in uſe, till you and they ſhall run
Another Courſe to be, yet, more undone.
You, then, ſhall ſee (though under other notions)
Your old *Oppreſſions* to return again:
As much falſe-play for *profit* and *promotions*,
As when you to your *King*, did firſt complain:
Then, you ſhall ſee your monſtrous-*high-Commiſſion*,
Your *Councell-Table*, your *Star-Chamber* too,
New-ſhapes aſſuming to their old Condition,
Revive, and act as they had wont to do.
That *Inſolence*, that *Pride Prelaticall*,
Thoſe *corporall* and *ghoſtly Tyrannies*,
Which in your *Clergie* lately had a fall,
Shall riſe again, cloth'd with a new diſguiſe,
And act, what they who plaid before did mean,
Although they change their *Habits*, and the *Scœne*.
For, then ſome *Prieſtlings*, who as guiltie are
Of your Diviſions, as the *Prelates-traine*,
(Firſt kindling, and fomenting, ſtill, this warre,
As much as they) will make their meanings plaine.
Yea, by *diviſions*, and by *ſubdividing*,
According as their *maine deſigne* requires,
Oppoſing ſome, and with ſome other ſiding,
(As beſt may ſerve to compaſſe their deſires)
Shall *Schiſmes*, *Sects*, and *Fancies* multiply.
Beyond compute; and from the truth ſhall ſteal
So many hearts by fained ſanctitie,
By counterfeited honeſtie and zeale,

That

That, all your other Foes ſhall not diſeaſe
Your private, and the publike Reſt, like theſe.
For, (though enacted-*Law*, doth now of late
From *Secular-employments* them exclude)
To intermeddle with Affaires of *State*,
They will, by many meanes, themſelves intrude.
By gath'ring Parties, they will plots contrive,
To make thoſe greateſt, who will them obey;
To make them rich, by whom they hope to thrive,
And to ſuch ends will ſtudy, preach, and pray;
Joyne hands, ſollicite, covenant, petition;
(The *Publike-good*, ſtill their chiefe aime pretending)
And, whatſoever ſtands in oppoſition
To their *Deſigne*, ſhall want no ſuch commending,
As floweth from implacable deſpite,
Or, from the malice of an *Hypocrite*.
And, if e're long, there be not ſome endeavour,
To keep them to their *Calling*, (and to bound
Their meddling with *Lay-matters)* you ſhall never
Be free from *Faction*, while the Spheres go round.
Like *Salamanders*, theſe can never live,
But in a Flame; nor, long themſelves conforme
To any Reformation: For, they thrive
In *Changes* beſt, and ſwim beſt in a *Storme*.
And, many diffring *Sects* of theſe there are;
Some to an *Independancie* incline,
Some to a *Preſbyterian-way* adhere;
Yet, really, themſelves to neither joyne:
But, rather, take advantage to make uſe
Of that, which to their ends, may beſt conduce.
To limit theſe to ſome *Parochiall Charge*,
Were to impriſon them: For, they well know
From *Congregations gather'd up at large*,
What Profits, and Advantages do flow.
A *Pariſh Income*, though they largely grant
Both *Tythes* and *Penſions*, is but verie ſmall,
Compar'd

Compar'd to what that *Prieſt itinerant,*
Can gather up, who hath no bounds at all.
A *Pariſh* is too narrow for his Pride,
Or Avarice: And, in one place, perchance,
Should he be long compelled to reſide,
He could not ſo conceale his ignorance,
Or cover failings in his Converſation,
As, by an *Unconfined-Congregation.*
Had theſe been regulated, and reduc'd,
To that Conformitie, which *Reaſon* would,
The *Simple* had not then been ſo ſeduc'd:
Nor, had the *Common-People* ſo been fool'd.
Had theſe, and their *Antagoniſts* been charm'd
By prudent *Diſcipline,* and made agree,
Your *King* and *Parliament* had not been arm'd
Againſt each other, as this day they be.
Had theſe been conjur'd downe; that *Pietie,*
That *Prudent-meekneſſe,* and ſweet *Moderation,*
By which a Part of that *Fraternitie*
Doth wreſtle for a bleſſing on this Nation,
Should more be honour'd; and, ere long, prevaile,
For curing of thoſe *Plagues* which they bewaile.
For, *theſe,* oft ſuffer the deſerved blame
Of *Demas* and *Diotrophes*; and ſhare,
(By being of their *Calling)* in their ſhame,
When of their Faults they no way guiltie are.
And, *theſe,* are they, whoſe *Prayers* and *Examples,*
Whoſe *good advice,* and whoſe *well-temper'd Zeale*
Shall keep your *State,* your *Cities,* and your *Temples*
From deſolation, and your Plague-ſore heale.
If therefore, *Wit profane,* or *Scurrile tongue*
Shall any of our cenſurings apply,
To do their worth or innocencie wrong,
Let it redound to their owne infamie:
Let ev'rie check, from which they ſhall be free,
An augmentation to their honour be.

And,

And, let it not diſcourage them, a whit,
That, now, thoſe temp'rall Dignities are gone,
Which, oft, in their poſſeſſors, pride beget,
And, really, are honour unto none;
Since, by their *lives*, and *doctrines*, they may more
Their *Perſons* and their *Callings* dignifie,
Then *Wealth* and *Titles* have done, heretofore,
And, reach true honours higheſt pitch thereby:
For, who, when *Prelacie* did higheſt ſeem,
Were honour'd by the *People*, or the *Peers*,
With more unfain'd affection and eſteem,
Then they are now, whom reall worth endeers?
Oh! let this honour ſtill on them attend;
And, let their counſels move you to amend.
For, every one hath erred in his wayes;
King, *Prieſt* and *People* have alike miſgone;
As doth the *Flock*, ev'n ſo the *Shepheard* ſtrayes;
And, there is no man *perfect*, no not one.
It is not in the pow'r of *words* to tell,
How farre below eſteeme your vertues are:
Or, how in wickedneſſe you would excell,
If wholly left, to your own ſelves, you were.
Could you but look into your hearts, and view
How many villanies thoſe cavernes hide,
Beſide all thoſe, which *words* and *deeds* do ſhew,
Or, may by circumſtances, be deſcride;
You could not but unfainedly confeſſe,
That you are, yet, uncapable of *peace*.
Could you permit your blinded eyes to heed,
How, while you ſmart, you multiply offence;
How, that, which awfull penitence ſhould breed,
Hath changed *errour*, into *impudence*:
Could you perceive, before it were too late,
How faſt you fell away, ſince you began
To faile in your profeſſions to the *State*;
And, to be faithleſſe, both to GOD, and *Man*;

You

You would abhorre your ſelves, and be affraid
Your ſoules, by *tranſmigration*, would ere long,
Paſſe into ſottiſh *Beaſts:* For, you have ſtraid
Beyond that blockiſhneſſe which is among
The nobleſt *Brutes*; and, hardly do eſcape
With ſo much of true manhood, as the ſhape.
There is no pittie of the *Fatherleſſe*,
Or, of the poore afflicted *Widdowes* teares;
No charitable heed of their diſtreſſe,
Whoſe miſerie, moſt evident appears.
They, who have gladly, *lent*, and *ſpent*, and *given*
Goods, *Blood*, and *beſt-aſſiſtance*, to defend
The *Common-ſafety*, (till they have been driven
To want of Bread) have hardly found a friend:
Some other, who oft hazzarded their lives,
For your protection (and have quite undone
Their deareſt *Children*, and beloved *Wives*,
To do you ſervice) have been look'd upon
Without regard; and worſe, by far, have ſped
Then they, who nothing have contributed.
Nay (would it were but ſo) their, and your Foes,
By your injuſtice, or your heedleſneſſe,
Finde meanes to ſpatter, and to ruine thoſe,
Whom, to defend, you did (with vowes) profeſſe.
And (though their deeds have through this *Iſle* proclaim'd
Their faithfulneſſe) you gladly ſuffer them
By cunning whiſperers, to be deſam'd;
And, *Falſhoods* words, *Truths* actions, to condemn
Before due trialls, you (through Avarice,
Or, Envie) with contentedneſſe, can heare
Deſert traduc'd; and, with ſuch prejudice,
Receive Detractions, as if glad you were,
Of ſuch falſe *Quittances*, to make a ſhow
Of having paid that debt which, yet, you owe.
It is, indeed, the *Polititians* way,
Thus, to requite: And, therefore, he that brings

Obligements, greater then diſcharge they may,
On thankleſſe *Nations*, or on fathleſſe *Kings*,
Inſtead of due reward, ſhall be repaid
With cauſleſſe jealouſies, and with ſuſpect,
Of having either failed, or betraid
Their *Truſt*, by falſhood ; or, by ſome neglect.
And, then, it muſt a *Mercie* be believ'd,
If *He*, for all the ſervice he hath done,
(In lieu of what he thought to have receiv'd)
With *life* and *loſſe of honour*, may be gone:
And, this, will, now, the portions be of ſome
Whom better uſage, better will become.
And, how can GOD have peace with ſuch a *Nation*,
In which this baſeneſſe, and this falſhood lurks,
Which is rejected with much deteſtation
Among the brutiſh *Salvages* and *Turks?*
Or, how can you to other men be true,
Who to your ſelves are falſe, as may appear
By many practices, which you purſue,
Through wilfulneſſe, through follie, or through feare?
For, whoſoever tyranny defends,
And ſets himſelfe that *Party* to oppoſe
Which for the Publike Libertie contends,
Betrayeth his own perſon to his Foes:
Or (if perchance, his perſon free he ſaves)
Himſelfe, in his *Poſterity* inſlaves.
Nay, you, who ſeem the *better part* to take,
Ev'n *you*, are to your ſelves, as falſe as they:
The *Price of blood*, a thing of nought you make,
And complement *Advantages* away.
Your *Paſſes*, and *Protections*, you beſtow,
Not, as though to your ſafety they pertain'd ;
But rather, your Authority to ſhow,
Who gave them ; Or, that profit might be gain'd
To *Clarks*, and *Secretaries*. And, your care
Is not, at all times, how you may ſupply

A

A *place of Truſt*, with ſuch as faithfull are;
Or, fitteſt for the *States* neceſſitie:
But, ſooneſt they, thoſe favours do obtain,
Who ſell the *Publike* for their private gain.
Nor Ableneſſe their duty to diſcharge,
Nor loſſe, nor ſuffrings, for the common Cauſe,
Nor of Integrity, good prooſes at large,
Reſpect to ſuch a mans preferment drawes:
Nay, he that by a generall aſſent
Was nominated, (and petition'd for)
Without his ſeeking, in the *Parliament*,
To *ſervices of Truſt*; and, which is more,
Had theſe imployments, alſo, recommended
By *Order* thence; hath, now, a year unheard
For anſwer, from thoſe *Referrees* attended,
Without ſo much as hope of their regard:
Becauſe, though to the *Publike-weale* it tends,
'Tis found it will diſprofit private friends.
Your Indiſcreet *Indulgence*, ſuffers thoſe
Who looſe their Bloud, and Liberties for you,
To lie in worſe condition, then your Foes,
To whom an equall uſage ſeemeth due.
Yea, while in loathſome dungeons, they remain,
Who captivated in your ſervice were,
Sweet Lodgings and reſpect their Foes obtain,
When in your Quarters they impriſon'd are.
By which *unequallneſſe*, (till their ſide pleaſe
To ſhow more *mercy)* much diſcouragement,
Your *Partie* findes; and, diſadvantages
Which moderate ſevereneſſe might prevent:
And, you more *Cruelty*, then *Mercie* ſhow,
When *Mercy* you on *Cruell-men* beſtow.
He that to ruine you no ſpight hath ſpar'd,
If he ſubmit, although but to deceive you,
Shall find more courteſie, and more regard,
Then he, who never left, nor meanes to leave you.

He, that with *Outrage* hath your townes embroil'd,
He, that hath in your bloud, his hands imbrew'd,
Your friends of their chiefe livelihood deſpoil'd,
And, to his utmoſt power, that courſe purſu'd:
He, if for favour (though conſtrain'd) he come,
Shall not alone finde meanes to ſet him free,
With his *Poſſeſſions*, for a triviall ſumme:
But alſo quickly countenanced be
With Friends, and Favours, him inabling, too,
Your faithful'ſt friends, and ſervants to undo.
Falſe to your ſelves you are, in not aſſaying
To execute the fulneſſe of your *power*,
In theſe *Extremities*; and, in delaying
To take thoſe Freedomes which are juſtly your.
The *Members* of your *Body* waſted are;
And, ſuch as are of that conſumption glad,
(Vnleſſe prevented) will the cure defer,
Vntill it cannot poſſibly be had.
By raiſing feares of ſome *ſuppoſed-thing*,
Which neither *is*, nor *was*, nor *ſhall be* done,
Vpon your ſelves, you many miſchiefs bring,
Which by a *prudent-Stoutneſſe* you may ſhun:
For, when you make an unexpected *pawſe*,
You weaken your *Aſſiſtants*, and your *Cauſe*.
You act not out your parts, as if you thought,
A *Tragedie* in earneſt, now, were plaid;
Or, that upon the *Combat* to be fought,
The *Triall* of your whole eſtates were laid:
For, to advance a frivolous *deſigne*,
To pleaſe a knave, that is a friend in ſhow,
To feed ſome luſt, whereto they do incline,
Or, ſhun the fury of a feared Foe;
Advantages you daily fool away,
Which by no humane pow'r can be recal'd;
Eternitie, you venture for a *day*,
And, when you might with braſſe be double wal'd,
You

You ſeek to fortifie the Kingdomes Cauſe
With paper-works, with rotten ſticks, and ſtrawes.
Thoſe *Places* and *Imployments*, whence ariſe
The greateſt profit, rarely are confer'd,
With conſcionable care of their ſupplies,
By faithfull men: but, thither are prefer'd
Thoſe, rather, whoſe chief aimes are how to make
Their private Fortunes; and, to that effect
Know how to move; and how to give or take,
To gaine themſelves advantage, and reſpect.
Yea, though there be ſuſpitions, and perchance,
Good evidences too, that ſome of *theſe*
The Cauſe of your oppoſers, will advance
(When they an opportunitie may ſeize)
To *Offices of Truſt*, you theſe commend,
Before your ſuffering and deſerving Friend.
Who their eſtates have now increaſed moſt,
But, they who for the publike ventur'd leaſt?
Whoſe paiments and preferments more are croſt,
Then their, who (to their power) have ſerv'd you beſt?
In what *Committees* now, or in what *Shires*,
Are not, this day, a multitude of thoſe,
Whoſe faithfulneſſe undoubtedly appeares,
Diſabled, and diſcourag'd, by their Foes?
How gen'rally do you in ev'ry place,
Begin, well-known *Malignants*, now, to truſt
With your Affaires? And, ſuffer, with diſgrace,
True *Patriots* from imployment to be thruſt?
And, by this madneſſe, how are you betraid?
How open to deſtruction are you laid?
They, who were firſt in *Armes*, for your defence;
Who, firſt, their *Free-will-Offerings* to you brought;
And have continu'd faithfull, ever ſince,
Ev'n they are now, unſerviceable thought.
Contrariwiſe, they, who at firſt refuſed
To lend you aid, in *Perſon*, or in *Pay*,

They, who in word and deed, your cauſe abuſed
(And are unfaithfull to you to this day)
Ev'n they have now inſinuated ſo
By helpe of their Protectors: And, of theſe
So over-confident you daily grow,
That your beſt friends, you ruine, and diſpleaſe;
And, on your ſelves a greater hazzard bring,
Then all the armed Forces of the King.
For, thoſe accurſed *Vipers*, are with you,
So intermingled in your conſultations,
(Nay, rather, ſo incorporated now,
In private, and in State negotiations)
That, by a miracle it muſt be done,
If any good Deſigne to paſſe be brought,
Or, for the publike-ſafetie be begun,
Which will not, e're performed, come to nought:
And, if you are not pleas'd to have it ſo
Why did you? and why do you ſtill, permit,
Thoſe men whom faultring (if not falſe) you know,
In Counſell, ev'ry day, with you to to ſit?
And, why for thoſe, do you your Friends neglect,
Vnleſſe your own perdition you affect?
Why elſe when *Forts*, or *Forces* to command,
On which the *Publike-ſafety* much depends,
Do you commit them rather to their hand,
Whom neither proofe, nor likelihood, commends,
To ſuch a Truſt? Why not unto their care
And keeping rather, who have courage ſhowne?
Of whoſe fidelitie, good proofes appear?
And whoſe experience hath been wel made known?
This could not be, but that you do preferre
Your ſons, your nephewes, and your friends, before
The *Publike-weale*, or els perſwaded are
That, your Deſtruction will afflict the more,
Vnleſſe, your own deviſes help undo you;
Or, ſome who are both near, and deare unto you.

How

How can there be among you thoſe foundations,
Whereon, your *Peace* or *Safety*, may erect,
While moſt men, for their own accommodations
Deſignments to the Publike loſſe, project?
And, while to compaſſe their deſired ends,
They do not onely miſchief, and delude
Themſelves, their kindred, neighbourhood, and friends,
Or miſ-inform the brainleſſe multitude;
But, by their cunning, alſo do contrive
Thoſe *Engines*, which good *Diſcipline* deface;
The *State* into unſtable poſtures drive,
Raiſe jarres, and jealouſies in every place;
And ſpread abroad the Devils *Axioms* too,
The unitie of Doctrine to undo.
Theſe *Engineers*, your power infeeble more,
And weaken more your hands, then all yet done,
By other adverſaries heretofore,
Since this unhappie *Warfare* firſt begun.
Theſe, while to build among you they pretended,
As partners in the work of *Reformation*,
Have ſecretlie their private Aimes befriended,
With hindrance to your wiſhed *Reſtauration*.
Sanballats, and *Tobiahs*, you have had,
Who, by diſſembling with you, to unite
Have rent you from your ſelves; and, thereby made
Both *Parties* feel the common Foes deſpight;
To be each others whip, and make the *Truth*
A theame of ſcorne, in everie drunkards mouth.
There are ſo manie failings in the beſt,
Such needleſſe, and ſuch wilfull breach of *Lawes*;
So careleſſe are you, of your *Faith* profeſt,
To thoſe, who have been faithfull in your *Cauſe*;
So hath your Falſhood, and your follie blended
Both right and wrong, both good and ill together,
That, both muſt be oppoſed or defended;
Or, els you muſt declare your ſelves for neither.

And (whether with the one, or t'other ſide
You ſhall partake, or for a *Newter*, ſtand)
No *humane wiſdom*, can for you provide,
A *being*, with true ſafety, in this Land:
So little wit, hath ordered this *Place*,
So little honeſty, ſo little grace.
And, theſe great miſcheifs roſe, from giving way
For every man, at pleaſure, to deface
Thoſe *Out-works*, which (though faultie) were a ſtay
Not uſeleſſe, till ſome better came in place.
For, he that would prevent an inundation
(By falſe-built *Sea-banks*) lets not every one
Teare down the Piles, and breake the old *Foundation*,
Left that which he would *make*, might be *undone*:
Nor for a *Cobler*, or a *Fidler*, ſends;
But, men experienc'd in ſuch works, doth call;
And, with ſuch warineſſe the fault amends,
That, no diſaſter may, mean-while, befall:
And, that the *Old-worke*, and the *New-worke*, may
Begin, and end together, in one day.
You thus proceeded not, but (with more heat
Then prudence, hurrying on) in haſt, you tore
The *wharfage* down; ev'n while the floods did threat
To drowne the fields, and *Billowes* rent the ſhore.
The furious *Souldier* was, with commendation,
Permitted to reforme, as he thought fit;
(Forbidding or affording toleration,
According to the modell of his *wit*)
And, he that was not mad enough to run
Their *wildgooſe-chaſe*, and ſet the world on fire,
To ſuffer by ſuſpition, ſtreight, begun;
And, forc'd was, from imployment to retire,
As not right principled, or drawne aſide,
By *Balaams* wages; or, unſanctifi'd.
And, theſe *Reformers*, not enough content,
To carve out *Diſcipline*, as they ſhall pleaſe,
(And

(And Doctrine too) will on the *Government*,
Vnleſſe it be prevented, ſhortlie ſeize.
For, having no *Foundation*, like a feather,
Which from the bodie of a Fowle is torne.
They to and fro, are turn'd with everie weather;
Elſe, up and down, ſtill wreſtleſly are borne.
And, by theſe *fooliſh Fires*, ev'n as you ſee
By *ſhining-vapours*, riſing in the night,
Miſ-led from ſafe high-waies, poore people be,
To fall in Pits, and Ponds, by their falſe light;
So *theſe*, and *other*, have by their deluſions,
Brought on theſe *Nations*, miſchieves, and confuſions.
And theſe confuſions, not alone befall
The *Civill State*; but, have diſord'red ſo
Your *Diſcipline* Eccleſiaſticall,
That Church affaires, are out of order too.
Each one ſets up their private *Idoll*, there.
That man, contends for this; *this* man, for that.
Some, would have new things; ſome, for old things are,
Some, would have *ſomthing*, but they know not what.
Some, *care not what they have:* and ſome there be,
That would have *nothing*, which might them confine,
In *doing*, or *believing*; but, live free
In ev'rie thing, a perfect *Libertine.*
And, moſt, in ſuch a poſture do appeare,
As if the *Towre of Babell* raiſing were.
Some, to no *Congregation*, will repaire,
In which their *duties* are extemporarie;
As if (becauſe ſome call vaine bablings, praier)
No man poſſeſt that *guift* in ordinarie.
Some, do abhorre *Set-Formes*; as if they thought
The *Spirit*, whereby they were firſt indighted,
Diſpis'd the words, which by it ſelfe were taught,
If more then once, though with true zeale recited.
Some, care not how GODS *Fields* are over-grown
With Briars, and Thornes; ſome others, are ſo ſtrict,
That

That, for his *Vineyards*, they no place will owne,
But thoſe, from whence all *weeds*, and *ſtones*, are pickt;
As if they, for a *Church*, allowed not,
What hath a ſcarre, a wrinkle, or a ſpot.
A *Militarie-Church*, was well expreſt,
In ancient *Hieroglyphicke*, by the *Moone*;
To ſhew, that when her light was at the beſt,
(And when her brighteſt glorie ſhe puts on)
Some *ſhadowes*, or ſome *Waynings*, will declare,
That, in this world, ſhe hath not her perfection:
And, that the *Sun*, from whom her beauties are,
Conveigheth *light* unto her, by reflection.
Somtime, that *Sun*, doth hide his face away,
Leſt men aſcribe to Her, what is His due:
Somtime, her proper *motions*, her convey
Too high, or els, too farre, beyond the view
Of *private-ſpirits:* And, ſomtime, from ſight
Earths Globe, and ſomtime Clouds, obſcure her light.
Which, many, not conſid'ring, are offended
Without a cauſe; and indiſcreetly marre
That *Beauty*, which to poliſh they pretended;
And 'twixt her *Members*, raiſe inteſtine warre.
Some *Weeds*, and *Corne*, are in the blade ſo like,
That many *Weeders* have deceived bin;
And, oftentimes, good *corne* away do pick,
And make the crop, at *harveſt*, very thin.
A *ſpotleſſe Church*, or *perfect Diſciplines*
Go ſeek at *None-ſuch:* For, they are not found
In any place, between the *Tropick-Lines*,
Or any where, upon this earthly *Round*;
Though ſome have ſhaped modells, in their braine,
Of that, whereto, they never ſhall attaine.
On *ſpeculations*, theſe have doted ſo,
(Which their own *Fancies* forme) that, they have loſt
The *Body* of *Religion*; and let go
That *Forme* thereof, which muſt enſhrine the *Ghoſt*.
And,

And, he (who being in the fleſh) believes
The *ſoule* of *Worſhip* can retained be,
Or known, without a *Forme*, himſelfe deceives;
Yea others, with himſelfe, deceiveth he:
And, wanders (reſtleſſe) in perpetuall motion,
In queſt of *empty-ſhades*; and to purſue
Each flitting dreame, and ev'ry changing Notion,
Which comes within his intellectuall view:
Till *Pride*, upon his *Fantaſie*, begets
High thoughts of his own *light*, and in his breſt
Stirres up, and kindles thoſe diſtemper'd *heats*,
That keep the *mind* and *body* without reſt;
And, then perchance, he to a *meteor* growes,
Which Fooles, to be a *Starre*, a while, ſuppoſe.
But, if you mark ſuch well, their *new-borne-blaze*
Is quickly out; and you ſhall ſee, ere long,
Some *Evills* follow, whereof they were *Cauſe*
As well as *Signes*. And take you this, among
Your *Notes*; that, when your *Marches* furious be,
Like *Jehu's*, in *Religions* reformation;
(And ſo purſu'd, as if you ſaid, *Come ſee*
Our zeale for GOD) that, but for oſtentation,
Or, for your own advancements, you become
So zealous: and, that (when you execute
GOD's mandates, *Jehu-like*) you, for the fame
Shall taſt, of his falſe zeale, the *bitter-fruit*;
That, other men may learn, his will to do,
For his *owne ſake*; and, with due *meekneſſe* too.
No few diſaſters had prevented bin,
If in the *Worke* now doing, you had learn'd
With whether part, 'twas fitteſt to begin:
Which might in GOD's own *works* have been diſcern'd:
For, though this *World*, in worth inferiour be
To *Man*; and, though the *Body* be below
The *ſoule*, in value; yet, created *He*
The meaneſt of theſe firſt: And, that may ſhow

How

How men ſhould work. For, had *Man* been created
Before the *World*; or, had the *Soule* been made
Before the *Body*, where had they been ſeated,
To exerciſe the Faculties they had?
Though *nobleſt works* ſhould firſt be thought upon,
Sometime, a *meaner work* ſhould firſt be done.
A *Common-wealths*, bleſt being, doth depend
Vpon the *Church*: the *Churches Reformation*,
You, therefore, principally ſhould intend:
And yet, your zeale may merit commendation,
Though to reforme the *Civill-government*
You firſt begin, and waive a while the other;
If there ſhall happen ſome ſuch accident,
As hinders the reforming both together.
Elſe, peradventure, while you are contriving,
Your Forme of *Diſcipline*, there may begin
A miſchiefe, not alone of *Peace* depriving,
But, of a *Countrey* to profeſſe it in:
And, ſo, with you it hath almoſt succeeded;
Becauſe, this freedome was not timely heeded.
For, had you *tim'd*, and *ordered* aright
The *Civill-Part*; and, therewith brought along
The *Church-Affaires* (as by degrees you might)
The *Work* had prov'd leſſe grievous, and more ſtrong.
Or, had true *Prudencie* directed *Zeale*
Firſt, to reforme ſome things pertaining to
The ſafe well-being of the *Common-weale*;
Both, had not been, at once, diſtracted ſo.
And, yet, in this, the wiſdome of the *State*
Deſerves no check; but, rather, that *Defection*
Throughout the Land, which doth irregulate
The *Works* in hand, and keep them from perfection,
By multipli'd Obſtructions; and, ſometime,
By ſtreightning, and neceſſitating them.
For, ſuch is your corruption and your folly,
So falſe and hypocriticall you are;

So

So brutiſhly profane, and ſo unholy,
(Though you *Religious-Nations* would appeare)
That, had your temp'rall grievances been eas'd,
And all thoſe *Priviledges* been ſecur'd,
For which, to be at coſt, you yet are pleas'd,
(And many Deaths and dangers have endur'd)
Moſt would have hazarded nor life, nor limb,
Nor Goods nor paines, the *Church* to vindicate
From her enthralments; but, to ſink or ſwim,
Had left her in a deplorable ſtate:
And, therefore, G O D permitted the purſuit
Of Counſells, which have brought forth bitter fruit.
Ev'n as a *Worldling*, who hath ſpent his dayes
In carnall Pleaſures; and hath partner bin
With lewd Companions, in their wicked wayes,
(And in the practice of each crying ſin)
When he doth feele the ſtroke of ſome diſeaſe
Portending Death; and that the ſelf-ſame houre
Thoſe horrours on his conſcience alſo ſeize,
Which threaten *Soule* and *Body* to devoure;
Deſire of *Life*, and fearfulneſſe to *die*
Diſtracts him ſo, that he at once for aid,
Both from *Phyſitians*, and *Divines* doth crie;
And, having both, becometh ſo diſmaid,
That he receiveth benefit from neither:
But, hazards *Soule* and *Body* both together.
So, while you laboured at once to heale
The deſperate Diſeaſes, which of late
Endangered both *Church* and *Common-weale*;
Such longings, then, your *double-zeale* begate,
To cure them both together; and ſo ſtrove
Your *Zelots*, that, from both at once, they mought
The *Cauſe* of their diſtemperatures remove,
That, great *Confuſions* upon *both*, are brought:
Yea, *both* of them, are now expoſed more
To ſcandals, loſſes, errours, perturbations,

And

And hazards of deſtruction, than before:
That, whether now you ſeek their preſervations
Together or *apart*, you ſhall not, yet,
Obtaine that *bleſſing*, which you hope to get.
For, you muſt firſt be cleared of the ſin,
Which hinders from enjoying your deſire:
And, that which lately might have cleanſed bin
With *water*, muſt be purged now with *fire*.
Yea, ſince your follies and your ſins have brought
Thoſe great Confuſions both on *Church* and *State*,
For which the *meanes*, that might their cure have
Are now too feeble, and will come too late; (wrought,
Since, into ſuch a *Chaos* all is changed,
That, all endeavours uſefull heretofore,
Have, daily, you from *Concord*, more eſtranged,
And made your miſchiefes, and your ſorrowes more,
No *ordinary-courſe*, can ſet you free
From thoſe diſtractions, wherein, now, you be.
This, being knowne (and in what great diſtreſſe
You plunged are) to you it appertaines
With penitencie, humbly to addreſſe
Your ſuits to *him*, in whom your help remaines.
And ere you make approaches to his Throne,
There muſt be (as was told you) ſome *purgation*,
From thoſe omiſſions, and thoſe deeds miſ-done,
Which make your prayers an abhomination.
The *Zimri's* and the *Coſbi's* of the time,
Of whoſe uncleanneſſe and whoſe impudence,
You talk of, yet, but as a *Veniall crime*,
Or, laugh at, as a triviall offence,
Muſt with more zeale (more ſpeed) receive their due;
Or, elſe, their ſins, G O D ſhall avenge on you.
For, theſe are ſo impure, that, in their *Sin*,
They are unſatisfi'd, unleſſe the ſame
Hath with ſome *circumſtances* acted bin,
Which proves them double-guiltie, without ſhame.

They

They are not pleas'd in *Simple-Fornication*,
Vnleſſe thereto, *Adulteries* they add;
Nor ſeemes that, now, ſufficient violation
Of *Chaſtitie*, unleſſe, the Crime be made,
Yet more abhominable, by beguiling
Some *Innocent*; or elſe by (offring force)
The *Bed of Honour*, with bold vaunts defiling:
Nay, there is found among you (if not worſe)
Vncleanneſſe more unmanly, and more ſtrange;
Adult'ries by conſent, and *by exchange*.
But, theſe are the defilements of your *Peace*,
Where yet they have not felt the rage of *War*;
Where, yet, the Courſe of *Juſtice* doth not ceaſe,
And where great ſhewes of *Pietie* yet are.
And, if ſuch impudence may there be found;
If there, you ſo corrupt already grow,
Oh! how do thoſe *Uncleanneſſes* abound,
Where cruell *Outrage* her grim face doth ſhow?
Sure words are inſufficient to expreſſe
The *Rapes*, the *Raviſhments*, and loathſome ſins,
Where *War* gives way to all *Vnrulineſſe*,
And Tyranny and Luſt the conqueſt wins:
When ſin and impudence is acted there,
Where *Juſtice* on her ſeats doth yet appeare.
Behold, this day, ev'n whilſt with *Deſolation*,
The Land is threatned, you have now let in,
A *crying wickedneſſe*, which to this *Nation*,
Was ever thought ſo hatefull to have bin;
That, though among the *Jewes*, a *Law* they had,
Inflicting Death upon it, you have none;
Becauſe, a *Law* is verie rarely made,
Concerning things unlikely to be done.
Who would have thought, there being neither *Beare*,
Nor *Wolfe*, nor *Lyon* on your *Engliſh* ground,
To ſeize upon your little *Children* there,
That many *Beaſts* and *Monſters* ſhould be found,

In

In *humane ſhape*, to ſteale and beare away
Your *Infants*, whilſt before your doores they play?
Who would have thought, that for ſo ſmall a price,
So many, could ſo quickly have been got,
To joyne in perpetrating of a *Vice*,
So horrible, and yet abhor it not?
That, their hard hearts could heare poore *Children* crie
Vpon their fathers, or their mothers name,
Till, peradventure, in an agonie
Of extreme paſſion, liveleſſe they became.
Or (which is worſe) preſerv'd them, to be ſent
To *Bondage*, whilſt their Parents (almoſt wild)
Were left in everlaſting diſcontent,
By muſing, on their *loſt-beloved-child?*
This Crueltie hath in your ſtreets been ſeen;
Thus high, have your corruptions heightned been.
In theſe ſad times, while GODS afflicting hand
Lies heavie on you, and with *ſword* and *fire*,
Purſues, through ev'rie Corner of the Land;
And, reall *Penitencie* doth require.
In ſtead thereof, the People now begins
To grow more daring, and to practiſe crimes
(Beſide the old, or Epidemick ſins)
Which were unheard of here, in former times.
Blaſphemous Hereſie among you growes,
Like Sprouts at Spring-tide, from a new lopt tree:
And, ſo deteſtable, are ſome of thoſe,
That, pious men afraid to name them be:
Leſt they, who love the ſinfulneſſe of *Sin*,
Should, thereby, let ſuch miſchiefes further in.
Death, was the puniſhment, which for this crime
Was judged by the Law of *Moſes* due;
And, well it would become you at this time,
That *Law*, among theſe Nations to renue.
And if you ſhould obſerve, how little ſenſe
Of *Perjurie*, men ſeeme to have of late;

And

And what bold uſe is made of that *Offence*,
To ſerve the will of *Malice*, and of hate;
Or, with what eaſe, *Oppreſſours*, thereby may,
(And ſometimes do) not only ruinate
An honeſt Fame, but alſo take away,
As well their pretious lives, as an eſtate
From *Innocents*; Death, would not ſeem a *Law*
Too ſtrict, to keep thoſe *Wicked ones*, in awe.
The *Land*, through *Oathes* and *Curſes*, alſo, mournes:
For, ſome have learn'd new oathes, and imprecations,
Not heard of heretofore; and, G O D returnes
On their owne heads, their wiſhed-for *Damnations*.
In *Curſings* they delighted; and they ſoke
Like Oyle into their bones. They took a pride
In wiſhing *Plagues*; and, lo, as with a cloke
Therewith, now, wrapt they are on ev'rie ſide.
You lov'd not *Bleſſings:* but, when you enjoy'd
Peace, plentie, health, and ſafetie, you deſpis'd
Thoſe *Mercies*; and behold, they are deſtroy'd,
That they, hereafter, may be better priz'd.
You, long have partners been in ev'rie ſin,
And, now, each others *Hang-men*, you have bin.
When ev'rie neighb'ring houſe is in a flame,
You ſtore your owne, as if no danger were.
In *Honeſtie's*, and in *Religion's* name,
You credit get; and publike Robbers are.
To *lye*, and to be *perjur'd* for the Cauſe
Of G O D, your *King*, or *Countrey*, is a gin
To catch *Opinion*; whereby, moſt, he drawes,
That is moſt bold, and impudent therein.
By ſome pretence, to benefit the *State*,
Religion to promote, or aid the *King*,
You colour your oppreſſions; ſlander, cheat,
And, put in practice almoſt any thing:
You, by a ſhew, the *Gen'rall* to preſerve,
Particulars, unmercifully ſtarve.

You wrong the meaning of your *Parliament*
When their eſtates you ſeize who are their Foes;
To their undoing, who are innocent,
And blameleſſe, though the *Creditors*, of thoſe.
And, were it our *Deſignment* to accuſe
Particulars (as to informe and warne,
In gen'rall termes; that, they, who yet abuſe
Their power, more humanitie might learn)
We could have inſtanced in many things,
Diſcov'ring, that, their number is not few,
Whoſe Crueltie, Reproach, and Curſes, brings
On thoſe Proceedings, which they did purſue
With *Prudence*, and with *Mercie*, ſhould relieve
The *Publike*, more; and, private men, leſſe grieve.
One part of you, contributes to the *King*;
The other *Partie*, to the *Parliament:*
To theſe, you perſonall aſſiſtance bring;
To theſe, you liberally your goods have lent:
Yet, moſt of you, who thus ingaged are,
Are both to *King*, and *Parliament* untrue:
For, many ſignes your faithleſneſſe declare,
And many things your giddineſſe doth ſhew.
You are moſt firme to that, which you conceive
Your private weal, or ſafety, beſt promotes:
While that is doubtfull, you, *Demurs* can weave;
When that is plaine, you quickly turne your Coats;
And, to that end, you craftily provide
Quaint ſhifts, to ſerve your turnes, on *either ſide.*
Some, by *Intelligence*, themſelves indear;
Or, by ſome *ſervice* acted *under-hand.*
By ſecret Favours, Friends you can prepare,
Who in the *Gap*, for you, at need ſhall ſtand.
Some, have a *Son*, a *Father* or a *Brother*,
Who *Ledger* with your *Adverſe-party*, lies;
To make good *Terms* of *Peace*, for one another,
According as Occaſions may ariſe.

And,

And (to advance this *Project)* they, who ſpend
Their Blood, and Fortunes, with a ſingle heart,
(Indeavouring truly for the nobleſt end)
Engaged are, to act a deſp'rate part;
  Which, into preſent miſchiefs, them doth caſt,
  And, into feares of greater, at the laſt.
You, have not *Faith* enough, in GOD, to truſt;
(Though, *wonder-working Faith*, you do pretend)
And, that, hath tempted you to things unjuſt:
That, makes you on your arme of fleſh depend.
That, makes you *bold*, when you ſhould rather *feare*;
And, *fearfull* grow, when you ſhould *bolder* be:
That, makes your *Foe* ſo vigilant appeare;
And, *you*, ſo many things, to over-ſee.
That, makes you, for your *Ayd*, poor tricks deviſe,
And take that Courſe which *Scandall* on you draws:
That, makes you think, that falſe *Reports*, and *Lies*,
Are meritorious in an *Honeſt-Cauſe:*
  And, by theſe failings, you your peace delay;
  And juſtifie your foes, in their lewd way.
They, who abhorre *Pluralities* in other,
And in your *Clergie* hate non-reſidence;
Can, *Office* unto *Office* joyn together,
And, in themſelves, ſuppoſe it no offence.
Some, can heap up *Command*, upon *Command*,
Share, or take all the honour, and the pay,
(When but for cyphers, nay for leſſe they ſtand*)*
And other mens true value take away.
Some, when the *Publike* was in great diſtreſſe,
(Though they Commanded few, had pay for many)
Yea, ſome of you (who better minds profeſſe*)*
Were paid for *ſouldiers*, when you had not any:
  And, ſome have took, (who yet for payment call)
  In *Plunder* and *Free-quarter*, more then all.
Of *Orphans* cries, and of the *Widdowes* tears,
Whoſe *Fathers* and whoſe *Huſbands* for your ſake,

Have ſpent their lives, and fortunes in theſe wars.
More heed, more care, more pitie, you muſt take.
When at your doores, and at your feet they lie,
To crave a part of that which is their own,
To feed them in their great neceſſity,
More Bowells of *Compaſſion*, muſt be ſhowne.
And, they who, to contribute, have not ſpar'd
Paines, Councells, Prayers, Perſons, nor Eſtates
In *publike duties*, muſt finde more regard,
Before the furie of this *Plague* abates:
For, who can hope the GOD of Righteouſneſſe,
Will ſhew forth *mercie*, to the *mercileſſe?*
They, who in *Peace*, the *blood of War* have ſhed
As *Ioab* did; or, have expos'd their friends,
And faithfull *ſouldiers*, to be murthered
To hide their *Plots*, or to effect their *Ends*,
Muſt not be winked at: nor they, who dare
So partiall in their judgements to become,
As to inflict on thoſe that *equalls* are
In their *tranſgreſſions*, an *unequall-doome*:
For, of this partiall dealing there is found,
A murmur in your ſtreets: and, *Common-fame*
Reports, injuſtice ſo much to abound;
That, he ſpeedes beſt, who merits greateſt blame:
And, that, for ſin, when *Acceſſaries* bleed,
The *Principalls* find favour, and are freed.
Your *Beaſts of prey*, who live upon the ſpoile,
And, by the publike ruines, fat are growne,
Muſt either quite be chaſed from this *Iſle*,
Or, from their dens, be rouz'd, and hunted down.
Your *Ambodexters*, who are neither true,
To GOD, nor *Man*, to *King*, nor *Parliament*,
Muſt learn a better temp'rature to ſhew,
And of their fraud, and fickleneſſe repent.
Thoſe *Rotten-Members*, thoſe falſe *Officers*,
And thoſe *Committee-men*, who have deceiv'd

The

The *Kingdomes Truſt*, muſt for that guilt of theirs,
Paſſe other doomes, then yet they have receiv'd,
Before thoſe *wrongs*, and *practices*, do ceaſe,
Which keep away your much deſired *Peace.*
They who have almoſt perfected the times
For *deſolation*, by habituating
Themſelves in *Sodom's*, and *Gomorrah's* crimes;
And, by an impudently imitating
Of their *impenitence:* ev'n they, that had
The *pride of life*, *ſacietie of bread*,
And liv'd in *idleneſſe*; muſt, now, be made
To taſt their ſuffrings, who are hunger-fed:
To feele the paines of their laborious life,
Who, *ſweat in good employments*; and the ſcorne,
Which *humble-men* have long without reliefe,
By their oppreſſion, and ambition, borne.
Theſe muſt be humbled, and perhaps deſtroy'd,
Before your expectations are enjoy'd.
Your counterfeit and raſh *Reformers*, too,
Muſt change their hearts, and regulate their zeale,
Ere you ſhall compaſſe what you hope to do,
In matters of the *Church*, or *Common-weale.*
Your *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, who by long prayer,
Devour poore Widdowes houſes; and by ſhewes
Of honeſtie (and by pretending faire
To pietie) good meaning ſoules abuſe:
They, who in tithing *mint*, and *anniſe*, are
More ſtrict, then in the *weightie points of Law*;
And, burthens great, for other men prepare,
When they themſelves will hardly lift a ſtraw:
Theſe, muſt, e're perfect *Peace* you here ſhall ſee,
Be more unvizarded, then yet they be.
Your *pettie-Tyrants*, muſt be likewiſe fewer,
Then now they are; e're GOD will condeſcend,
To eaſe your burthens, or your griefes to cure;
Or, bring your diſ-agreements to an end.

For, how, in equitie, can you expect
Your GOD ſhould free you, from thoſe injuries,
That *Sov'raignty-abuſed* may inflict?
Whilſt you, on one another, tyrannize?
Or, how can, poſſibly, true *Peace* be there,
Where well nigh all are *Tyrants* to their power?
And, as they get advantage domineer,
Inſult, oppreſſe, impov'riſh, and devoure?
For, this oppreſſion you may plainly ſee
In ſome of everie Calling, and Degree.
Nigh ev'rie one the *King* exemplifies,
In uſurpation of *Prorogatives*,
Above his due: Nay, that which he denies
Vnto his *Prince*; injurioufly, he ſtrives
To take unto himſelfe. The *Peer*, upon
The *Commoner* uſurps: The *Huſband*, ſo
Vpon the *Wife*: The *Father*, on the *Son*;
And, on their *Servants*, thus, the *Maſters*, do.
In everie *Corporation*, thus preſume
The *Governours*; yea, thus the *Magiſtrate*
Of loweſt ranke, doth on himſelfe aſſume
What, in his *Chiefe*, he will not tolerate:
And, they who their own *Freedoms*, fain would ſave,
Are alwaies willing, others to *inſlave*.
Theſe, and ſuch *Scabs*, and *Tetters*, muſt be ſear'd
E're they will heal; And, you muſt cut away
Thoſe *Members*, whereon *Gangrieves* have appear'd:
Which, els, this *Kingdoms* body will deſtroy.
For, multitudes of thoſe, among you, hide
Their Addle-heads: yea, many ſuch as theſe
(Corrupting, both the one, and other ſide)
Do keep incurable this Lands diſeaſe.
And, to your ſafetie, it would moſt redound,
(And your deſired *Peace*, the more aſſure)
If, by each partie, their own faults were found;
And, they themſelves, endeavour'd their own cure:
Which,

Which, ſhall perhaps, begin, when on *one day*,
Both *Parties*, for this *Grace*, ſhall *Faſt*, and *Pray*.
But, why ſhouldſt thou be kept attending, here,
What further (to this purpoſe) may be ſaid,
And be the while (when thou no harm doſt fear)
Injurioufly rewarded, and betraid?
Lo; they that hate thee, while thou art imploid
To ſeek their *Peace*; have now prevailed ſo,
That, if their *plot* thou quickly make not void,
They, whom thou honour'ſt moſt, ſhall thee undo.
That *miſchief* to prevent, make therefore ſpeed;
And, mark, when thy endeavour thou haſt done,
What *juſtice* or *injuſtice* ſhall ſucceed:
For, gueſſe thou mayeſt, by what befalls thereon,
How ſafely thou haſt ventur'd thy eſtate
Vpon the *publike-Faith*, or *publique-Fate*.
The VOICE here paws'd againe; and, forth I went
To ſee, how I requited was by them,
In whoſe defence, my *fortunes*, I have ſpent;
My *life* adventur'd, and conſum'd my *time*.
If they deceive my hope, my greateſt grief
Will be for them; becauſe, I plainly ſee
Their failing me, of promiſed relief,
Will more diſhonour *them*, then hinder *me*.
For, nor on *Peeres* nor *Commons*, I depend:
But, on his *pow'r*, and on his *love* alone,
Who, ere I had my being, was my *Friend*;
And, ſhall be, when my *Foes* are all undone.
By *Him*, in all oppreſſions, I am eas'd;
With whatſoere he pleaſes, I am pleas'd.

The third Canto.

The Contents.

Here, whether you be pleas'd, or no,
This Author, *maketh bold to ſhow*
Thoſe Portions of his Private wrongs,
Whoſe knowledge, and redreſſe, belongs
To Publike Juſtice; *that, her eye*
May through his wounds, her owne eſpie.
The VOICE, then ſpeakes againe, and ſchooles,
In Him, *all other froward-Fooles,*
Who, with impatiencie, do vent
Their private wrongs, or diſcontent:
As if their Trifles could be heard,
When Kingdomes cannot find regard.
It ſhewes, our Senate blameleſſe are,
Of thoſe Diſtractions, raging here;
And, where the Fault, and Fountaine lies,
From whence, our preſent plagues ariſe.

EXcuſe me, if your longings be delai'd,
Mine owne Affaires, a little, to review;
And, if, here ſomewhat of my *ſelfe* be ſaid,
Before my former Subject I purſue.
For, though I know not many, much encli'nd,
To heare, or ſpeak, of what may profit me,
And ſee moſt pleas'd, when I am as unkind,
Or failing to my ſelfe, as others be:
Yea, though ſometime I have appeared ſuch,
Yet, now, my meaning to my ſelfe is better;
And, therefore, whoſoever thinks it much,
My *ſelfe*, I finding, to my *ſelfe* a Debter,
Will here preſume (becauſe I juſtly may)
To do my ſelfe an Errand, by the way.

I know

I know it will not reliſh well with ſome,
When, of my ſelfe, they this Digreſſion find;
But (ſeeing *Charitie* begins at home)
When others do not, I, my ſelfe will mind.
My wrongs do not alone extend to me;
But, on the *Publike Rights* take, likewiſe, hold:
And, for my ſake, ſince heard they cannot be,
They, for the *Common-Safetie*, ſhall be told.
Moſt famous *Prophets*, and renowned *Saints*,
And many other of approved wit,
When they oppreſſed were did make complaints,
And in their *Volumes* of themſelves have writ.
If therefore, any of my Readers grutch,
The time of reading, ſome few leaves, to ſpare,
Concerning me, who have not thought it much,
All this, for his Advantage, to prepare;
I leave him to his pleaſure, and his eaſe,
And bold will make, to do as I ſhall pleaſe.
The VOICE diſmiſſing me, as in the Cloſe
Of my preceding *Canto*, you have heard,
From Poſtures of *Retirement*, I aroſe,
To ſee, in what *Deſignes*, my Foes appear'd.
And, ſaw indeed my ſelfe ſo ill befriended,
That (whilſt I muſed with a ſerious thought,
What to the *Common Peace* and Safetie tended)
My Ruine had maliciouſly been ſought.
And, that it hath been follow'd, ever ſince
My firſt engagement in theſe fatall wars;
By reaſon of an evill Influence,
To me directed from malignant Stars,
Who ſhining, openly, with faire Aſpects,
Produce, in ſecret, miſchievous Effects.
Which, if I ſhould endeavour to expreſſe,
The paines, a ſmall Advantage would returne;
Since, they who might my Grievances redreſſe,
Might grudge to heare ſo much as I have borne.

For,

For, by Oppreſſions, manifold and great,
Remonſtrances are often made ſo long,
That, when Redreſſes we ſuppoſe to get,
Our juſt Complaints, unheard, away are flung:
And, *Malice* can with ſo much impudence
Invent, and vent untruths, (in hope thereby
To diſadvantage trueſt Innocence)
That, *Patience* is our cheapeſt remedy:
And, he who ſeeks for other Cures, oft doubles
His *Grievance* by Expence, Affronts, or Troubles.
There are ſo many Paſſages awry,
In ev'rie Action; and, in ev'rie Cauſe,
So many Tricks, to put a *Hearing* by;
To blind the Judges, and pervert the Lawes:
So many Fees and Charges, to be paid
To Witneſſes, to Clerks, and Counſellours,
Which quite are loſt, when *Hearings* are delai'd;
(Ten times, perchance, before an end appears:)
Nay, often, Partialitie and Pride,
(In ſtead of Juſtice) gives that provocation,
Which no free Spirit, alwaies, can abide,
Without ſome ſhewes of outward Indignation;
Whereby, he peradventure, doth augment
That miſchiefe, which he labours to prevent.
At firſt, I hoped better, and I ſtrove
In humble Supplications, to declare
My ſuffrings; and, their burden to remove.
Where likel'eſt means of ſuch atchievement were.
But, there I ſaw ſuch throngings with Petitions;
So ſmall aſſiſtance, and ſo much ado:
There, ſaw I, in all private Expeditions,
And, in the publike, ſuch Obſtructions too:
Such waiting, ſuch ſolliciting by friends;
Such miſ-informings, makings, and unmakings;
Such partialitie, for private ends,
Such thwartings, ſuch Oppoſings, and miſtakings:
And

And, had ſo difficult a Courſe to run,
That, e're I could be heard I was undone.
A place of Profit, or of Reputation,
I never, hitherto, from any ſought,
Vntill my ſelfe thereto by invitation
(From thoſe whom it concern'd) I called thought.
And, when I have a matter to be heard,
I can enforce my ſelfe to little more,
Than (after I my ſuit have once preferr'd)
To wait for hearing, at the Counſell doore.
Perhaps, when long unheeded I attend,
I give remembrances that I am there;
Or, for diſpatch, a word or two can ſpend:
And, if I ſpeed not, much I do not care.
By which blunt courſe, I paſt, with little fruit,
Through many an honeſt *Cauſe*, and hopefull *Suit*.
When long Attendance, no diſpatch affords,
My Paſſions, peradventure, overflow;
And, boyle up into thoſe impatient words,
Which more Corruption, than Diſcretion, ſhow.
And, then, they who, before, to do me right,
Could find no leiſure, ſtraight at leiſure be,
To heare enough to do me a deſpight;
And, to my temper, that reduceth me.
For, though they, with a miſchief, ſend me home;
Yet, many good effects, thereout ariſe:
Of *them*, and of my *ſelf*, I, there, become
A *Cenſurer:* and, ſtudie to deſpiſe
Thoſe Things, and thoſe Affaires pertaining to me,
Wherein, a Foole or Villaine, may undo me.
I cannot, though my life it were to ſave,
Sollicite, as I ſee moſt Suiters can;
And, rather than repulſes I would have,
Vſe ev'rie means, almoſt, to ev'rie man.
When I bring in a matter to be tri'd,
I hope, that all my *Judges* will be juſt:

And,

And, (though, this way, much failing I have ſpide,)
Till he deceives me, no man I diſtruſt.
To preſſe meer *ſtrangers*, I, too modeſt am;
Wiſe men, regard not much ſolicitation;
To urge my *Friends*, their friendſhip ſeemes to blame;
To Court a *Foole*, is my abhomination:
And, favours to implore from perſons evill,
To me appeares, a praying to the *Devill.*
This Inclination, as it keeps me poore,
So, it preſerves me out of many Snares:
It makes my inward quiet much the more,
When outwardly, my reſt diſturb'd appeares.
And, therefore, when away I have been ſent,
With leſſe then *nought*, when more then *all* was due,
One puffe blew off, my greateſt diſcontent;
And, e're I ſlept, I pleas'd, and merrie grew.
But, I of late, before I was aware,
That Object of my Contemplation loſt,
Which teaches how affliction I ſhould beare:
And, being with a ſudden ſtorm, then toſt,
Oppreſt with wants, and with unkindneſſe too,
It made me vex my *ſelfe*, as others do.
And, much adoe I had to keep my tongue
From ſpeaking out the murm'rings of my heart;
And wonder not, that, others, having wrong,
Do ſomtime act an unbeſeeming part:
No marvell, though a wiſer man then I,
Was cauſleſly a *mad-man* term'd of late,
By reaſon he had with impatiencie,
Oppos'd ſome groſſe abuſings of the State:
And, that, the wiſdome of the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Hath ſaid, *Oppreſſion makes a wiſe man mad:*
For, though true wiſdome never can be loſt,
A fit of madneſſe may be thereby had;
And, ſo I think had I: and, ſo may you,
Who read me, being us'd as I am now.

For,

For, when I came abroad and ſaw the ſpight
Which had been done me: And, when done it was
How much contentment, and how much delight
The *Doers* took in what they brought to paſſe;
Although I ſleighted *them*, as fooliſh men,
Who had no ſenſe, how I aveng'd might be,
Nor worth, to move my anger, or my pen)
Vnkindneſſes, in others, troubled me.
And, though my ſervice merit not ſo much
As an Acknowledgement (much leſſe reward)
I thought, my love unto my Countrey ſuch,
As might, at leaſt, have purchaſed regard,
And friends enough, for me to have injoy'd
More grace then he, that would have her deſtroy'd.
Which finding otherwiſe; as one amaz'd,
I ſate a while; not well diſcerning whether
Griefe, *Shame*, or *Anger*, that demurrer caus'd
(Or all thoſe paſſions muſtred up together.)
But, when I call'd to minde how many years
The Brunts of oppoſition, and of ſcorne,
Indur'd I have, for what, to me, appeares
To be the chiefeſt work, for which I'm borne:
And, when I minded, that, nor *Peace*, nor *War*,
Prelaticall, nor *Preſbyterian* daies,
Nor *youth*, nor *age*, to me propitious are;
That *King* nor *People*, favour'd my eſſayes:
And, that nor *Friends*, nor *Foes*, nor *Wrong*, nor *Right*
Befriended me; it broke my patience quite.
And being much diſtemper'd, thus my thoughts
Began to grumble, (having drawne together
A crew, of Riotous *diſtruſts* and *doubts*,
Which, in ſuch caſes, call forth one another)
Art thou (ſaid they to me) for all thy paines,
Thy loſſes, and adventures, thus rewarded?
Is this, the *well-affected Parties* gaines?
Are thus, our Vowes and Covenants rewarded?

Have

Have we the tricks of *Hocus Pocus* learned
At our *Committees?* And, can ſome convay
A miſchievous Deſigne, ſo undiſcerned,
That, *Honeſtie* nor *Wit*, diſcover may
How impudently they abuſe the *State*,
For private profit, or through private hate?
Was I, the firſt of thoſe, who, where I dwelt,
To guard our *Liberties*, and ſave our *Lawes*,
An uncompelled Contribution dealt?
And, who firſt there was armed for this Cauſe?
Was I, among the firſt, who did withſtand
The ſecret plottings of Malignants, there?
And, Horſe, and Foot, and Caſtle did command,
When fewer Friends, than Foes, about me were?
Was I, among the firſt, of whoſe eſtate
The furious Adverſarie made a prey?
Did I expoſe my ſelfe unto their hate,
Who offred me, a fairer-ſeeming way;
Wherein appear'd, what chance ſoever came,
A likely means, to get a *ſaving-game?*
Have I, my life adventur'd often too,
Through much diſcouragement, and without pay?
Done everie thing my ſtrength or wit could do,
To keep the Weak, from falling quite away?
To help confirme the Strong? To bring them home,
Who by Seducers have been led aſide?
To make our *Newters*, Zelots to become?
And mark-out Foes, that, here, as friends abide?
Have I, with patience view'd my ſelfe bereft,
In Taxes and Free-quarterings, by our owne,
Of what to me, the plundring Foe had left?
And, ſuffred other Injuries unknowne
In publike? and (it may be) now conceal'd,
That, they more ſeaſonably may be reveal'd?
Have I, upon the *Publike-Faith* reli'd,
And on the *Commons Order*, fairly granted,

Vntill

Vntill my Children might for bread have cri'd,
If I my ſelf, had private credit wanted?
Have I, to ſerve my Countrey, ſo engaged
My Fortunes and my ſelfe, that, *Open Foes*
Againſt me are implacably inraged,
And, *Secret-Ones*, as virulent as thoſe?
Have I, adventured, likewiſe, therewithall
Hopes preſent, and in expectation too,
Reſolving, with this *Cauſe*, to ſtand and fall,
And (though abus'd) my Dutie ſtill to do?
Yea, thus have I reſolv'd? thus done? thus borne?
To be repaid with injuries and ſcorne?
Behold, *Malignancie* is growne ſo ſtrong
Within our *Quarters*; and, hath ſo made voyd
The *Publike Faith*, that, I am lately flung
Quite out of that, which I, thereby, enjoy'd:
And, it hath acted with ſuch inſolence,
By colour of Authoritie abus'd,
That, it proceeds to warlike violence;
And like a Foe, the Kingdoms-friend, hath us'd.
Before I knew, that, any man appear'd
Againſt me there, where I was overthrowne;
Before that I was called to be heard,
Before my claime or anſwer, could be knowne;
I was expell'd unjuſtly, from my right,
With all the circumſtances, of deſpight.
For, He that hath been armed to bereave me,
Of what by publike Order I poſſeſt,
And, wherewith (if good hopes do not deceive me)
That, Order ſhall, ere long, me re-inveſt;
Seem'd not enough content that he ſo ſped,
Vnleſſe by boaſting of his Conqueſts too,
The *Well-affected* he diſcouraged;
And, ſhew'd *Malignants*, what his Friends could do:
Nor was it without much diſcouragement,
To all the *Faithfull-Partie* thereabout;

For,

For, when they ſaw my hopes had that event,
It made them partly feare, and partly doubt;
Leſt he, who for the Publike moſt hath done,
May live, till he ſhall leaſt be thought upon.
For, nothing was conſiderable ſhew'd,
In him, to whom I did perforce reſigne;
But, that his hands were in their bloud imbrew'd,
For whoſe defence, I have adventur'd mine.
I, put on Armes, to ſerve the Common-weale;
And, for her ſafetie offred all I had:
He, raiſed Forces, but to rob and ſteale;
And, to his pow'r, a ſpoyle thereof he made.
Nor, came he hither, as hath been ſurmiz'd,
With ſuch Repentance, as he ought to bring;
But, to purſue a Stratagem, devis'd,
To have betray'd my perſon to the *King:*
Which not ſucceeding, and, he finding friends
Among my Foes, purſued other ends.
For, Friends he found (as moſt Malignants do)
So forward our Ill-willers to protect,
So pow'rfull, and, withall, ſo cunning too,
Their ends, by faire pretences, to effect;
That, though I were their neighbour, and their friend;
Though my endeavours had been truly done,
To further that, whereto they love pretend;
And, though before this *War*, I knew not one,
Whoſe malice, in thoſe parts, ſuſpect I mought;
Nor any perſon, who ſuſpected me
To them injurious, in word, deed, or thought:
Yea, though, by Covenant, oblig'd they be
On my behalfe; They, naytheleſſe, did grow
Confed'rates with this *Stranger*, my knowne *Foe.*
Elſe, when they heard how firſt the Plot was layd
For my ſurpriſall; where, it was begun;
To whom, he meant I ſhould have been betrayd;
By whom, and how, and when it ſhould be done,
Averr'd

Averr'd on oath, me thinks, in ſuch a caſe
He ſhould not, then, ſo ſuddenly, have found
So many fav'ring him, to my diſgrace,
If all of them had at the heart been ſound.
Nor, would you think, if everie circumſtance
Were fully told, that Charitie firſt drew
So many to afford him countenance,
Who was their Foe, if they to us were true ;
And, who may thank the ſpite they bore to me,
That, they, to him, ſo kind and friendly be.
And, on ſome likely Grounds, conceive I may
Thoſe friends of his were they, who firſt convay'd
Thoſe notions to him, which firſt ſhew'd the way,
How to my Foes I ſhould have been betray'd.
For, from our Quarters, he ſo far, then, liv'd,
That, elſe, our Poſture, and Affections, here,
He had not ſo well knowne, to have contriv'd
A plot, which did ſo feizable appeare.
And, when he came (as if his coming thither,
A bleſſing to the Conntrey had been thought)
To further his Deſignes, they joyn'd together ;
They ſtrength'ned him, againſt me, what they mought :
And publiſhed of me, to my diſgrace,
What neither done, nor ſpoke, nor purpos'd was.
And, that they with their *Grandees* might comply,
My *Neighbours* turn'd about, I alſo find ;
They whom, in Peace, I alwaies lived by,
And, unto whom I never was unkind ;
Ev'n they, who true reſpect from me have had,
And, till this *War*, the like to me did ſhow,
Are of my loſſes and diſgraces glad,
And, to my cauſleſſe wrong, befriend my Foe.
They mention me, when they together ſit,
As if it hardly could allowed be,
That, of *Religion*, *Souldierie*, or *Wit*,
There appertained any ſhare to me ;

And ſpeak for truths, what they themſelves do know
They may with ſafety ſweare, is nothing ſo.
My greateſt wrongs, and ſuffrings, now, be there
Where beſt I have deſerv'd: My greateſt ſcorne
And diſ-reſpect, is in thoſe places, where
My dwelling was; and there where I was borne.
They who are moſt obliged to befriend me,
Have moſt abus'd my patience, and deſert;
They, who have made a *Covenant* to defend me,
Have with my chiefeſt *haters* taken part.
Yea, now, when my affronts are to the wrong
Of *Publike-Juſtice*; and, when my defence
Vnto the *Publike-ſafety* doth belong,
They have expos'd my well-known innocence,
To his deſpight, 'gainſt whom, erewhile, I thought
I needed not, protections to have ſought.
In ſome reſpects, their cruelties are more
Then theirs, by whom my dwelling waſt was laid;
For, (though they rob'd my houſe, and left me poore)
To bar reliefe, no ſpightfull part they plaid.
But, theſe trod on me, when they ſaw me down;
And, leſt I ſhould finde pitie in diſtreſſe,
A falſe report by them abroad was blowne,
As if my well-knowne loſſes had been leſſe
Then I can prove them; For, I offer here
That if my hindrances (well weigh'd) be found
One mite below what I affirm'd they were;
For ev'rie ſhilling I will give a pound,
If they will my true dammages defray
When I have prov'd that true which they gain-ſay.
Yet, ſome, to that intent, did late ſuborne
The moſt defamed Varlets of the Shire
To ſweare againſt me, and to be forſworne,
By croſſing what they formerly did ſwear:
To that intent, while our Committee ſate,
The Kingdomes Foe, had leave in perſon, there,

To

To mannage witneſſes, as for the State,
And, them by leading queſtions to prepare,
For proofe of what they falſly did ſuggeſt,
To my diſhonour: But, they could not bring
Their witneſſes, againſt me, to atteſt,
One culpable, or one materiall thing;
  Nor was it worth regarding if they had,
  Conſid'ring, of what perſons, choice they made.
For, one of thoſe, unto that village came
Where now he lives; due puniſhment to ſhun,
Or, to eſcape a juſt deſerving ſhame,
For what he in another place had done.
He, now, in part by labour, part by prowling,
(With other courſes to his neighbours knowne,
As lawleſſe fiſhings, and unlawfull fowling)
And taking ſomwhat more then is his own,
Makes ſhift to live. Another of this *Pack*,
Was he, that ſhould have been the Inſtrument
Of my betraying, who like courſe doth take;
And, lately, to avoid the puniſhiment
  Deſerved long, is married to a whore;
  With whom he lived like a knave before.
The third, a Labourer of evill fame,
Whom I five years together had imploy'd
(To keep his brats from ſtarving, him from ſhame,
And, that, he other miſchieves might avoid)
This *Beaſt*, when I was plundred by our Foes
Of what they found, made offer (for a ſum,
By him deſired) that he would diſcloſe
A parcell of my goods, then hidden from
Thoſe Vultures eyes; who, readily agreed
To promiſe much: But, when the work was done,
And, this falſe Traitor came to aske his meed,
Some blowes they gave, but, money gave him none;
  And, told him, hanging was the fitteſt pay
  For him, that ſuch a maſter would betray.

The fourth of theſe, had been my ſervant too,
Whom (though he had deſerved publike ſhame
For doing more then honeſtie ſhould do)
I put away, without an open blame:
And, at that time his faultineſſe conceal'd,
Becauſe he ſeem'd religiouſly inclin'd;
But, ſhortly after, other men beheld
Apparent proofe of his diſ-honeſt mind.
For, in the night felloniouſly he broke
A Colonels Field-Waggon of our ſide
Then quartering at his Maſters; and thence took
Some things of worth; for which, he did abide
Correction in the Bilboes, for a day,
And after, by connivance, ran away.
Theſe were the witneſſes, which forth were ſought
By ſome who for the Parliament pretend,
In hope their power, ſhould more effects have wrought
On thoſe choice Inſtruments to worke their end.
Theſe (whom I'le prove charactred thus to be
Without the leaſt addition of a lie)
Are they, whom now my foes, to ſcandall me,
Have rak'd out of the ditch of infamy.
Theſe, are encourag'd to deviſe and ſay
Of me their pleaſures: and to bring and carrie
What ever to my wrong convert they may,
Or to the profit of my adverſarie;
Whom, to the States diſhonour, they protect,
And meerly, in diſpight of me, reſpect.
When informations, were againſt him laid,
And his reply required thereunto;
From juſt reſtraint, his perſon they convaid,
Before cauſe ſhowne, or order ſo to do.
On his behalfe they have ſubſcribed hands,
Thereby deluding, wilfully, the *State:*
He had our ſoulderie at his commands,
To execute his pleaſure, and their hate.

And,

And, hath ſo far prevailed, that unleſſe
The *mercie* of the State vouchſafe with ſpeed
The ſuffrings of her ſervant to redreſſe,
And him, and his oppreſſors better heed;
For ought he ſees, his Countrey he may ſerve
With faithfulneſſe; and yet his houſhold ſtarve.
Why ſhould my perſon from that place be driven,
In which I beſt know how to ſerve the State?
Of what to me, by publike grace was given,
Why ſhould I be depriv'd, by private hate?
What knew they in him, whom they more befriended,
But that he was this Realmes profeſſed foe?
Or why to do me wrong have they contended,
Except becauſe I never will be ſo?
They who were wont to gloze and fawne upon me,
When I was arm'd among them; and while they
To their *Deſignes* were hopefull to have won me,
Now ſnuffe, and turn their noſe another way.
And think, that they themſelves now quite have freed,
From him, who mark'd and hindred their proceed.
For, that *Confed'racie* within thoſe parts,
Where then I liv'd (and maugre whoſe intent
I there commanded) having rotten hearts
Vnfaithfull, alwaies to the Parliament,
Perceiving me unlikelie to be made
Their Inſtrument; and, that my preſence, there,
(With ſuch repute, and power as I then had)
Might marre their works, which they contriving were:
They ſo prevail'd, that from my *Garriſon*
I was removed, if thence not betray'd:
(For many things ſuceeded thereupon,
Which made me think, that ſo it may be ſaid)
And all our neigh'bring Countrie, ever ſince,
Hath dearly paid, for my removing thence.
When I was gone, a part of thoſe aroſe
(Encourag'd by ſome other underhand)

And my eſtate, (as chiefeſt of their foes)
Firſt ſeiz'd ; and then, the place of my *Command.*
In which *forth-breaking*, ſome went on ſo far,
That, ever ſince, they open foes have been :
Some went as far as fooles, and cowards dare ;
And then ſlunck back, in hope they were not ſeen.
But, ſome of them ſo cunningly did act,
That, though they are as guilty as the reſt,
By circumſtances ; yet, by open fact
Their falſhood is not perfectly expreſt :
And, theſe by cunning, ſuch effects have wrought,
That knaves and fooles, our faithfull men are thought.
Theſe, have a way invented how to arme
The dangerouſt *Malignants* of the Shire,
And, make men hope their Foes will do no harme,
Till ſheathed in their Cheſt their ſwords appeare.
Theſe, have a trick to make their neighbours dreame,
A double Taxe increaſeth not their coſt,
And, that though their deſignes have begger'd them,
Their wit, alone, ſav'd all from being loſt.
Theſe, have ſo laid their Scœne, and acted ſo,
That, though we daily heare, and plainly ſee,
What courſe they bend, and what they mean to do,
(When all things to their purpoſe rip'ned be)
We ſtrive in vain their projects to prevent ;
And, gaine but miſchieves, for our good intent.
Nay, this new *Junto*, doth ſo ſtrong become,
By their conferring Offices and Places,
By adding-to, and by removing-from,
By ſecret-commendations, and diſgraces ;
And by deluding of a ſimple crew,
(Who, by theſe Polititians, may be brought
Their own perdition fiercely to purſue)
That, they have almoſt compaſt what they ſought ;
And, they will gain the reſt, if not prevented ;
For, by their diligence, they have removed,
Vndone,

Vndone, diſcouraged, or diſcontendted
Moſt men, whoſe faithfulneſſe was moſt approved :
And, they, whoſe power, theſe cannot yet deſtroy,
Do act with ſmall ſucceſſe, and little joy.
Had I conceiv'd, that, now it would have been,
As needfull as I find it, to collect
Such proofes of that which I have heard and ſeen
To prove their faithleſneſſe whom I ſuſpect,
Or know unfaithfull : that, I might have made
Such proofes to others, as I have whereby
To prove it to my ſelfe ; I ſhould have had
Enough to make me able to unty
That knot of Vipers, which now to unknit
Is not ſo eaſie. But, my aime hath bin
To mend particulars, and bend my wit,
In generalls, alone, to ſtrike at ſin :
And, that hath rendred, now, my power the leſſe,
The miſchiefs of this Faction to ſuppreſſe.
Theſe, having long, and many ſeverall wayes,
To root me from among them, tride their wit ;
And failed heretofore in their aſſayes,
At laſt, thus hapned to accompliſh it.
Within that Village, where my Spoilers made
A prey of that eſtate which I poſſeſt,
A Captain of the *Kings* a Chattle had,
With which, the *Parliament* did me inveſt.
He, is that perſon who protected was,
As I have here expreſt : had they a thought,
By countenancing him, to bring to paſſe
Their purpoſe ; and have gained what they ſought,
For, I, who ſerv'd my Countrie, thence am chas'd ;
And he that ſpoild it, in my room, is plac'd.
I grudge not *mercie* when it ſhould be ſhowne,
Nor is my heart ſo churliſhly inclin'd,
As not to ſpare, a portion of mine owne,
Where, Objects fit for mercy, I ſhall find,

But, when I ſee my ſelfe ungently us'd,
Thoſe favour'd, who my life would have betray'd,
Authoritie deluded and abus'd,
And plots to ruine, and diſgrace me, laid;
I cannot think it *Patience* to be mute,
In ſuch a caſe; or, that with charitie,
Or with a manly prudence it can ſuit,
To paſſe, at all times, ſuch abuſes by:
Or, that we may not, juſtly, on our foes
Repaire what in this lawfull war we loſe.
Why ſhould it grudged be, that by the *Sword*,
We, by the *Sword*, our loſſes repoſſeſſe?
Why ſhould our *Partie* to their friends afford
Leſſe favour, then to thoſe that merit leſſe?
So well deſerving, wherefore ſhould he ſeem
Who put the State to hazzard, and to coſt
That all his great eſtate he ſhould redeem
For leſſe, then at one skirmiſh I have loſt?
Of thoſe relieſes, why ſhould I be defeated,
Which do, by right and grace, to me belong?
Thereof, why ſhould I be diſpoil'd and cheated,
Both to the *States* diſhonour, and my wrong?
And, wherfore ſhould I not expect, and have
A confirmation, of what once they gave?
For, who will in our Senators confide,
Or prize their *Orders* which are made by them,
If they permit them to be vilifi'd?
And, their *Ioynt-Votes*, looſe *Members* to contemne?
To ſay, they heeded not what things they granted,
So prudent an Aſſembly, miſ-became;
To ſay, they power to make it good, have wanted,
Would wrong their power, and bring us all to ſhame:
And, to affirme that they regardleſſe are
To vindicate their grant, for his relief,
Who to advantage them, his life could ſpare,
Were to averre, what merits no belief.

How

How comes it then, that, I diſpights have born?
And that their favours, now from me, are torn?
Why hath it openlie, by ſome, been ſpoke
Ere queſtion put, or anie vote made known,
That, there is an intention to revoke
What by the *Commons*, was on me beſtown?
How dared he (who rather ſhould uphold
The *Commons* lawfull Right in what he may)
How dared he (aſſoon as it was told
By whom I claim'd) in ſleighting wiſe to ſay,
Twas but the Commons Order? as if that
Were not an Act ſufficient to confer,
For my *Recruit*, the perſonall eſtate
Of any trait'rous Rebell-Commoner;
Vntill a time return, in which, men may
Have Juſtice done them, in a legall way.
Why are falſe rumours rais'd and entertain'd,
As if I manie thouſand pounds had got;
Whereas, of hind'rances by me ſuſtain'd,
To me, the tenth as yet returneth not?
How comes it, that attendance, nigh two yeare
Procureth me (although my wants be great)
No pennie of two thouſand pounds arreare?
Nor an imploiment, that affords me meat?
Why ſpeed I thus? And wherefore, notwithſtanding
The remnant of my ruines forth I laid,
Thereby to keep my ſouldiers from disbanding,
Is nothing, in requitall, yet, repaid,
But ſleights, and ſlanders? yea, though uſe I pay
For manie hundreds of it, to this day?
Indeed, my houſe G O D hath refurniſhed;
And, of his Love, to give me outward ſhowes,
Hath cloath'd my Bodie, and my Table ſpred,
As well in ſpite, as preſence of my Foes.
Yet, when I ſhall account how I have liv'd;
Of what I have been hindred, ſince theſe wars;

How

How, much was loſt; how little is receiv'd;
How, my ſucceſſive-wants ſupplied are:
How, my engagements ev'rie day encreaſe,
How deſtitute, my Wife and Children be,
Of outward Portions; and, how mercileſſe
This world, hath all my life time, been to me:
They, who their favours, have on me beſtow'd,
Shall find no cauſe to grudge the Mercie ſhow'd.
And though (as ſome conceive) I had obtained
A full repaire, and therewith ſomewhat more
Than my bare loſſes? what, had I then gained,
Reſpecting all my damage heretofore?
Againſt thoſe Traytours to the *Common-Good*,
Who, now, apparent Enemies are found,
Nigh thirtie yeares, a Combate I have ſtood:
So long ago, I to theſe Iles did ſound
A warning Trumpet. So long have I borne
The frownes and furie of the wanton *Court*,
The *Prelates* malice, the deſpitefull ſcorne
Of wealthy Fooles, and of the vulgar ſort.
Yea, though I know a path applauded more,
I took the courſe, I knew, would keep me poore.
And, why ſhould any man be diſcontent,
That for my damages, and ſervice then,
My charges, paines, and cloſe impriſonment,
I, now have bread, and clothes, like other men?
Why is a trifle thought too much for me?
When, one ſleight Officer can in a yeare,
Cheat up a Sum, that ſhall ſufficient be,
To pay my damages, and my Arreare?
Why, grievous doth it ſeeme, that, out of that,
Which was by him poſſeſſed, who compli'd
With thoſe, who robbed me of my eſtate,
A part of my great loſſe ſhould be ſuppli'd?
He having ſpoyl'd my Friends of ten times more,
Than, ten times that ſmall part, he ſhould reſtore.

Since

Since, we for Traytours, and for Cut-throats, here,
(And for their wives, and their malignant brood)
Proviſions make, when Converts they appeare;
Why ſhould there not, of raiment, and of food,
For us, our Wives, and Children, ſome ſupplies
Be likewiſe made? yea, ſince they were the Cauſe,
That, on our backs, the work ſo heavie lies,
Of holding up our *Liberties*, and *Lawes?*
Why are we poorly cloth'd, while they are brave,
By whoſe unfaithfulneſſe we are undone?
While we want bread, why ſhould they fulneſſe have,
By whom, theſe wars and troubles were begun?
And, till a Reſtauration may be had,
Of what we loſt, why ſhould they rich be made?
Since by our Adverſe partie, our eſtate
Is given and poſſeſſed: Since we are
Aſſured of their everlaſting hate,
So long as we have either peace, or war,
Or Being in this life: yea, ſince our Cauſe
Is knowne unto us, to be juſt, and right;
Since for our Conſcience, Liberties, and Lawes,
Againſt oppreſſing Tyrants we do fight:
Since to avenge the Saints, we do oppoſe,
Not meerly Cananites, whom for their ſin,
The Land would vomit forth; but, alſo thoſe,
Who without cauſe, this war did firſt begin:
Why ſhould we not out of their Barnes be fed,
By whom we have been robbed of our bread?
Nay, ſince our Charitie doth portions give,
To feed their wives and children, while among
Our Adverſaries, in that courſe, they live,
Which this unhappie *Warfare* doth prolong,
Why ſhould not we and ours, as well as they,
Be cared for? ſince with a willing heart,
We bore the heat and burthen of the day,
And, from our duties, mean not to depart?

Why

Why is our equitie, and our diſcretion
So ſmall, that till our loſſes be repai'd,
We ſuffer for a trifling compoſition,
Their whole eſtates, by them to be enjoy'd?
And, their full freedome, who, for ought we know,
Are here, but Spies, or Agents for the Foe?
He, whom, that true Repentance bringeth home,
Which makes a reall Convert to the *State*,
Not for his Lands, but Conſcience ſake doth come;
And, ſuch an one, if we redintegrate,
When, of his penitence good proofes appeare;
Of Charitie, both to our ſelves and them,
An honourable Evidence it were,
Which no man ſhould repine at, or condemne.
But, when we unadviſedly ſhall part
With large *Poſſeſſions*, for a *Perſon*, which
Brings to us, neither *wit*, nor *honeſt heart*,
Nor *Pow'r*, nor any thing to make us rich,
But poorer; and, it may be weaker too,
How reaſonleſſe, is then the thing we do?
When we receive to *Mercie*, thoſe who ſeek
No more, but how they their eſtates may ſave;
To compaſſe by that match, what are we like,
But an eſtate to loſe, and find a knave?
They, ſtrength receiving, from our falſe-ones, here,
Reſtrengthen them; and are ſo knit together,
That, we who to this *Cauſe* moſt faithfull were,
Are much diſabled by their coming hither.
And, what advantage had we loſt, I pray,
If of thoſe few, who reconciled ſeeme,
None had return'd? what loſt we, if you weigh,
How uſeleſſe to that partie they did ſeeme,
From whom they came (while they continued there?)
And, what they are to us now they are here?
Who ſhall at laſt our private loſſe repay,
If this courſe hold? who ſhall the charge ſuſtaine
Of

Of all our future detriments, but they,
Who of the coſt already do complaine?
Why ſhould a perjur'd *Commoner*, or *Lord*,
(Who, peradventure, did but ſtay behind,
That ſome advantages it might afford,
To thoſe departed) ſuffred be to blind
The *Publike Eye*, in favour of our Foes?
Defraud the State? And in our competitions
Sleight, and affront us, for the ſake of thoſe,
Who wilfully endeavour'd our perditions?
And, only, come (for ought yet knowne unto us)
That, at our coſt, they ſafely may undo us?
When of my goods, the Foe had me diſpoil'd,
(For doing faithfull ſervice) and when I,
To ſeek an habitation was compell'd,
And had provided for my Family,
By publike *Order*; why neglected ſo
Was I, and mine? That (knowing not elſe where
My wife with her big belly to beſtow)
I was diſplac'd, and forc'd to habour there,
Where deſolation dwelt? And, in that place,
Why was the wife of him that plund'red me
There ſetled? why, to my diſgrace,
Muſt I the ſecond time removed be,
And made a Shuttle-cock, or Tennis-ball,
For ev'rie Foole and Knave to play withall?
As I have hope to live, and ſee an end
Of theſe Diſtractions; and, as ere I die,
I hope to ſee our greateſt Foe our Friend,
(Which are my Hopes, though yet I know not why)
Vnleſſe the Civill Juſtice ſhall ere long,
Reſtore my Right; If all the braines I have,
Can in a martiall Poſture make me ſtrong,
My *Tameneſſe*, ſhall no longer me inſlave.
But, what the *Commons* pleaſed to afford
(My loſſes in their Service, to repay)

Ile

Ile repoſſeſſe, and ſettle by the Sword,
Or, in that place, my bones I meane to lay.
No run-away *Commander* of the Kings,
Shall baffle me, although unto his aid,
A Troop of thoſe *Committee*-men he brings,
By whom the beſt affected are betrai'd ;
But, I will make it knowne, if urg'd thereto,
I dare do that, none think I dare to do.
My heart thus murmur'd : And, I know not well,
To what it would have ſtirr'd me ; for, my blood
Began to boile, my veines began to ſwell,
And, in mine eyes, a flaming furie ſtood.
But, ere this great diſtemper, to it height
Was raiſed up ; I felt into my breſt
Another *Spirit* entring, which made ſleight
Of all, which in this rapture was expreſt.
With many ſecret checks my heart it ſtrooke,
(Which no man but my ſelfe do much concerne)
Out of my ſoule repining thoughts it ſhooke,
It taught me my great failings to diſcerne ;
And, then, the VOICE late heard, did thus begin,
To ſpeak againe unto me, from within.
Impatient, fooliſh, and forgetfull man,
If, now, thou hadſt been left to thy career,
To what concluſions had thy folly ran ?
And, what wouldſt thou have made thy ſelfe appear ?
Theſe are, indeed, ſuch muſings as the times
Are buſied in. This, is the common note ;
Thus go the Citie, and the Countrey chimes ;
And, this, without book, now, moſt men have got.
Your private wrongs, and injuries are minded,
With ſuch a partiall, and ſelf-ſeeking heart ;
That, in all publike matters, moſt are blinded,
And, act a careleſſe, or a faithleſſe part.
Yea, ſo much after private ends men run,
That little publike ſervice can be done.

In

In ſuch a bluſtring tone, thou here hadſt ſhew'd
Thy private wrongs, as if thy paſſion meant,
By furie, ſome ſhort paſſage to have hew'd,
Through all Oppoſers, to thine owne content.
This will not be the *Way*, to break aſunder
The Lincks of Tyrannie. Among you, be
So many ſtormes of lightning, and of thunder,
Already raiſed, that no Coaſt is free.
The calmeſt tempers, and the ſobreſt wit,
The ſelf-denying, and the ſuffring hearts;
The *Worke*, the *Time*, the *Place*, now beſt befit:
And, if by theſe, you play not forth your parts,
The Tragedies, now acting on your ſtage,
Prolong'd will be, with an encreaſing rage.
In ev'rie *Publike Work* (as here thou doſt)
Each one, ſome way or other, ſtill contrives
How, thereinto he that Deſigne may thruſt,
Whereby, his private Trade he forward drives.
Yet, theſe your failings, *Providence Divine*
Employeth, oft, to further his intent,
And, ſhall by this Digreſſion now of thine,
Make better uſe, than thy corruption meant.
For, thereby both to others, and to thee,
Occaſion will be offer'd, to diſcover
Some Obſervations, which will helpfull be,
Your *Wits*, your *Peace*, and patience to recover.
Oh! how can praiſes due to him be ſung,
Who, thus, extracts you gold out of your dung!
By this thy giddie Rage, and blunt relating
A branch of thy oppreſſions, wiſe men may
Perceive on what their hearts are ruminating,
Who twice as much have borne, yet leſſe can ſay.
And, thence, perhaps, their wiſdome will collect,
What may ſucceed, unleſſe their care prevents
The likely conſequence, and ill effect
Of Foes prevailings, and Friends diſcontents;

From

From thence, it may be, they ſome hints will take,
To mark proceedings better than they did ;
And, for the publike ſafetie, notice take
Of Snakes, which underneath faire flowers lye hid.
Thus, otherwhile, the failings of a *Foole*,
By Providence, may ſet the *Wiſe* to ſchoole.
But, why wert thou enrag'd ? what wanteſt thou,
That, with impatiencie, thou doſt repine ?
What Peere, or Prince, in all theſe Ilands now,
Enjoyes a Fortune that ſurpaſſes thine ?
Haſt thou not bread, and cloaths enough, and more
Than for the preſent day may well ſuffice ?
And, by that *Friend*, who kept thee heretofore,
Aſſurance (for the future) of ſupplies ?
Haſt thou not had a Promiſe of Protection,
In all thy waies ; aſſuring thee, that neither
The Rage of *War*, of *Famine*, or *Infection*,
Nor, all thoſe joyned in one Plague together,
Shall do thee harme, if thou in him confide,
Whoſe aid to no Beleever is deni'd.
Why ſhouldſt thou feare, though thy eſtate is gone,
(And Mercie fled) that thou, or thine, may want ?
Who know'ſt, man liveth not by bread alone,
And, where, for asking, all things may be had ?
What need'ſt thou care, though they at laſt deceive thee,
On whom thou didſt repoſe an ample truſt ;
Who haſt an able Friend, that will not leave thee,
Though all hopes elſe were buried in the duſt ?
Why ſhouldſt thou vex, to ſee Oppreſſours flouriſh,
That haſt beheld ſo many, in thy daies,
Ariſe from nothing, and to nothing periſh ?
And that the Part which ev'rie Tyrant plaies,
How glorioufly ſoever he aſcends,
In certaine ſhame, and ſudden ruine ends ?
Wouldſt thou be rich ? what riches canſt thou find
Of greater worth, than truly to enjoy,

At

At ſuch a time as this, a ſetled mind,
And ſuch a ſtate, as no man can deſtroy?
Some thouſands, who but few weeks paſt could ſay,
That their Revenues, and their Incomes, were
Enough to furniſh them, for ev'rie day,
With more than thine affordeth for a yeare;
Have nothing left them now. Why ſtriv'ſt thou then,
To ſeek a certaintie, where can be none?
To catch at that which flies from other men?
To ſave thy ſelfe, when all is overthrowne?
And (knowing what thou knoweſt) to deſire
To take a houſe, where all the Towne's on fire?
Wouldſt thou be honourable? where is he,
That by the Bodily, or Ghoſtly Line,
Derives his Being by a Pedigree,
That ancienter, or nobler is, than thine?
What more heroicall can be atchiev'd,
Than, what no King can give, or take away?
And by the King of Kings to be receiv'd
Into that *Order*, whoſe true *Badge*, none may
So much as know, but he that weares the ſame,
And was twice borne? What honour is ſo great,
As his, whom Povertie, Reproach, and Blame,
Still more ennobles? And, who doth beget
His honours out of thoſe, who moſt contemne
His Reputation; and, in ſpite of them?
Thou haſt been taught; and, thou doſt ſeeme to know
This Path to *Honour*; and yet taken art,
With ſuch vaine Bubbles, as from fancie flow:
And, whereon, ev'rie worldling fets his heart.
Cannot thy contemplations thee enable,
To let the ſimple people dote upon
Their Hobby-horſe, their Fooles Cap, and their Bable,
Becauſe thy Fortune will afford thee none?
Canſt thou not paſſe, except a ſtone thou throw
At ev'rie Cur that bawles? Nor, yet, forbeare

Impatient, for thoſe vanities, to grow,
Whoſe emptineſſe to thee diſcover'd are?
For ſhame, let more conformity be ſhown,
In practice, unto that which thou haſt known.
Who can expect (when they ſhall ſee or hear,
With what diſtemper thou haſt here expreſt
Thy private wrongs) that other men ſhould bear
Their ſufferings well, when they are ſo oppreſt?
If thou who know'ſt, what comforts do attend
A calme, and patient bearing of the Croſſe,
What bleſſing crownes the *Meek mans* latter end,
And with what riches G O D repaies his loſſe;
Art ſo inrag'd; no marvell, if nigh mad
Some others grow, who are as greatly pain'd,
And want th'experiments which thou haſt had,
Whereby the wrongs may better be ſuſtain'd.
Is this the power? is this the ſtrength of him,
Who, ſomtimes, thinks he could the world contemn?
Is this a time for thee, who haſt made ſhow
Of better hopes, to ſcramble, with the Boyes,
For Nuts and Apples? wilt thou ſtruggle now,
With *Fooles* and *Slaves*, for bables and for toyes?
Contend thou not with *Children*, in their play;
Nor ſtrive thou their vaine longings to poſſeſſe:
From *Micah* take thou not his *Gods* away,
Leſt they may bring thee to unhappineſſe.
Endeavour what is comly to be done,
To reap the profit, which to thee belongs.
Vſe prudent meanes *Oppreſſors* pawes to ſhun;
Or, to remove, or mitigate thy wrongs:
And, to that purpoſe, having done thy beſt,
Be patient, and to God commit the reſt.
And, to preſerve this temper, warie be
(Above all other times) when their deſpight
And envie ſhall be exercis'd on thee,
Who think, the *Publike-Truſt* belongs, of right,

To

To ſo much by the yeare: Theſe, have ſo long
Inſlav'd the people; that themſelves diſgrac'd
They do conceive, if, to do right or wrong,
Inferiours, in Authority be plac'd:
And, theſe have lately cenſur'd it unfit,
That, with ſo reverend a thing, as *Wealth*,
Such ſtrangers, now, as *Honeſty*, and *Wit*,
Should called be, to ſerve the *Common-wealth*,
Or lend a helping hand, to ſave, what they
Have took a courſe to ruine, many a day.
Theſe, value men, according to the Rent
Their Fathers left them: and, theſe cannot brook
Without vexation, and much diſcontent,
That, notice ſhould of other worth be took.
And, therefore, if it muſt be as theſe will;
If your beſotted people have a minde
To be oppreſſed, to be fooled, ſtill,
And, to be kept, perpetually blinde;
Straine not thy ſelfe, to helpe unlade an *Aſſe*
That loves his burden; nor, his drivers trouble;
But, let them, and their ſilly creature paſſe,
Till they have made their ſcornes and miſchiefs double.
For, he that meddles with them, nothing gains,
But kicks, and evill language, for his pains.
Caſt quite behind thee, what of their deſpite,
Or injuries, to thee, hath been reported:
Their open hate, with ſecret love requite;
For evill, let not evill be retorted.
Fret not thy ſelf, although thou ſee them jeer,
And Thee, and thy Authority deride:
For, moſt, to whom their envy ſhall appear,
Will laugh to ſcorne, their folly, and their pride.
And, as thou ſoughtſt it not, nor doſt, yet, know,
By whom, that ſeeming-honour was confer'd;
So, whether thou continued be, or no,
In thy imployments, give it no regard:

For, thou ſhalt ſit ere long, above their hate,
And, their Commiſſions ſhall be out of date.
While thou remain'ſt amongſt them, do thy beſt
To ſide with innocence; and do not there
Of wicked prophanations make a jeſt;
Curſe thoſe that curſe; or ſwear at thoſe that ſwear.
Abuſe not thy Authoritie or Place
To favour knaves, or put good men to ſorrow:
Plead not for law, this day in one mans caſe,
What, for another, ſhall be none to morrow.
Vſe not thy power, thy neighbours to enſlave,
As manie do who bettet things pretend,
And, when thou chargeſt others, care to have
That they againſt their Oathes do not offend,
Take heed, thou mak'ſt more conſcience of thine own
Then others of their oathes, have lately ſhowne.
For, ſome of thoſe, who fluently can preach
Vpon the *Bench*, as tho (if need had bin)
They could the *Parſon of the Pariſh* teach
To do his dutie in reproving ſin:
Even ſome of thoſe, at that time countenance
Known Malefactors, there, indicted for
Crimes then in charge: and, ſhameleſly advance
In *practice*, what in words, they do abhorre.
When there, they have inveighed at abuſes,
Occaſion'd by permitting an exceſſe
Of licenc'd and unlicen'd tipling-houſes,
(And their ſuppreſſion, urg'd with earneſtneſſe;
(Inſtead of what they would appear to do)
They ſeem to put downe one, and ſet up two.
Theſe are not pleas'd, that an obſerving-eye
Is plac'd among them. And, perhaps, to prove
Thy patience, theſe, their power ere long will trie:
But, *Thee* to no diſtemper let it move.
This, is a time of ſuffring: and, though men
Are inſtruments each other to correct,

Yet,

Yet, GOD, himſelfe employes them. Suffer, then,
Without repining, what he ſhall inflict.
Although thy foes oppreſſe, and friends forſake thee,
Let no ill tydings make thy heart affraid,
From thy firſt principles, let nothing ſhake thee,
What ere againſt thee, ſhall be done or ſaid:
  But, further what to *Publike-peace* belongs,
  And leave thou unto GOD, thy private wrongs.
For, though it may be granted, that, if here
Thou ſhould'ſt illuſtrate all things which concern
Thy uſages (but onely in that Shire
Where thou haſt liv'd) thy Readers might diſcern
In what condition manie others are
Who truly, ſerve the *Publike:* yet, take heed
Leſt following thine own ſuffrings over-far
May tedioufneſſe, or ſleighting of them breed.
Be watchfull too; leſt by much muſing on
Thy perſonall affronts, a ſelfe-reſpect
May cauſe miſ-cenſures to be caſt upon
The Publike Juſtice, to her diſ-reſpect.
For men oppreſt, and griev'd in an extreme,
Look, not alone with ſullenneſſe, upon
Thoſe Parties that are thought to injure them,
And on their own oppreſſions, as if none
  Had borne the like; but, alſo, as if cleare
  They from all blame, in all their ſuffrings, were.
And, in a publike Grievance, ſcarce a man
Among a thouſand, ſearcheth out thoſe things
Which miſ-befall, ſo farre as they began,
To find the Fountaines, whence the miſchief ſprings.
Moſt men (and thou among the reſt for one)
Can ſpie out many others, much to blame,
But, few men heed what they themſelves have done,
Whereby the *Plague* ſo generall became.
And, whence ſoev'r it comes, the *Male-content*
Though in the Perſons he the cauſe may find,

Fomes out his venome on the *Government*,
And, to a *change* is preſently inclin'd.
Whereas, the miſchiefe, ſtill, the ſame will be
Vntill there be a change in ſuch as He.
Ev'n ſome of you, (and manie is that ſome)
Who to the skies, this *Parliament* have rais'd,
With whom, it was almoſt a GOD become,
And ſuch, as never could enough be prais'd.
This *Parliament*, in whoſe defence you ſtand
Till all your pretious things, are well nigh waſted,
Till *warre*, hath marched quite through all the land,
Till bitterneſſe, in all your ſweets is taſted ;
Till into pieces, Families are torne,
Vntill with blood, your wayes, and ſtreets do run,
Till Towns, and Towers, and Temples down are borne,
Till Prince and Peaſant, are almoſt undone ;
Till Famine, too, beginneth to appeare,
Which in long *Warfares*, bringeth up the reare.
This *Parliament*, for which you ſuffer ſo,
And for whoſe preſervation beare you would
Ten times as much, might you before-hand know,
What, (if it proſper'd not) enſue there ſhould ;
Ev'n to this Parliament, ſo highly priz'd,
You in your former love are growing ſlack.
This your *Diana*, is by ſome deſpis'd :
Of your Diſtractions, her the cauſe you make.
On her, you laid the burthen and the blame,
(As if due care ſhe wanted, or fore-ſight)
When diſadvantage, or diſhonour came
By ill ſucceſſe in counſell, or in fight ;
And murmured, as if your hearts had ſaid,
That, by your Parliament, you were betrai'd.
Such is your folly, (madneſſe I might ſay)
That, ſome among you, ſo your ſelves expreſſe
As if you thought it much advantage may
The *Publike Cauſe*, to bring her faithfulneſſe,

Or

Or prudence into queſtion: For, you heare,
Collect, report, and have diſperſed, ſo,
All ſcandalls, and diſ-truſts, which malice reare;
And, daily give ſuch credence thereunto,
That, you (who ſeeme to be unfained Friends
Vnto this *Parliament)* have, thereby, done
Thoſe miſchieves to it, which the Foe intends;
And will deſtroy it, if this courſe you run:
Yea, this your folly, will more weaken it
Then all your cunning Adverſaries wit.
For, this imprudencie will by degrees
Your bones unſinnew, and your joynts untie:
By this, you both their hands and hearts will leeſe,
Who, in your Quarrell, vow'd to live and die.
What Devill then hath tempted you, in this,
To ſin againſt your ſoules? and, blinds you ſo
That, you obſerve not whoſe deſign it is
Which you now further, and whoſe work you do?
The honour of that *Senate,* is the power,
And life thereof; and, on the life of that,
Dependeth ev'ry Priviledge of your,
Belonging to your temporall eſtate;
And, peradventure, ſome way doth extend,
That *being*, to concern, which hath no end.
It is your duty, therefore to diſcerne
And labour the defence of that which may
Your *being*, and *well-being* ſo concerne:
And, to that purpoſe, there is much to ſay,
For, though it be your ſtrongeſt *Creature-guard*
Againſt Oppreſſors; yet, you can expect
No ſafer Tutelage to be confer'd
Thereby, then what a Creature may effect.
It labours your protection; but, alas!
The worke is great, and through much oppoſition,
And manie difficulties, they muſt paſſe,
To bring this Land, into a ſafe condition.

For to reſtore you to your peace agen,
'Tis now, a work for GOD, and not for men.
You heed their failings; but, you heed not yet
(Nor fullie can conceive) how hard a worke
They have to do, nor how they are beſet
With enemies; nor what obſtructions lurke
In theſe proceedings, which make ſhow to be
Without a rub, to them who ſtand aalooſ,
And have not opportunitie to ſee
What ſtops may riſe, before they come to prooſe.
Their own infirmities, as they are men
(And which you ought to wink at) may perchance
In this great enterprize, be now, and then,
Occaſions of no little hinderance:
For, who but GOD, alone, can perfect be?
Or, who is fit for ſuch a work, but he?
The haynous ſins, and manie obdurations,
Of that great Bodie, whom they repreſent,
And of thoſe froward, and divided Nations,
Which are concerned in their Government,
Give being unto many ſev'rall things,
And actions, whence, oft-times, an accident
Vnlooked for; or ſome hid miſchiefe ſprings,
Which humane policie cannot prevent.
When *Iſrael* ſinneth, *Benjamin* that hath
A wicked cauſe, their Brethren down ſhall ſmite,
To expiate the juſt avengers wrath,
Before the cauſe prevailes, that is upright:
Whilſt in the camp an *Achan* doth remain,
Theſe *Counſell*, and your Souldiers *fight*, in vain.
Though *Moſes* govern'd you, though *Joſuah* were
Call'd up to be your Armies Generall;
And *Davids* Worthies now revived, here,
To be your Colonells, events would fall
Below your hopes, whilſt unrepented ſin
Is, wilfully, conniv'd at: For, that, made

Your

Your Parliaments unproſprous; that, hath been
Chiefe cauſe of all their failings they have had.
And, then, beſide this hindrance, and this bar
To their ſucceſſe, they have a powerfull foe
Oppoſing them as well by force of war,
As by what fraud and tyrannie can do:
And, that their Faith and ſtoutneſſe may appear,
A muſter of their foes I give you here.
Their *Generall in chiefe* is ANTICHRIST,
And, he the main *Battalia*, now, commands:
Which, of thoſe armed *Locuſts* doth conſiſt
On whoſe Activitie his Empire ſtands.
Lievtenant-Generall, is *he* that ſtrives
A conqueſt of your Liberties to make;
And counts it one of his *Prerogatives*,
As he ſhall pleaſe, your goods, to give and take.
He leads the *Van*; in which, with him appeares
Thoſe *Princes*, and thoſe *Nobles*, who ſtill are,
And were at firſt, the wicked Councellers,
Who did encourage him unto this war;
And he of broken Courtiers, up hath made
(And of ſome beggar'd Lords) all this *Brigade.*
The *Major-Generall*, (who bringeth on,
The right wing of this Armie) is the *Prince*
Of *broken-fortunes*; who ſtill falls upon
The Carriages, and Baggage, that from thence
He may recruit. His ragged Regiments
(Beſide thoſe louſie, and thoſe tatter'd fellowes
Late preſſed for him, out of Beggers Rents,
And freed from the priſons, and the gallowes)
Were patch'd up, out of *Bankrupts, caſt-Commanders*,
Caſhier'd *Bandettees, Fellowes of the pot*,
Debauched *Players, Tapſters, Gameſters, Panders*,
With ſuch, as in a drunken fit were got
To beare them companie. And, theſe are they
Who firſt made *plunder* ſeem a lawfull prey.

The

The *left wing*, by *Pope would be*, ordered is ;
A ſtately *Prelate*, and one, for whoſe ſake,
(Though he the *Triple-crown* is like to miſſe)
The war, now rais'd, did firſt beginning take.
He, heads a Partie of as deſp'rate mates,
As e're drew ſword : and, manie of them be
Both diſciplin'd to make *Aſſaſinates*,
And readie for it, when their time they ſee.
Among theſe, march ſome prudent-ſeeming men,
Some, that, more honeſtie then wealth do want :
Some wittie fellowes ; but, not one for ten
Of thoſe, that are extreamlie ignorant ;
The openly prophane, the cloſelie vitious,
The Papiſts, Atheiſts, and the Superſtitious.
The *Rear* is brought up by a *Libertine*,
That is for anie Doctrine or opinion :
For any Government or Diſcipline,
For Proteſtant, for Browniſt, for Arminian,
Or, anie thing he pleaſes. And, he gives
This libertie (ſo far as they are able
To make it good) to all, whom he receives
Into his Troopes ; which are innumerable :
For, all that would their wicked luſts fulfill,
All they, who *Law*, and *Order* do contemn ;
All they, that are ambitious of their will,
Ev'n all of theſe, unite themſelves to him :
And, in his quarters, manie women too
Are found, who, not a little miſchiefe do.
Theſe Forces, both aſunder and united,
Have ſo obſtructed, and ſo manie waies,
This Parliament oppoſed, and diſpighted,
In all their conſultations, and affaies ;
They have by ſleight of wit, by ſtrength of hand,
By Treacheries, by Treaties, and by Spies
Abroad, and here at home ; by Sea, and Land,
By Proteſtations, Promiſes, and Lies,

And

And, by a thouſand other tricks, beſide,
Purſu'd ſuch meanes and courſes to diſtract,
Affright, diſcourage, weaken, or divide,
And, fruſtrate what they ſhall adviſe or act;
That, 'tis no wonder you have ſped no better,
But, rather, that the miſchieves are no greater.
For, if beſide the diſadvantages
Which have occurred to this Parliament,
(By open enemies) you now ſhall pleaſe
To take true notice of the detriment
Suſtain'd by them, who ſeeme no adverſaries;
Or them, who friend-like in your Quarters live;
Whoſe hand, at once, both fire and water carries;
And, mean worſt actions, when beſt words they give:
If you ſhall heed, how they have cheated bin
With honeſt ſhowes, and outward pietie,
When there was little, or nought elſe, within
But rotten falſhood, and hypocriſie,
You would not murmur, as if you had thought,
This Parliament had failed you in ought.
Nay, you their power and prudence would extoll,
Or *his* great *wiſdome*, rather, and his power,
Whoſe mercies are exceeding wonderfull,
That, quite you were not ruin'd, ere this houre:
And, marvaile that your *Senate* could ſubſiſt
Another day; if trulie you did know
How manie moneths, a dang'rous Vipers-neſt,
Did in the verie boſome of it grow;
Or, if you had a perſpective, to ſee
What Engines are ſtill moving to unfix them;
VVhat failings, yet, in their own Members be,
VVhat foolings, in their fav'rites, to perplex them,
And, what a *New Diviſion* now they run,
Vnthought on, when this *Parliament* begun.
For, that divided Clergie, out of whom
(As thou fore-ſaw'ſt, and didſt, long ſince, fore-ſhew)
The

The preſent Plagues upon theſe Lands are come,
(And by whoſe factions they will endleſſe grow,
If not prevented) have betwixt them got
Another *Quarrell*, and another *Creature*,
Of which, the world abroad yet heareth not;
And which, till now, among the things of Nature
Had not a *Being*. Nay, it hath not yet,
So true a Being (though it hath a *name)*
That any man may ſo diſcover it,
As truly to expreſſe, or know the ſame.
For, 'tis not what it *was*; nor will it ſtay
To be to *morrow*, what it is to *day*.
It is indeed a *Thing*, which neither had,
Nor ſhall, nor can have any certaine ſhape;
A thing, in making ſtill, but never made,
A Card drawne out of ſome *Vtopian-Map*,
To make your Pilots ſteere they know not whither,
Till they arrive at the *Antipodes*
To ſaving Truth; or, elſe be carried thither
By many changing winds, on moving Seas,
Where they ſhall ſplit upon the rockie ſhores
Of Hereſie; or ſuffer ſhipwrack there,
Where melancholy Deſperation rores;
Or elſe, into thoſe Creeks be driven, where
They moored lye in dull *Securitie*,
Or, land upon a Carnall *Libertie*.
Your Linſie-woolſie Faction (not appearing
So Jeſuited as they are) made uſe
Of *Simon Magus* (a bewitching hearing)
And, by that *Sorcerer*, did late infuſe
This fancie, and it hath occaſioned
Such diffrence in Opinions, and ſo rent
Men from each other, that the ſame hath bred
Obſtructions, which diſturb the Parlament,
In their proceedings. Yet, your enemie,
By whom this late unlooked for Offence

Firſt

Firſt came, ſhall not effect his end thereby.
But, *they who are to be approv'd*, ſhall thence
Draw Obſervations, and a pious uſe
Of meanes unthought on, which will Good produce.
For, at the preſent, though Offence be given,
And, men of *Belial*, by *Deceiving-lights*,
Have, to their pow'r, endeavoured and ſtriven,
To work their ends, by cheating of your ſights,
With falſe appearances, and ſhewes of *Good*;
And, though right pious men, who ſee faire ſhowes,
And, have not yet their purpoſe underſtood,
Do, for a little while adhere to thoſe;
Yet, when (by triall, and aſſiſting-Grace)
The bottome of it, fully is diſcern'd,
The work deſired ſhall be brought to paſſe:
Yea, by this wrangling, ſomewhat ſhall be learn'd,
To bring a prudent *Reformation* in,
And make it purer than it would have bin.
The *Publike Peace*, then, interrupt you not,
Nor vex your private ſpirits, to promove
Thoſe *Fancies*, which Diſtemp'rature begot,
And will, at laſt, not worth your owning prove.
Let not *Demetrius*, to maintaine his trade,
Make up-roares in the Land; as if more care
Were of his *Occupation* to be had,
Than, of thoſe things, which of moſt value are,
But, let *Diſcretion* teach you to appeaſe
Tumultuous ſpirits, by ſome ſweet allay;
Which, peradventure, ſhall prevaile with theſe.
Not only, to give eare to what you ſay;
But, alſo, for the *Truth*, to be ere long,
As zealous as they were, to do it wrong.
So fooliſh be not, as to ſhut your eyes,
Or ſtop your eares, from all that ſeemeth new;
Or, all things, as new fangles, to deſpiſe,
Which, at firſt ſight, ſeeme uſeleſſe, or untrue.

So

So furious be not, as to profecute,
With an uncharitable profecution,
All thoſe who (in opinion) ſhall not ſuit
With *Diſciplines*, of your own Conſtitution.
Nor, be ſo mad, as, wholly, to deface
All Superſtructures, on the true *Foundation*,
Which are not uniforme, to that which was;
Or, that which ſhall be ſetled in this *Nation*.
For, to avoid great inconveniences,
Wiſe-men will beare with inconformities.
Thoſe *Doctrines*, that make void the *Morall-Law*;
Thoſe, that the Fundamentalls do infringe
Of *ſaving-faith*: Thoſe, that mens hearts withdraw
From *Pietie*, or, give the fleſh her ſwinge:
Thoſe *Diſciplines*, that breake the bands of *Peace*;
That interrupt the *Civill-Government*;
That ſleight the meanes of *Pieties* increaſe,
Or, courſes, that *Ill-manners* may prevent:
Theſe, are not to be borne with. Theſe, you may,
Nay, theſe you muſt, (with all your power) ſuppreſſe;
And fine, confine, cut off, or ſend away,
According as the fault is, more or leſſe:
And, ſo, that you may therewithall improve
GODS *praiſe*, the *Kingdoms Peace*, & *Chriſtian love*.
And, if that anie one can means propoſe,
Whereby your duties may be better done;
If anie perſon, can a truth diſcloſe,
Which hath been clouded, ſince the Day begun:
If he can tell you, or, believes he can
Informe of anie thing, that may concerne
GODS glorie, or the *ſaving health* of man;
And, thinks himſelfe (to teach, and you to learn)
Oblig'd in conſcience: And, if he ſhall ſo
Proceed, (in doing that which he ſuppoſeth,
The *Will* of GOD requireth him to do)
That, no ungodly aime his *Courſe* diſcloſeth,

Or

Or, ought which doth your, *Publike-peace* annoy;
Why, ſuch a *Freedom*, ſhould he not enjoy?
If anie man a tender *conſcience* hath,
Which makes him fearfull, to offend the ſame,
And, therewith walkes in ſo diſcreet a *Path*,
That, he deſerveth not a *publike-blame*,
In anie point aforeſaid: Why ſhould he
Be wrought upon, by anie other courſe
Save that, whereby the heart may wooed be
By *Grace*, and *Faith*, and *Reaſon*, without *Force*?
How ſhall the *Goſpells* paſſage be ſo cleare,
As is deſir'd, and as thereto is due,
If all men be not free to ſpeake and heare,
On ſuch conditions, as before we ſhew?
Since, to the Church, compulſion none invites,
But, ſome few fooles, and manie hypocrites.
Coercive power indeed is to be us'd
In things which to the *Outward-man* pertaine;
And wherein *words* or *actions* have abus'd
Thoſe *Lawes*, which *words* or *actions*, do reſtraine;
The *plots* preventing, or the *practices*,
Which root up thoſe *Foundations*, whereupon
You are to build up *Piety* and *Peace*;
Or, remedie an evill, being done:
Or, for expulſing, or correcting thoſe,
Whoſe principles, whoſe practice, and profeſſion,
Doth diametrically, that oppoſe
Which GOD and *Nature*, puts in your poſſeſſion;
As *Popelings*, or ſuch like, who do reſiſt
Eſſentially, the Government of CHRIST.
But, he that dreames, by anie *Humane-Law*,
To force *Belief*, or bind the *Inner-man*,
To *think*, to *hope*, to *love*, or *ſtand in awe*;
Dreames, to effect, what none accompliſh can.
For, this, would be a tyrannie far worſe
Then to inſlave the *bodie*. This, doth lay,

Stro

Strong fetters on the *Soule*; and, would enforce
The *Reaſon*, if not, take it quite away.
By this, you, to *diſſemble*, may be brought,
Or, elſe, to *feare:* But, never to *beleeve*,
Or *hope*, or *love* aright, or, *Change a Thought.*
Nay, this would, rather, ſo inrage and greeve,
As that, in ſtead of propagating *Peace*,
Your *Quarrells* it would ev'rie day *increaſe.*
Make then, in things *Divine*, GODS *Word* your *Law*,
In *Naturals*, let REASON be your *Guide*;
And, from no *Civill-Pow'r* obedience draw,
Which doth conformable to theſe abide.
Heare all; but, give aſſent to what is beſt:
Prove all, who in the name of CHRIST ſhall come;
But, chooſe that, only, which abides the *Teſt*:
And, *Truth* once found, the ſame depart not from.
Let no true Principle be chang'd, or ſhaken,
Let not an ancient *Bounder* be removed;
Or, *Ceremoniall-Precepts* be miſtaken,
For *Moralls*; nor a *Shaddow* be improved
Before the *Subſtance.* Quarrell not away
The Eſſence of *Religion*, or of *Peace*,
For *Trifles*; which, though them enjoy you may,
Will never bring thee to that happineſſe, (row,
VVhich you expect: And, which will make you for-
No leſſe to day, and more, perhaps, to morrow.
Be not ſo fooliſh, as to pull downe all,
That was ſet up before; as if you thought
The *Government*, becauſe *Prelaticall*,
VVas not to be adhered to in ought.
For, therein, without queſtion, have remain'd
(Among their vaine Inventions) many things,
VVhich, to the *Church*, in pureſt times, pertain'd;
And, whereto, none a juſt exception brings.
Be not ſo indiſcreet, to ſweep out theſe,
Among their rubbiſh; or, to take away
Thoſe

Thoſe *Vtenſils*, or thoſe *Indifferences*,
Which for conveniencie, ſtill keep you may,
(And edifying too) without abuſe ;
Or, anie vain or ſuperſtitious uſe.
Be not ſo ſottiſh, as to think, the *Way*
Now termed *Independent*, nothing hath
By which the Throne of C H R I S T advance you may,
Depreſſe his *foe*, or elſe prepare his path :
Or, that, GOD may not, yet, ſome beame reveale,
Or, branch of *truth*, unto his *Church* diſcloſe,
Which he hath hitherto kept under-ſeale ;
Or, whereof yet, he ſcarce a glimmering ſhowes.
Nor, let thoſe whom you *Preſbyterians* name,
Of their own *ſtructures* be ſo confident,
As to conceive, there may not to that *Frame*
Of *Diſcipline*, which they to you preſent,
Additions or ſubſtractions, yet, be made,
To make more perfect, that which they have had.
So inconſiderate, let no man grow,
As to believe it ever was intended,
By taking of your *Covenant* and *Vow*,
The *Scots-Preſbyterie* ſhould be befriended
Without reſpect, to whatſoever might
Be found, upon due triall, to accord
With thoſe inſtructions, which to ſet you right,
GOD giveth, in the *Canon* of his W O R D :
Nor, miſconceive you ſo that noble *Nation*,
As to ſuppoſe, they think their *Church* is growne
To ſuch perfection in true *Reformation*,
That, thereon, nothing more may be beſtowne :
Or, that, they come to ſet you one way free,
That, you, another way, inſlav'd might be.
Miſtake not ſo their *pietie* and *love* ;
But, be aſſured that what you and they
Vpon deliberate adviſe may prove,
To be the ſafe, unqueſtionable way

Wherein you ought to walk; that they will joyne,
(VVhether unto the *Civill-Peace* it tends,
Or, unto *Doctrine*, or to Diſcipline)
As your affectionate, and faithfull Friends.
Nor, let them ſo miſtake you, or theſe times,
Of publike Viſitations, as to dreame,
That either private weakneſſes, or crimes,
Shall hinder GODS intended work, in them:
But, let both Nations labour to excell,
In right *beleeving*, and in *doing well.*
The way to *Peace* is rather to be juſt,
And faithfull in your ſelves, and to rely
On GOD; than to ſuſpect, or to diſtruſt,
Or quarrell with anothers honeſtie.
The way to Peace, is downe along the *Vales*
Of *Meekneſſe*, leaving quite behind your backs
The hils of *Pride*, and thoſe partition wals,
VVhich *Selfe-conceitedneſſe*, and *Selfe-love* makes.
The way of *Peace*, is to examine more
Your owne Offences, and your neighbours leſſe;
To learne more Charitie than heretofore;
To be in *Deed*, what you in *Word* profeſſe;
And not to ſtrive who long'ſt ſhall keep the field,
Againſt the *Truth*; but, who ſhall ſooneſt yeeld.
Thus far, is this *Diſcourſe*, now, carried on,
That, it may ſhew both what is pertinent
To *Outward Peace*, and what is to be done,
The loſſe of outward quiet to prevent.
For, as there be *Falſe lights*, of late, ſet out,
VVhich give occaſion unto ſome to wander
In giddie paths, to make ſome alſo doubt,
VVhere is no cauſe; or, elſe to bring a ſlander
On ſacred *Verities*; ev'n ſo, there are
True-lights, of late diſcover'd, which long ſince
By evill-meaning *Builders*, ſtopped were:
And, they who would nor give, nor take offence,
Muſt

Muſt learn, more perfectly, to underſtand
(Then yet they do) thoſe things they take in hand.
Deſire of *Vniformitie*, doth carrie
So great a ſway with ſome, as if it were
Vnto the *Church* of CHRIST, as neceſſarie
As VNITIE, or, did the ſame appear.
But, they are wide: For as within a pallace,
There may be more conveniency, more ſtate,
More beautie, and more pleaſure for the ſolace
Of him that builds it, when there are, in that,
Some equall *Structures*; higher ſome, ſome lower,
Some pyramids, ſome flats, ſome rounds, ſome ſquares,
With here a ſingle, there a double tower,
And ſuch like, as in Princely *Piles* appears;
So, in the Church, true *comlineſſe*, may be,
And *Vnion*, without uniformitie.
Nay *diſcords*, do not generally marre
Eſſentiall *unity*: For, as you finde
Some *notes*, which founded, by themſelves, do jarre,
Make up, when they are muſically joyn'd,
A perfect *Diapaſon*: ſo, may they
The *unitie* of *love*, and *faith* retain,
Who walke not uniformly in the *way*,
Yet, on the true foundation, fixt remain.
And, as for thoſe poore creatures, who through *pride*,
And *ignorance*, have now *impoſtumations*
Of *fancie* broken in them, which they void
At mouth, upon the ſillie *Congregations*
Collected by them; be not diſcontent
That, they with others, their corruptions vent.
For, ſuch like *bubbles*, ſtill, were wont to riſe
In ſuch diſordered times: And, they will fall
Of their own ſelves. The wind that yet ſupplies
Their tumour, when *Peace* coms, quite break them ſhall.
The *Devill* of their *proud ſimplicitie*,
Makes uſe, at preſent, to delude that rabble,

Which are in love with their owne vanitie,
And, in the waies of Pietie unſtable.
Becauſe, a *Prudent-Preaching* wonders wrought,
And *Carnall wiſdome* judg'd it *Fooliſhneſſe*;
By fooliſh preaching, theſe have, therefore, thought,
Their Arrogancie ſhall prevaile no leſſe; (tions,
But, GOD, when they repent, will free theſe Na-
From all ſuch failings, and Infatuations.
Obſerve this well, and, in true patience, beare
With one another, till God ſhall make knowne,
To what intent theſe broiles permitted are;
And, let your diſcontents be rather ſhowne,
Vpon the Common Foe: Yea, do your beſt,
(Whilſt you have meanes) to ſettle outward *Peace*,
According to your pow'r; and, for the reſt,
Depend on GOD, who ſees the faithfulneſſe
Of ev'rie Soule: And, ſuffer not vaine jars,
Among your ſelves, to multiply contention;
Leſt you, thereby, both make theſe preſent wars,
To bring forth an incurable diſſention;
And, hinder (as you have already done)
That *Work*, which God, among you, hath begun.
Such *differences*, obſtructions have begot
Retarding *Peace*. But, doubtleſſe, for the ſame,
To your great *Senate*, there belongeth not
An imputation of the ſmalleſt blame.
Nor, were it faultie, though it could be ſaid,
And proved too, that ſome among them, now,
Their weightie conſultations had betrai'd,
And, to your Foes, their ſecrets daily ſhow.
Nor, ought they to be blamed, though you ſee
A *Spider* ſent among them, for an *Ant*;
A Butterfly, or Hornet, for a Bee;
Or, thoſe that wit, or honeſtie, do want: (them,
For ſuch, when they are found, they ſtill caſt from
With as much forwardneſſe, as doth become them.

But,

But, they, they only, do deſerve the blame,
Of all thoſe falſhoods, which theſe Lands diſcaſe)
Thoſe brainleſſe fellowes, who had ſo ſmall ſhame,
And little grace, to make their choice of theſe:
Thoſe (falſly termed) free-men, who, for porredge,
Would ſell their birth-right; and, who, to uphold
Their lawfull freedomes, have not ſo much courage,
As to maintaine them, though they ſee they could.
They, whom a pettie Juſtice, by the noſe,
May lead to what abſurdities he pleaſes;
And, make them think, he favour to them ſhowes,
When he their loſſe, and ſlaveries increaſes;
Theſe, and their fellow *Burgers*, have undone you;
Their ſlaviſhnes, hath brought theſe plagues upon you.
Theſe, to the Houſe of *Commons*, ſent that Rabble
Of *Runawayes*, and *Traytours*, which betrai'd
Your liberties, as much as they were able:
And, on their heads, the bloud is juſtly laid,
For what you ſuffer. Theſe were, firſt, unjuſt,
In ſending in, to be their Deputies,
In ſtead of men, *Pride*, *Avarice*, and *Luſt*,
Oppreſſion, *Folly*, *Fraud*, and *Vanities*.
Theſe, having neither honeſtie, nor wit,
Nor care to make a prudent choice of thoſe,
To whom ſo great a Truſt, they ſhould commit,
Some perſons, for the publike ſervice, choſe,
So like themſelves; that, wonder it is none,
To ſee ſo many do, as they have done.
For, ſuch a choice they paſſed, that unleſſe
Some prudent *Boroughs*, and ſome wiſer Shires
Had made elections with more warineſſe,
And ſent brave ſpirits forth, to ballance theſe,
You had been quite undone; and you, and yours,
Of all the Chriſtian world had been the ſcorne;
Perpetuall Bond-ſlaves to malignant Pow'rs;
And, hated of your children, yet unborne:

For, ever, therefore, let that *providence*
Which ſo provided for you, be renown'd:
And, let there be a bleſſed difference
On *them*, and on their ſeed, for ever found,
To honour them, and mark them out from thoſe,
Who to the publike welfare, now, are foes.
And, let your Burgers, and Free-holders learn
In time to come, how much, how neare it may
The publike, and their private weale concern,
To be advis'd, on whom their truſt they lay:
For, what is more unſafe or more uuwiſe
Then to commit (as manie times they do)
Their goods, their perſons, liberties, and lives,
Yea, and the meanes of their ſalvations too,
To their diſpoſures, whom they rather fear,
Then well affect? of whom no good they know?
Of whoſe corruptions, frequently, they hear,
Of whoſe injuſtice, ſinſible they grow?
Whoſe worths, are their revenue? and whoſe wit
Is meere formalitie, or nev'r-a-whit?
What can be more abſurd, then to ſuppoſe
They are the wiſeſt men in all the Shire,
And fit'ſt for publike ſervice, to be choſe,
Who wiſeſt, in their own opinions are?
Who come uncall'd, and ſhuffle out their choice
By ſuit and friends, or having got, perchance,
The overplus of one poore ſingle voice,
With much ado, their purpoſe to advance?
Or, what a greater indiſcretion ſhowes,
Then to elect for Giver of your Lawes,
A fellow, that nor *Law*, nor *Goſpell* knowes?
Nor difference, 'twixt a good, and evill cauſe?
And, till that day, purſued no other courſe
But, hunting, hawking, or elſe ſomwhat worſe?
What, more diſhonourable can be thought,
Then, to your Court and Senate moſt ſupreme,
(For

(For which the worthieſt perſons ſhould be ſought)
To ſend a foole or knave, to ſit with them,
Whoſe reverend preſence ſhould not be polluted
With ſuch companions? or, what one thing may
A truer ſigne of madneſſe be reputed,
Then thus to foole their dignitie away?
For, ſince they cannot their debates decide,
But by moſt Voices, what elſe will enſue,
(If manie places, be with ſuch ſuppli'd)
But, thoſe events, which all the Land will rue,
When worſt deſignes, are by the moſt promoted,
And, *reaſon* ſhall, by *noiſe*, be over-voted?
There never was a time, in which you ought
To be more carefull of your choice then now,
If you recruit your Houſe: For, men are taught
By this long *Parliament*, ſo well to know
Each others minde, each others intereſt
And inclination; that, unleſſe you ſee
The *number wanting*, in due time increaſt,
And made compleat, by men that worthie be;
You will be as aſſuredly undone,
As if the King had tyranniz'd; nay, more:
For, to oppreſſe you, there had been but one,
But, then, you ſhall, perhaps, have many a ſcore.
And therefore, as you here fore-warned are,
In your elections, uſe more prudent care.
Thy *Letters of Advice*, ere while directed
To thoſe in whom the choice of theſe doth lie,
Have partly ſignifi'd what was effected;
And, what events will ſtill enſue thereby,
While ſuch are choſen; And, what Caveats ought
To be obſerved, that a better choice
May be hereafter; and, that men be ſought
Who *wit* and *conſcience* have, aſwell as *voice*.
For, theſe defects breed vip'rous wormes within
The verie bowells of the Parliament,

More dangerous then outward foes have bin.
And, if the *Members wanting*, be not ſent
With better heed, then heretofore you tooke;
For *peace* embracing *truth*, in vain you looke.
Let therefore, thoſe true *Patriots* which are left,
Put forth a ſtrong endeavour to compleat
Their waſted *number*, e're they are bereft
Of power, and meanes, themſelves to re-beget
Into a *perfect bodie*. And, let none
By fallacies delude you, with a feare,
It may not now as legally be done,
As when the *Members* firſt convented were,
For, that they are a lawfull *Parliament*,
(Although the *King* be abſent) 'tis confeſt
Ev'n by the *King*: In whom, now to prevent
Their being ſo, the power doth not conſiſt,
Nor ever did, of right; while cauſe you know,
Why *SALVS POPVLI*, ſhould have it ſo.
Believe it, whoſoever ſhall pretend
This *Parliament*, hath not a legall power
Her bodie to recruit; is no true friend,
Nor fit to be a Councellour of your.
For, ſeeing they have power to make a *Seale*,
It were a great abſurditie to dreame,
They had not legally, a power, aſwell
To *uſe*, as *make* it. And, if you in them,
Allow an uſe thereof, that *private men*,
The benefit of *juſtice* might obtain;
It ſhould much rather be allowed, then,
In things, which to the *Publike-right* pertaine:
And, moſt eſpecially, in all affaires
Concerning their own *being*, and *repaires*.
If really, a *Parliament* they be
As (without peradventure) they are *One*,
Then, without limitation they are feee
To do, what may by *Parliaments* be done.

And,

And, that is, ev'rie reaſonable thing
Which to their *weale* and *ſafety* may belong;
(And their abilitie to paſſe may bring)
If to *Divinity*, it be no wrong.
And, whoſoe're, in theſe extremities,
Perſwade, that they ſhould take upon them leſſe;
Vnto the *publike peace*, are enemies:
Yea, they deferre, or marre your happineſſe,
By weakning of their hands, who are your friends;
And, ſtrengthening his, who now your ſpoile intends.
Let them not therefore act, as if they had
But halfe a power, or ſeemed to be lame;
Or, as if they a *Parliament* were made,
To be no more, but only, ſo in *name*.
With prudent *conſcience*, and with *confidence*,
Let them proceed in what they undertake;
And, in what e're pertaines to their *defence*,
On juſt reſolves, let them no haltings make,
Through want of *preſidents*: For, power they have
To make new *preſidents*, as well as they
Who liv'd before them. And, if they will ſave
Their *Countrie* and themſelves, this is the *way*:
Since, in an *extarordinarie Cauſe*,
True *Reaſon*, binds as firmly, as the *Lawes*.
And, though it greatly grieve you (as it ought)
Yet ſuffer not the abſence of the *King*,
To foole you, with ſo frivolous a thought,
As that, a diminution it may bring
To their *authority*. For, whereſoe're
He bideth, when his *Parliament* ſhall ſit,
The *Kingſhip*, vertually, is alwaies there,
And cannot poſſibly divide from it.
The *Perſon* of a *King*, may ramble forth,
As his own fancie hurries him about,
Or do things derogating from his worth,
Or die, or from the *Kingdome* be caſt out;

And,

And, yet the *Kingdome*, and the *Kingſhip* too,
Continue ſtill, as they were wont to do.
The life of *Bodies-naturall*, indeed,
Departs out of them, when their *head* is gone;
And, thereunto, no other can ſucceed,
To make it *live*, or, not a *headleſſe-one.*
So 'tis not in this *Bodie-politike:*
The *vitalls* of it in the *body* lie,
Not in that head-ſhip: and, though it be ſick·
When that falls from it, yet, it doth not die.
A *King*, is but a *ſubſtituted-head*,
Made for *conveniencie*: And, if thereby
The *bodie* ſeem to be indangered,
(If *Power* it hath) it hath *Authoritie*
To take one off, and ſet another on;
Aſwell, as, at the firſt, to make it one.
And when that *Body* ſhall be repreſented,
As this hath been, according to the *Law*,
Or, ſhall be by *neceſſity* convented;
Therein reſides, that *Soveraignty*, that *Awe*,
And *Rule*, whereto the *Lawes* of GOD and *nature*
Injoyne obedience; and not in that *thing*
Corrupted; which was but that *Creatures* creature,
And, which to ſerve it, was firſt made a King.
When, therefore, GOD injoynes you to obey
And honour *Kings*; theſe duties, are not meant
To thoſe who from their *Kingſhips* run away;
But, rather, to th'eſſentiall *Government*
Of whatſoever kind, by *Law* ordain'd;
Or, by a ſtrong *neceſſity* conſtrain'd.
For, were it otherwiſe, the pride, and luſt
Of an injurious *Arbitrary power*,
Would all men out of their poſſeſſions thruſt,
And all the *freedomes* of *mankind* devoure.
Let therefore, neither *fear* nor *flattery*,
Preſcription, or vaine *cuſtome*, make you cleave

Vnto

Vnto an accidentall *Majeſty*,
And, that which is ſubſtantiall, quite to leave.
At this time, chieflie, take a ſpeciall care
(As, of what verie much conduceth to
Your *Peace* and *Safety)* that, as now things are,
Your juſt advantages you let not goe;
Leſt, by a faint, and cowardly endeavour,
You looſe your freedoms, and be ſlaves for ever.
And, yet take heed, that zeal to *Innovations*,
Nor private fears, nor hopes incline your minde
To ſubjugate theſe *Kingdoms*, or theſe *Nations*,
To *Governments* of anie other kind.
But, rather uſe your utmoſt diligence
To rectifie thoſe things which are amiſſe
In that which is eſtabliſh'd: and, from thence
Caſt out or purge, whatever therein is
Repugnant to thoſe *Charters*, which by *grace*
Or *nature* were confer'd: And, let your care
Be ſo to ſettle it, that place you make
The Throne of C H R I S T, among you, up to reare;
Leſt, when his *Kingdome* comes, you els be fain
To pull your *new-devices* down again.
Take likewiſe heed, that you no meanes neglect,
Whereby the *King* may be reclaim'd and won,
GODS honour, with your ſafetie to reſpect;
And do the duties, he hath left undone.
For, by rejecting him, how juſt ſoe're
The *Cauſes* be; you ſhall delay the *peace*,
Which is deſir'd: And make your quarrell, here,
With much more difficultie to decreaſe:
But, if your induſtrie ſhall win him home,
And, he return ſincerely to his charge,
It ſhall a bleſſing to theſe *Iſles* become;
Your honour, and your joy it ſhall inlarge,
And, as C H R I S T S *Vice-Roy*, he ſhall ſit upon
A righteous, and an everlaſting *Throne*,

Walke

Walk, therefore, prudently in this ſtraight path,
And, turn not to the left hand, or the right.
That pow'r, which G O D to you committed hath,
Improve for him, according to your might;
Him, in the *reaſonable-meanes* attend
With *Faith*, and *Patience*; that, he may, at laſt,
Your *King* new-moulded, back unto you ſend,
Or, him, out of his ruin'd *Kingdome* caſt.
If, poſſibly, he can his courſe repent,
G O D, will reſtore him, yet. If you amend,
Then, all theſe *Troubles*, and this grievous *Rent*,
Shall in true *Peace*, and ſweet agreements end.
If both conforme; Both, ſhall true Peace enjoy:
If both be wilfull, G O D, ſhall both deſtroy.
But, heark! my *Scribe*, I heare a dreadfull crie
Of wounded men; and, therewith, as it were,
The *ſhouts* of thoſe that have a *Victorie*,
Of much concernment. Therefore, go and heare,
What now is done: For, ſomewhat hath been wrought,
From whence, if well it ſhall improved be,
Enlargements of thoſe meanes will forth be brought,
Which may effect, what thou deſir'ſt to ſee.
As ſoone as thou haſt Information had,
Of what is rumoured, and duly weigh'd,
What profitable uſes may be made
Of that, which either hath been done, or ſaid:
Retire thou hither, and give eare, again,
To that, which to your Peace, doth appertaine.

The

The fourth Canto.

The Contents.

While here, our Authour *doth recite*
His Muſings after Naesby *fight,*
The VOICE returnes; and, doth begin
To ſhew us, what muſt uſher in
Exiled Peace. *Then, told are we,*
How kept our Vowes, *and* Covenants *be:*
How we reforme, *and* faſt, *and* pray:
What Thankfulneſſe *we do repay:*
What, muſt in generall *be done;*
What, by each Jndividuall-One:
What courſe both King *and* State *muſt take,*
E're they their Peace *with God ſhall make:*
What he expects from ev'rie Nation,
From ev'rie Towne, *and* Corporation,
And ev'rie Houſe, *in ſome degree,*
Before our Peace *renew'd will bee.*

WHen from attention to that *Silent-tongue,* (heard,
Which, without *words,* reveales what you have
I came abroad; the *Streets,* and *Temples* rung
Of *Victories:* and, *Signalls* there appear'd,
Not only, of a valiant Reſolution,
In thoſe that conquer'd; but, of ſome divine
Diſpoſure of them, too, for execution
Of that, which GOD himſelfe, did fore-deſigne.
The ſcornfull Adverſaries ruſhed on,
To *Policie,* and *Strength,* themſelves commending.
The LORD of *Hoſts,* our Friends reli'd upon,
With *Prayers* fighting, and with *Faith* defending:
And, lo, GOD gave their Foes into their hand:
For, when he fighteth, who can then withſtand?

The

The *Victorie* was great, and ev'rie one
Obſerv'd what circumſtances pleas'd him beſt;
But, that, my thoughts did moſt inſiſt upon,
(Which others, peradventure, minded leaſt.)
Theſe *Royall-Enſignes* from the Field were brought,
The *Lion-Rampant*, and the *Dragon-flying*,
The *Roſes*, and *Portcullis*; which, me thought,
Were *Pledges*, future *Mercie* ſignifying.
And, ſo, no doubt, they ſhall be, if that Race,
To which G O D calleth us, we now ſhall run;
And better heed the tokens of his *Grace*,
And, Earneſts of his love, than we have done.
For, valiant *Fairfax*, now, hath ſent us home,
In *Hieroglyphick*, ſignes of things to come.
The *Ramping-Lion*, (which doth ſignifie
A *Raging-Tyrant*) may an Earneſt be,
That, G O D will from oppreſſing Tyrannie,
Vpon our *Good-abearing*, ſet us free.
A *Dragon*, is that moſt prodigious *Beaſt*,
Whereby the *Holy-Ghoſt* hath typifi'd
That *Foe*, by whom the *Saints* are moſt oppreſt;
And, by whom, daily, they are crucifi'd.
The taking of that *Enſigne*, may fore-ſhew,
That (if we faithfully the work endeavour)
The pow'r of Antichriſt we ſhall ſubdue,
And, from theſe *Iſlands*, caſt his Throne for ever.
Vouchſafe us pow'r, ô G O D! vouchſafe us Grace,
To drive him, and his Angels, from this Place.
The joyning of the *Roſes*, doth declare,
That G O D will to thoſe honours us reſtore,
Wherewith he crown'd us, when in peace, and war,
We on our Creſt, thoſe lovely Flowers wore.
Their bluſhing Beauties are, to me, a ſigne,
Of that delightfull, and ſoule-pleaſing grace,
Which will make lovely our *Church-Diſcipline*,
When G O D hath chang'd our *Diſcords*, into *Peace*.

The

The *ſweetneſſe*, and the *vertues* of the *Roſe*,
Do ſeeme to promiſe to us thoſe effects,
And fruit, which from internall Graces flowes;
Yea, and their *prickles* are, in ſome reſpects,
Significant; for, I by them fore-ſee,
That his corrections, alwayes, needfull be.
By taking their *Portcullis* from the Foe,
It may portend (and if with penitence,
We proſecute the Work, it ſhall be ſo)
That, we have taken from them their defence.
It may betoken alſo, that G O D S hand
Will bar our *Gates*, and make our Citie ſtrong,
And, by his Mercie, fortifie the Land,
Againſt all them, who ſeek to do us wrong.
But, for a ſurer token of his Grace,
G O D ſends us home, among the ſpoiles of *War*,
That *Cabinet of Miſchiefe*, wherein was
The proofe, of what our Foes intentions are:
And, that, their projects, G O D will ſtill diſcloſe,
And foole their Policies, this *Prize* fore-ſhowes.
I then obſerved, in that *Victorie*,
(Wherewith G O D S hand, at that time, magnifi'd
The *Peoples-Tribune)* how much vanitie
Is in the Arme of fleſh, and vaunts of pride.
And, with what good ſucceſſe, he ſhall advance,
Who ſeconded with *Meekneſſe*, *Faith*, and *Pray'r*,
Doth fight againſt the rage of *Arrogance*,
Of *Guilt*, of *Selfe-Dependence*, and *Deſpaire*.
I, furthermore obſerved, that this ſtroke
Was given, by a *Hand* contemn'd of thoſe,
On whom it fell; and, that their ſtrength it broke.
When, to themſelves, great hopes they did propoſe:
Yea, when they ſeem'd aſſured of our fall;
And thought to ruine, and devoure us all.
And, they received that amazing-blow,
From thoſe *Vnited-Brethren*, whom they thought,
Their

Their policies had diſ-united ſo,
That, ruine on themſelves, it ſhould have brought.
But, this, by their agreement, GOD prevented;
And gave that *victorie* to be a ſigne,
That, if we ſhall hereafter be contented,
In love, againſt the *Common-Foe* to joyne;
And, truſt him with our *Conſcience*, and our *Cauſe*;
We, by that bleſſed *union*, ſhall ſubdue
Th'oppoſers of our *Liberties*, and *Lawes*;
And feel the droppings of *Mount-Sions* dew
Be ſprinkling all theſe Iſlands, with increaſe
Of *ſaving-knowledge*, joyn'd with *endleſſe peace.*
I muſtred up, the manie *black-events*,
The manie jealouſies, and new-made factions.
The diſcontentments, and diſcouragements,
The frights, the loſſes, dangers and diſtractions
That might have follow'd, and o're-whelm'd us all,
If but that day, our *ſpoilers* had prevail'd;
If on that day, GOD had not heard us call,
If on that day, to help us he had fail'd.
And I deſire, that we could thanks expreſſe
For ſuch deliv'rances, aſwell, in *deed*,
As in a *Verball-form* of thankfulneſſe;
That, GOD might alwaies our devotions heed,
And anſwere us, when in diſtreſſe we pray,
As he our prayers anſwered, that day.
My heart rejoyced much in that ſalvation,
Becauſe, I knew it greater then it ſeem'd;
And, that it wrappeth up a preſervation,
To few men knowne; of fewer men eſteem'd.
So much, I joy not in the *victorie*,
As in that good, whereto it may conduce:
For, in GODS Judgments, as much joy have I,
As in his Mercies, when I ſee their uſe.
I laugh not, as when I have outward eaſe,
When I do feel GODS hand correcting me:

Yet

Yet, inwardly, it comforts, and doth pleaſe
As much, as when more glad I ſeeme to be.
And, more I feare a failing, on my part,
When I am moſt at eaſe, than when I ſmart.
And, I have ſeene, ſo frequently, a failing,
In proſecuting publike executions;
And, ſuch neglects (upon a ſmall prevailing)
Of good Deſignes, and prudent Reſolutions.
With ſuch a dull proceeding in purſuit
Of thoſe advantages, which G O D beſtowes:
And find them, ſtill, produce ſo little fruit
In *ſubſtance*, anſwerable to their *ſhowes*;
That, when I ſhould expreſſe my joyfulneſſe,
With ſuch a ſenſe as other entertaine:
A melancholly doth my ſoule oppreſſe,
As if it fear'd my joy would be in vaine;
But, at that time, ſome better hopes I had,
And, in thoſe hopes, my Prayer thus I made.
Eternall *G O D! as mercifull, as juſt,*
And, of both theſe the Eſſence in perfection:
Thou know'ſt my heart, and know'ſt I nor diſtruſt
Thy Pow'r, *thy* Providence, *or thy* Affection;
Though outwardly I do not much rejoyce,
It is not an unthankefulneſſe to thee,
That ſads my Soule, *or ſilenceth my* Voyce,
Whiles others tuning Hymnes of Praiſes *be.*
For, oft, my heart, *enjoyes thee all the day*;
Aloud to thee, my Spirit *often cryes,*
When, with my mouth, I not a word can ſay,
When not a teare will trickle from mine eyes:
And, though I neither pray, *nor praiſe thee, then,*
As I am bound; *I do it as I can.*
Thy mercies I confeſſe, and am as glad
Of Thee, and them, this day, as he that ſings;
Yet, when I mind what uſe of them is made,
And, what effects from thy compaſſion ſprings,

It mars my mirth: And therefore, now, in ſtead
Of their thanksgiving Pſalmes, I ſacrifice
My heart in Prayer; which, vouchſafe to heed,
And, do not L O R D, my humble ſuits deſpiſe.
For, if thou grant them, it ſhall praiſe thee more,
Thanif that favour, by ten thouſand tongues,
Were, at this preſent time, repeated o're,
And celebrated in a thouſand ſongs.
That hath begot thee, one Thankſgiving-day.
But, this, ſhall make thee praiſed, here, for aye.
The many Mercies, L O R D, I do confeſſe,
Which, by thy Bountie, we have here enjoy'd,
And, do acknowledge, with all thankefulneſſe,
That, ere this day, we had been all deſtroy'd,
Vnleſſe thy Goodneſſe, and thy Providence,
Had curb'd the furie of the raging Foe;
Yea, thy Abounding-love was our defence,
Or, we had, elſe, been our owne overthrow.
From thy free favour, and preventing-grace,
It doth proceed, that our deſpiſed Hoſt
Fled not before their Adverſaries face;
Or, fell not by them, who the field have loſt:
And, that, the Foyes which now our Citie hath,
Are not, this day, in Askalon, *and* Gath.
But, what will theſe prevailings be, at laſt,
If Grace thou, likewiſe, give not to purſue
Thoſe victories, which thou beſtowed haſt;
And, to improve the mercie thou didſt ſhew?
What will our ſad rejoycings, at the length,
And bloudy enterchanges, prove, O L O R D?
But, an impairing of our native ſtrength,
To make a paſſage for the Forraine-ſword?
And, what from our diviſions, and the ſpoiles,
Torne daily from each other, can ariſe,
But utter devaſtation of theſe Iles?
And, (which is worſe than forraine enemies)

Selfe-

Selfe-murthers? Or, perhaps, a Dearth *ſo great,*
That, men ſhall kill each other for their meat?
Such things have been; and ſuch, for ought I ſee,
May here befall us, ere theſe wars be done,
If, thou permit our cruelties, to be
As wilfully purſued, as begun.
Thy judgements *teach us, therefore, L O R D, to feare;*
So, make us, thy forbearances to weigh;
So, let thy kindneſſes our hearts prepare,
That, we no longer foole our Peace *away.*
Let not the ſighs, the prayers, and the cries
Of thy afflicted children, be in vaine.
Behold, how deſolate their dwelling lies;
Look on their wounds, obſerve how they are ſlaine;
How many, of their Fathers, are bereft!
How many widowes, deſolate are left!
Or, if this move thee not, mark how the Foe
Blaſphemes thy Name: *See, with what height of pride*
Againſt thy Truth, *his malice he doth ſhow,*
And, how thy holy things he doth deride.
Mark, what damn'd Oaths, and curſes forth they roare,
And, with what lyes and ſlanders they do wrong us:
Mark, how they ſcorne the counſels of the poore,
And, to betray us, how they lurk among us.
Mark, how they play the hypocrites, array'd
Sometime, like Boſome-Friends; *ſometime diſguis'd*
With outward Sanctitie, *while ſnares are layd,*
That, unawares thy Saints *may be ſurpriz'd:*
And, let not us, who in thy Truth have joy'd,
By thoſe, who perſecute it, be deſtroy'd.
If not on us, yet, L O R D, compaſſion take
On thoſe that ſhall out of our loynes deſcend;
If not for our, yet, for thine Honour-ſake,
To theſe deſtroying times, impoſe an end.
Ev'n for the ſake of thy Beloved-One,
Who, through our ſides, is wounded by our Foes,

Behold, what ſpoyles, what miſchieves they have done,
And help us, ere our ſorrow helpleſſe growes.
Teach us to ſee, and know, how miſerable
We are, and may be, if we perſevere,
As we begun; informe us how unable
We are to ſave our ſelves, from what we feare:
And, to conſider, too, how worthleſſe, we
Are of that mercie, which I beg of thee.
Vaine is the help of Armies, Foot, or Horſe;
Vaine is the pow'r of Nations, and of Kings;
Vaine is united policie, and force;
Vaine is the aid of all terreſtriall things:
Thou makeſt War; *thou only makeſt Peace,*
And, out of nothing, canſt create the ſame;
Nay, out of that, which diſcords doth encreaſe,
An everlaſting Concord thou canſt frame.
Although the people, like huge waters, rage;
The mountaines, yea, theſe Iſlands moved be;
Thou, in a moment, canſt the ſtorme aſſwage,
And, make all quiet, when it pleaſeth thee.
O LORD! command a Calme, command a Peace,
That our unnaturall debates may ceaſe.
To us be reconcil'd, and (to begin
That reconcilement) let us ſo endeavour,
To breake the league, which we have made with ſin,
That Thou, and We, may now be friends for ever.
Make, for us, an Atonement with our King,
Let him perceive, in what his courſe will end:
What Miſcheeves evill Counſellours do bring,
What Vengeance doth on Tyranny attend.
Give him both ſight, and ſenſe, of that huge floud,
Which threatens daily, to o'rewhelme his head;
That roaring torrent, nay, that ſea of bloud,
Which, in theſe Iles, hath wilfully been ſhed.
And, with his wronged, and enraged Nations,
Make thou, for him, his Reconciliations.

His

His heart, is in thy hand; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt returne him to us, wholly changed.
Thou canſt yet make us mutually, with eaſe,
As deare, as if we had not been eſtranged.
Thou that reſtor'dſt Manaſſeh, *canſt reſtore*
Him *to* Himſelfe, *to* Vs, *and to thy* Grace:
And, it may glorifie thy goodneſſe more,
Than to advance another in his place.
Yea, and for us, it ſhall be better too,
If, with a true forgiveneſſe of each other,
We, that have lately been divided ſo,
Shall lovingly unite againe together.
For, what more ſweet, than when unkindneſſe ends,
In reconciling of divided friends?
Thou know'ſt, O GOD! that we have no deſire,
To take from Him, *or* His, *the Royall Throne,*
Or, pull it lower; but, to raiſe it higher,
And, ſet him, rather, faſter thereupon.
Thou know'ſt, that though his courſes *we abhor,*
We love his Perſon, *and would faine prevent*
That miſchiefe, which he ſeemes to labour for.
By hunting after his owne detriment.
If, by his wilfulneſſe, that bloud be ſpilt,
Which we would ſave; of them require it, LORD!
Who make him to be Patron *of their guilt;*
Or, bring him within danger of the Sword:
And, keep us, and our children, ever cleare,
From all the bloud, that ſhall be ſpoyled, here.
And, as for me, whom our Oppoſers *blame,*
As having my firſt principles forſaken,
(Becauſe I, now, againſt the Royall-Name,
With Reall-Majeſtie, *a part have taken)*
Thou know'ſt my heart, had never an intent,
The Shadow, *for the* Subſtance, *to adore:*
And, that if I, ſo fooliſhly had meant,
Diſcretion, *bids me ſo to think no more.*

A Single-Perſon, *or a* Factious Rabble,
The King, *by Armes, oppoſing, acteth* Treaſon;
But, Kingdomes *joyn'd by* Counſells-warrantable,
Againſt a Tyrant, *do the work of* Reaſon.
Yea, 'tis the hand of G O D, that ſtrikes him, then,
Although he doth it by the ſword of men.
Thou know'ſt, O G O D! that, not a hand of our
Is rais'd againſt his Perſon, *or his Seed*;
Or, to diminiſh any Royall pow'r,
Which to diſcharge his Office he may need.
Or, for due honour. But, we, rather, fight
(As he would know, if undeceiv'd he were)
To ſave his Dignitie, to do him right,
And, keep him from Deſtructions drawing neare.
Thou know'ſt, we no offenſive War *intended*;
Nor, armed came, for any private Cauſe;
But, as our dutie binds, to have defended
Thy Truth, *our* Countrie's Liberties, *and* Lawes:
And, to remove the wicked from the Throne,
That, he may rule, with righteouſneſſe, thereon.
And, though to fright us from this dutie, L O R D,
The ſons of Belial, *whom we purſue,*
Caſt termes on us, which better do accord
With their proceedings, as to them moſt due:
Yet, thou canſt witneſſe, that we called are,
And, come in true obedience to that Pow'r,
Of which, He but the name doth only weare;
Whilſt he abuſeth his owne Rights, and our:
Thou know'ſt his Wilfulneſſe *doth us compell*
(Since nor his Parl'aments, *Thy* Lawes, *nor* His,
Nor, other courſe prevailes) now to appeale
(In that, which at this time, depending is)
To thy Arbitrement: and, that, the Sword
May to our differences, an end afford.
Wherein, we pray thee, paſſo thy Sentence ſo,
That, in thy Judgements, Mercy *may abound*;

Leſt,

Leſt, though but ſmall Severity *thou ſhow,*
The innocenteſt party, may be found
Unable to abide it. For, mine eye,
Which only can behold the ſcum, or skin,
Of our Corruptions (and not much eſpie
Of thoſe Pollutions, which lie hid within)
Perceives the beſt ſo faulty; that, by thee,
If ſo put off this Bloodie-Triall *were,*
That, we might, now, ſome other way, agree:
It would the ſafeſt courſe, for both, appear.
But, LORD, thy will be done, though it be that,
Which fleſh and blood, moſt feares and trembles at.
For, who, that loves thy Attributes *and* Thee,
And ſees how they are ſleighted? who, that viewes,
How impudently broke thy Precepts *be,*
How ſpightfully thy foes thy friends abuſe;
And, how preſumptuoſly this age goes on,
(Ev'n while th'avenging Angell is abroad)
To do as wickedly as it hath done,
Without regard of man, *or feare of G O D?*
Yea, who, that loves thine honour, *grudgeth now*
Thy ſaving of it? or, who wiſheth good
Vnto thy Saints, *who grieveth to allow*
Thy Juſtice, *in avengement of their blood?*
Or, who can thinke thy judgements have exceeded,
That hath our great offences duly heeded?
I do confeſſe, thy coming to this Nation
In theſe unlook'd-for Judgements, *maketh it*
To be a ſharp and dreadfull viſitation
To thoſe, that in ſecurity did ſit,
And, liv'd at eaſe. But, they who long have born
The violent oppreſſions of thy Foes,
The inſolence of Tyrants, *and their ſcorn,*
At thy approaches, tremble not, like thoſe:
For, their Deliverer, *and* Friend *appears,*
And, therefore, though we ſtand in awe of thee,

It is with conjugall, and filiall fears,
Mixt with whoſe tartneſſe, ſweetneſſes there be:
Yea, though thy judgments, fright us, when we hear them
Yet, LORD, we love them, more then we do fear them.
Whileſt thus, or unto ſuch effects I prai'd,
And meditated, by my ſelfe alone,
The VOICE began to ſpeak again, and ſaid;
Thy GOD obſerveth, what thou muſeſt on,
And will not faile thy hopes, if thou believe,
And perſevere. For, he is readier farre,
His bleſſings, and his benefits to give,
Then, they, who want them, to deſire them are.
And, when he doth deny them, or prolong them,
It is not out of backwardneſſe in him,
To condeſcend; but, that you might not wrong them,
Or entertain them with a ſleight eſteem.
Moſt, little prize good things, till much they coſt,
Few, know their happineſſe, till it be loſt.
You may perceive, by that, which GOD hath wrought
For theſe afflicted *Iſles*, in their diſtreſſe;
By manie things, which he to paſſe hath brought,
When miſchiefes were, almoſt, beyond redreſſe:
By thoſe diliv'rances, which you have had,
When to the brink of ruine you were come;
By thoſe eſcapes, which he for you hath made,
From plots, which none but he could ſave you from;
Yea, ſee you may by his oft freeing you,
When, careleſly, advantages you loſe;
And by that *mercie*, which he ſheweth, now,
That, he would ſoone ſecure you from your Foes,
Could you ſo mind, what doth to you belong,
That, *mercie* might not do his *juſtice* wrong.
Alas! he takes no pleaſure in your cries,
By your afflictions he can reap no good;
Your wounds, are not delightfull to his eyes,
Nor joyes he in the ſhedding of your blood.

He

He better likes of *Feaſts*, then *Faſting-dayes*,
If you could uſe them, to your more availe,
Your mournings would not pleaſe, like ſongs of praiſe,
If you had fewer failings to bewaile.
He is not ſuch a cruell GOD, as manie,
Blaſphemouſlie, have fained him to be,
Delighted in the death, or griefe, of anie;
But, *Love*, and *Joy* eſſentiallie is he:
And, gave his *Deareſt* to be crucifi'd.
A *ſaving-health* for ſinners to provide:
Of him, if peace you rightlie ſeek, believe it,
He will vouchſafe it, when you ſhall appeare
A people qualified to receive it:
And, to expect it ſooner, vaine it were.
Your pride is not, as yet, enough abated,
Your wiſdom, is not, yet, enough befooled,
Your own deſervings, are, yet, over-rated,
You, by the rod, are not, yet, throughly ſchooled.
You have ſome ayerie Caſtles, yet, in building,
Some falſe dependencies, yet, undeſtroy'd,
Some groundleſſe hopes, not to deſpaire, yet, yeelding,
Some luſts, and ſome vaine pleaſures, yet injoy'd:
And, manie ſuch obſtructions, making, yet,
Theſe Kingdoms, for that happineſſe, unfit.
Your *lofty minds*, muſt, firſt, be ſtooped lower,
Your *ſeparations*, muſt draw, ſomwhat, nigher,
Your *Formes of godlineſſe*, muſt get more power,
Your *baſe affections* muſt be lifted higher:
Your *headſtrong wilfulneſſe*, muſt more be tamed,
Your *Anchor*, muſt with deeper hold, be grounded,
Your *Charity*, muſt farther be inflamed,
Your *Faith*, muſt on the rock, be better founded.
Your *ſelves*, muſt, by your ſelves, be more deni'd,
More care of publike duties muſt be took;
Your *wanton fleſh* muſt more be mortifi'd,
And, for your ſins, your *hearts* muſt more be broke,
E're

E're theſe afflicted *Iſles* will repoſſeſſe
A ſafe, a reall, and a laſting peace.
Delude you not your ſelves, with guilefull ſhowes;
For, when they promiſe moſt, they moſt deceive.
To *win*, is, manie times, the way to *loſe*:
And, *Victories*, of ſafety may bereave.
Security, may loſe you, in a day,
What, *watchfulneſſe* was gaining, many years;
And, in a moment, GOD may take away
Your greateſt ſtrength, when ſtrongeſt it appears.
Were now, your adverſaries in your power;
Were not a dog, to barke againſt you, left,
And, *Peace* confirm'd; you might, within an houre,
Of all that happineſſe, be quite bereft.
Yea, and it ſhould be loſt again, e're long,
Vnleſſe, on better tearmes, you made it ſtrong.
Vpon the juſtneſſe of the *Cauſe*, ſome truſt;
But, that, a vain dependence may be found:
For, if they, who defend it, be unjuſt,
A righteous Cauſe, may fall unto the ground.
The *Jewes* did flie before the *Canaanites*,
While but one *Achan*, in their Camp, remain'd;
They fell before the wicked *Benjamites*,
While, their impenitencie they retain'd.
Some think, becauſe the *Word of Truth*, is here,
GODS *Ordinances*, and his *holy-things*,
That, you a priviledged people are:
But, no ſecuritie, at all, this brings:
It, rather, calls for vengeance on that place,
Which anſwers not, in fruits, their meanes of grace.
The *Arke*, it ſelfe, from *Iſrael*, was borne,
And, they who kept it, ſlaughtered, for their ſin;
Ev'n GODS own *Houſe* was ra'zd, and made a ſcorne,
And, they inthral'd, who ſerved him therein.
GOD, for his *Temples* ſake, ſpar'd not oppreſſion,
Nor, for that *Worſhip* which they did profeſſe:

But,

But, them he turned out of their poſſeſſions,
For acting ſin, in cloakes of holineſſe.
Do you ſuppoſe, that, GOD, will for the ſake
Of thoſe few righteous men, that, yet, remaine,
The preſent troubles from theſe *Iſlands* take,
And, ſettle all things here, in peace, again?
How can you ſuch a benefit expect,
Till righteous men, you better do affect.
If you, by them, ſuch bleſſings may enjoy,
Why are you not, to thoſe, more faithfull friends?
Why ſeek you to undo, or, to deſtroy
Thoſe men, on whom your weale ſo much depends?
Though, for their ſakes, you reap, at other times,
Great benefit; and often are ſecur'd,
From publike miſchiefes; yet, there have been crimes,
For which, this priviledge is not procur'd.
Though *Noah*, *Job*, and *Daniel*, interceded
At ſuch a ſeaſon, grace ſhould not be ſhowne:
They ſhould not get a pardon, when they pleaded,
For anie ſoules offending, but their own.
And, ſo it may be, for ought yet, you know,
With everie unrepentant ſinner, now.
Some, of you, have a hope, as vain as this,
Another way; for, manie men ſuppoſe
To be ſecured, by the wickedneſſe,
And crying ſins, of their blaſphemous Foes.
But, *Edom* did *Jeruſalem* ſuppreſſe,
Although the former had tranſgreſſed more:
The *Saints*, although their errors may be leſſe,
Are daily murther'd by the *Scarlet-Whore*.
GODS *Magazine*, hath puniſhments enow,
To ſeize on all at once, that him offend;
He *Scorpions* hath for them, and *Rods* for you,
And, both will ſcourge, if both do not amend.
He, as he liſts, can make you whip each other;
Or, ſpare the one, or, puniſh both together.
Indeed,

Indeed, a Kingdomes laying-waſt, hath bin,
And, is ſometimes, deſerred for the ſakes
Of righteous men, inhabiting therein:
But, that, but little for the ſafety makes,
Of *Individuall ſinners*. For, you ſee,
They, by the *Sword*, are pick'd out everie day,
Their habitations daily ruin'd be.
And their poſterities are ſwept away.
Yea, when, quite round them, all the neighbourhood
Stands unimpaired, they are ſomtime ſeized,
That, others may obſerve it, for their good,
Or, that GODS wrath may, thereby, be appeaſed:
And, otherwhile, the juſt are taken from
A *wicked-place*, toſcape the plagues to come.
But, what, or whom, need you ſuſpect, or feare,
Though both your Horſe & Foot, this day were routed?
Of your own ſelves, you well-conceited are
Of your own courſes, nothing is miſ-doubted.
You have deſignes, wherein you can confide,
Though GOD be verie little in your thought:
You, in a blindfold hope, can quiet bide,
Though, in *due meanes*, his aid you have not ſought.
You ſeem ſo *knowing*, that none muſt adviſe;
So *righteous*, that, you reformation hate;
So *holy*, that, your brethren you diſpiſe,
So *powerfull*, as if you preſerv'd the *State:*
And beare your ſelves, as if unto theſe Nations
GOD, were oblig'd, by ſpeciall obligations.
And, if but with a ſuperficiall look
A view of you were taken, on that ſide
Which faireſt ſhowes, you might be, then, miſtook,
For better then you'l prove, when you are tride.
You are now frequent in *humiliation*,
You are profeſt Reformers of your waies;
You are become the longeſt-praying Nation,
And, holieſt-talking people, in theſe daies,

Your

Your ſimpleſt tradeſmen are grown mighty Preachers,
Your ſouldiers guiſted are with double power,
Young ſillieſt women are admired teachers,
And ſpeak, and pray among you by the houre.
The chiefeſt places in your *Common-weale,*
Supplied are, with men of *noted-zeale.*
The *godly party,* now preferments gets,
(At leaſt, they who the form thereof put on)
And, when ſome of them, are prov'd counterfeits,
The *honeſt party* will be thought upon.
To keep the *foremoſt-table* of the L A W
Inviolate, you care, of late, have took ;
And, many think, it ſhowes you ſtand in awe
Of G O D ; and, that you at his honour look.
And, peradventure, *(*if it hinder not
Your luſts or profits*)* when you are at leaſure,
Some *Orders* or *Proviſions* may be got,
To make you carefull, in ſome better meaſure,
To keep the ſecond-Table : wherein, lies
The proofe of your faire-ſeeming ſanctities.
You zealouſly have, likewiſe, overthrowne
The monuments of Popiſh ſuperſtition ;
Pull'd Croſſes, Images, and Altars down,
Even thoſe things that gave but juſt ſuſpition
Of an Idolatrous or fruitleſſe uſe ;
As well appeareth, in not lettting paſſe
(When you demoliſh'd them, for their abuſe)
The guilded Organs, and the painted glaſſe.
You have for ev'rie week a Sabbath, now ;
For every *moon* a *Faſt* ; in private, more :
Thanksgiving daies, you likewiſe do allow,
For holy-daies, obſerved heretofore ;
Which, of thoſe feaſts, will well ſupply the room,
Vntill you wearie of them ſhall become.
Theſe works are found among you, and of thoſe
Some part from upright-heartedneſſe doth flow,
And

And from thoſe rectified conſciences,
Which do a reall Reformation ſhow.
And, though the works themſelves have no deſerving
In their own nature, or, through imperfections,
Concomitant: yet, GOD, in you, obſerving
A *will* renew'd, and following his direction,
According to your power, accepteth ſo
A fraile performance, from a weake intent,
That, he as much, by *Grace*, imputes thereto,
As if it perfectly were done, and meant.
And (for a few thus qualifi'd) GOD hath
Deferr'd full proſecution of his wrath.
But, ſo far off, your Reformations, yet,
And pious ſhowes, are from deſerving ought,
Or from a likelihood, that they will fet
The peace, for which, you have both pray'd and ſought;
That, if more mercies GOD vouchſafe not to you,
Then by your Sanctitie deſerved are,
Your *holy-things*, would utterly undo you,
Though all your other ſins remitted were.
For, as before their thrall, the wicked *Jewes*,
Did act a *ſeeming-ſanctified part*,
Approaching near to GOD, in words, and ſhewes,
Yet, kept themſelves, far from him, in their heart:
So, moſt of you have done: And, GOD therefore,
Your *Sabbaths*, *Faſts*, and *Praiſes* doth abhorre.
To him, your hands you lifted in a VOW;
A ſerious *Covenant*, with him, you made,
You made it alſo, not without a ſhow,
As if unfained purpoſes you had
To do, as you profeſt: And, you have ſeem'd
Not only to have rightly underſtood
That *League*, and highly thereof to have deem'd,
But, thereby, likewiſe you receiv'd much good.
Yet, as if, with well-doing, tir'd you were,
(Or, rather, as if you beſotted grew)

To

To tender it, you very little care,
Or, thereunto, conformity to ſhew.
A needleſſe duty, this, by ſome, is thought,
Or, preſſed farther, then of right, it ought.
But, if it hath impos'd unduly been,
Why were two *Realms*, ſo unadvis'd, to make it?
If righteo,us in your eyes, the ſame ſtill ſeem,
Why is not everie man requir'd to take it?
If, neceſſarilie, it was injoyn'd,
And lawfully, why ſhould you ſuffer them
Both libertie, and favour, too, to finde,
Who, therein, ſhall your *Ordinance* contemn?
Why, is there not a difference put 'twixt thoſe
Who take it; and all thoſe who ſhall refuſe it?
And, puniſhment why do you not impoſe
On them who take it, only, to abuſe it?
Since, breach of publike Cov'nants is a ſin,
Which, alwaies, brings a publike vengeance in.
A Cov'nant broke, through with the *Gibeonites*,
(Who gained it a ſurreptitious way)
Brought down a Plague upon the *Iſraelites*,
Which coſt, the bloud of *Princes*, to allay.
No branch of this, is anie way unjuſt,
Or inconſiſtent, in the leaſt degree,
With anie dutie, which performe you muſt
As *Chriſtians*, or, as morall men you be;
Nor is it (being underſtood aright)
A barre to anie Chriſtians Libertie,
Or, humane Priviledge; though, at firſt ſight,
To ſome, theſe, may appeare infring'd thereby:
For, by that Covenant, you vow'd no more,
Then, what you were obliged to before.
It binds you no profeſſion to imbrace
Of *Doctrine*, *Manners*, or, of *Diſcipline*,
Ought farther, then conformable it is
Vnto the Canon of the *Word-divine*:

You

You vowed nothing to reject, but what
Shall prove, upon due triall, to be found
Deſtructive, or repugnant unto *that* ;
Or, to the *Bond*, wherewith you ſhould be bound :
And, as you are obliged, by the ſame,
To nothing, any way unwarrantable ;
So, likewiſe, you thereby, ingag'd became
No further to performe, than you are able :
Nor harme, thereby, to any can befall,
But, praiſe to G O D, and ſafetie unto all.
And, yet, this ſacred *Covenant*, and V O W,
Which tendeth to the prejudice of none,
Which *Law-divine*, and *humane* doth allow,
Which need conſtrain'd you to have undergone ;
Which was reſolv'd on, by two prudent *Nations*,
Which, by the higheſt Senates, in both Lands,
Was made, and took, with due deliberations,
And, ſign'd with twentie hundred thouſand hands.
Thoſe *Vowes*, which you have ſealed with your bloud,
Thoſe *Vowes*, which in ten thouſand *Congregations*
Atteſted were ; and which you call'd on G O D
To witneſſe too : Theſe *Vowes*, and *Proteſtations*,
Vow'd ſo religiouſly, and ſo atteſted,
Regarded are, as if you had but jeſted.
Who dream'd to ſee a V O W, cri'd up like that,
Obſerv'd no better, than conditions made
By Boyes, or Girles, at *Puſh-pin*, or at *Cat ?*
Who could have thought, that *Chriſtians* ſhould have
Of conſcience, or of credit, ſo ſmall care, (had
As to forget, nay, ſo much to deſpiſe
A Dutie, wherein ſo concern'd they are ?
And, whereupon, Life, *State*, and Honour lies ?
He that your *Ordinances* doth peruſe,
With your inſtructions, and marks what is done ;
Can find out nothing, whereby to excuſe
Your ill purſuit, of what you well begun.

Or,

Or why, he ſhould, till you reforme your wayes,
Much heed, what ſuch a *Nation*, doth, or ſayes.
For, both ſo negligent, and falſe are you,
In what you vow'd: yea, both to GOD, and *Man*,
So fooliſhly, ſo ſhameleſly untrue,
Moſt have been, ſince this *Covenant* began:
That (if you ſoon repent not) this one ſin
Will make a cureleſſe *Breach:* yea, this offence
Will bring incurable-Deſtruction in,
Without a ſpeedy, and true penitence.
Thus, that, which might have much advanc'd your peace,
Is like, by your corruption, to procure,
In ſtead of what you hope for, an encreaſe
Of Plagues, and Troubles, longer to endure:
Yet, this is not the only meanes of *Grace*,
Which is, by you abuſed, in this place.
Your *Provocations* are as much, or more,
In other ſacred things: For, though ſome few
Have better out-ſides, now, than heretofore,
They are not really, the ſame they ſhew.
The hewing out of *Reformation* makes
Good chips; and, for each Carpenter, ſuch Fees,
That, whatſoever paines therein he takes,
No feare of any outward loſſe, he ſees.
In ſetting up of publike *Diſciplines*,
There are Devices, to contrive it ſo,
That men ſhall thereby act their owne *Deſignes*,
And few perceive it, what they intend to do:
For, underneath a cloke of *outward-zeale*,
More projects are purſu'd, than they reveale.
And, otherwhile, GOD bringeth ſo about
His *purpoſe*, that, he makes men Inſtruments
To plot it, work it, yea, to fight it out,
Againſt the current of their owne intents.
Sometime, the furious zeale of *Hypocrites*,
Or wilfulneſſe of *Tyrants*, by the wages

Of *Balaam*, to his ſervice he invites;
And, them, againſt his enemies ingages.
By theſe, he *Superſtition* doth deface,
Pulls down Idolatrie, and way doth make
For them, to build his *Church*, up, in that place
Who ſeek to do his will, for *Conſcience-ſake.*
Yea, thus, he more then once or twice hath done,
Where famous *Reformations* were begun.
Thus *Iehu*, in a *Fierie zeal*, deſtroy'd
Baals Idols, with his *Prophets:* and, for this,
That Crown, which by his Maſter was enjoy'd,
GOD, for a while, entail'd on him, and his.
Thus likewiſe, in this *Kingdom*, your eighth *Harrie*
Made way for that which he intended not:
And, then, from manie a wealthy Monaſterie
Both Lands and goods, for his reward he got.
Yea, manie others furthered that work
Beneath whoſe *outſide zeale*, much avarice,
Much pride, with much hypocriſie, did lurk,
And, manie another ſecret luſt, and vice,
For which, now draweth near, the fatall day,
Of rooting them, and all their ſeed away.
Yet, their example makes not Theſe times free
From thoſe corruptions: for, much dawbing, ſtill,
With an untemper'd mortar, you may ſee;
And, with pretence of *good*, much *doing-ill.*
Much ſhow of *Reformation*, here, is made
In *civill-matters*; ev'n by them, that ſteale,
And ſuck the nouriſhment it ſhould have had,
From this diſtreſt, and ſickly *Common-weale.*
Yea, where it is expected, that extortion
Should moſt be puniſhed; there, now, are fees
Exacted, in the moſt extreme proportion:
And, He, that everie ſecret action ſees,
Will, ſhortly, find out ſome among them, too,
With whom, a *Bribe*, can more then conſcience do.
Yet,

Yet, ſuch as theſe (when they are in the *Chaire*
Of *Judgment, Equitie, Examination,*
Or ſet in ſome *Committee*) offer faire,
In zealous language, toward *Reformation*;
Theſe look big on offenders; threaten *vice,*
And make ſome *honeſt men,* who come before them,
To take them for the birds of *Paradiſe*;
And ready, for their *Virtues* to adore them.
They grow familiar with your ableſt *Preachers*;
They hear them often (in appearance gladly) (chers:
They thanke them, praiſe them, as moſt powerfull Tea-
They can bewaile the Times; look verie ſadly,
And ſeeme to be exceedingly affeard,
When they the threatnings of the *WORD* have heard.
Yet, when all this is done, they paſſe away,
Through all theſe threatnings, and through all their fears,
To proſecute their luſts, the ſelfe-ſame day,
In which G O D S wrath was thundered in their ears.
Yea, thus they do, when vengeance on the Road
Is marching towards them, and in their view;
Thus brazen-fac'd, thus feareleſſe of their GOD,
And thus irrationall, themſelves they ſhew.
Their *faſts* and *praiſes* are but complements,
With GOD and men, to furniſh out their *ſcœne,*
Or, ſerve to cover-over their intents:
But, little to that purpoſe they ſhould meane.
What e're the *Preacher* or the Prophet ſaies,
Reſolv'd they are, to follow their own waies.
The Times, which you have either for confeſſions
Of ſins, or publike mercies, ſet apart,
Are ſolemnized with ſuch dull expreſſions,
As if they were perform'd without a heart.
And, though your *Faſtings,* as Kings *Ahabs,* had
Some recompence obtain'd in outward things,
In lieu of *Outward-ſhowes,* that you have made;
Yet, little reall fruit that *dutie* brings.

You faſt not from *Oppreſſion*, *Fraud*, and *Strife*,
Nor from your *Avarice*, and *baſe-deſignes*;
You faſt not, from a wicked courſe of life,
Nor from thoſe luſts, whereto your fleſh inclines:
  Your heads, you, in the morning, humbly bow:
  And, look, e're night, with an *imperious-brow*.
G O D cares not for your ſolemne *Faſting-day*,
Except you come before him, more prepar'd:
You meet, and grant the Preacher leave to ſay
What he ſhall pleaſe; but, give it no regard.
Once, in a Moone, what is it, to repaire
Vnto the Church; and, there, ſit out a meale?
Sleep out, perhaps, a *Sermon*, or a *Prai'r*;
And, then come home, and fill your bellies well?
Or, what availeth it, to ſigh, and groane,
And, make a crabbed face, an houre or two;
Or, whine out words, in ſome affected tone;
Or, yawne out *Lamentations*, as ſome do?
  What will all this availe, if you depart
  With an unſanctifi'd diſſembling heart?
When, on the ſet *Humiliation-dayes*,
Your well-affected Brethren faſt, and mourn;
When ev'ry Congregation weeps, and prayes,
That, G O D, in mercie, might, to them, return:
Some (as if in deſpight of that Decree,
And, in contempt of G O D) dance, feaſt, and ſing;
Or, drinking healths, to their confuſion, be,
Who, for the *Publike-weale*, *Peace-Offrings* bring.
And, many, who would ſeem to ſacrifice
A contrite-ſpirit, and a broken-heart,
Come, loaded with ſo many vanities,
That, back, unto their dwellings, they depart,
  Not onely, leſſe accepted then before;
  But, more deſpiſed, and polluted more.
It is not to be thought, G O D doth regard
A *Formall-habit*, ſo you do appear

With

With hearts reform'd, and with a ſoule prepar'd,
His *holy-Word* obediently to hear.
Yet, know, that he expects, when you profeſſe
A ſorrow for your ſins, you ſhould put on
That outward, and that inward humbleneſſe,
By which, the dutie may be truly done.
He doth expect, that, when you near ſhall draw
Vnto his Throne, you ſhould approach thereto
With ſo much reverence, and filiall awe,
That, to the ſame, you no diſhonour do ;
Nor, make prophane Beholders, to contemne
His *Worſhip*, by your meane eſteem of him.
For, ſome would ſcarce believe, you ſerv'd a GOD,
Who hath a power to puniſh, or to ſave ;
Or, be perſwaded, that you fear'd his rod,
Or, that you need of his compaſſion have ;
If they obſerv'd, how cloath'd to him you come,
Or, heeded your behaviours, in his ſight,
Or, ſaw you, after you returned home,
And, what your converſations were, that night.
For, many, of you, habited appeare
Like thoſe, which to the *Revells* are invited ;
And, not, as if you men of *ſorrow* were,
Or, with GOD's anger, or your ſins, affrighted ;
But trim'd with toyes, which, at that time, and place,
Shewes, either want of *wit*, or, want of *grace*.
And, when you ſhould appear, with looks compos'd,
According to the ſervice you pretend,
Your thoughts, by your deportment, ſeem diſpos'd,
As if imployed to ſome other end.
Your voice is more imperious, and more loud,
Then, well befits a Faſt : you laugh, and grin,
And, often, have thoſe looks, and geſtures, ſhow'd,
Which fitter for a *Theater* have been,
Then for a *Temple*, in a day of *Faſting* :
Which, if GOD ſhould, ſeverely, look upon,

Your dayes of mourning, would be everlaſting;
And, your afflictions never would be done:
For, he would ſee (not without Indignation)
You come, but, with a fain'd *Humiliation.*
And, then, among thoſe errours, and preſumings,
Which make your *holy-things* abhominable,
(And, which you muſt repent) are your aſſumings
Vnto your ſelves, what you are never able,
Nor, warranted to practiſe. For, the *Pride,*
Which hath begot this Boldneſſe, doth bring on
Thoſe dreamings, and o're-weenings, which divide,
Diſtract, and trouble you, as they have done.
You, miſſing his true meaning, who hath ſaid,
You ſhould be *Prieſts,* and *Prophets* to the LORD,
From *Truth,* and Decencie, have lately ſtrai'd;
And, made your Pray'rs, and Preaching, ſo abhorr'd,
That in the ſtead of what you have expected,
Increaſe of Plagues, and Diſcords, is effected.
And, ſome of you, this Ignorance hath brought
To ſuch preſumption, that you vilifie (taught,
That PRAYER, which by CHRIST himſelfe was
And, turn'd *Devotion* into Blaſphemie;
You, have not only offered *ſtrange-fire,*
But, alſo, things uncleane: for, you preſent
Your Luſts unto Him; and, thoſe things require,
Which, make Him with your offrings diſcontent,
When, therefore, you preſent the Sacrifice
Of *Prayer,* know, that as you are not bounded
To *Verball-Formes*; ſo, you ſhould not deſpiſe
The *Rule,* whereon that dutie ſhould be grounded;
Leſt that, which might of *Bliſſe,* a meanes have bin,
A meanes become, of letting *Curſes* in.
Of GOD, they ſeeme not prudently conceited,
Who think, that thoſe Petitions he deſpiſeth,
Which his owne *Spirit* hath, for us, indited;
And only likes of thoſe, which man deviſeth:

Or,

Or, that, he will impute it as a Vice,
If in thoſe wants, which formerly you had,
You ſhall preſent him one Petition twice,
Or, oftner, though with true devotion made;
Or, that, at all times, all men, ſhould repaire
Vnto his Trone, with ſuits extemporarie,
Becauſe, thoſe few that have the gift of *Pray'r*,
Can, quickly, to fit words, their meanings marrie:
For, this is but a novell-impoſition,
Ariſing out of Pride, and Superſtition.
(As of *Virginitie*, long ſince was ſaid)
Let them to whom G O D gives the ſame receive it.
But, let it not on any man be laid,
To whom it hath not pleaſed him to give it.
To ſpeak in publike, *Moſes* was leſſe able
Than *Aaron*; and, yet, G O D did him endow
With kowledge, and with gifts more honourable;
And, from his *Holy-Spirit* they did flow.
The wiſeſt heart, hath not the nimbleſt tongue:
Nor is it, ſtill, the *Spirits* inſpiration,
Whereby, ſo many preach, and pray ſo long:
But, *Memorie*, upon premeditation,
And, that, makes oft a fairer ſhew, in words,
Than *Grace*, with gifts more ſanctifi'd, affords.
And, by this help of *Nature*, carnall men,
Not only gain eſteeme beyond their merit;
And, Player-like, act parts, which, now and then
Are, falſly, thought out-flowings of the Spirit:
But, by this qualitie, have, alſo, brought
Contempt on better men: and, oft, thereby,
Into their ſimple hearers hearts, have wrought,
In ſtead of *Truth*, bewitching *hereſie*.
Yet, this their *Tongue-craft*, now, hath ſuch eſteeme,
That he, who to himſelfe, aſſumeth not
This gift, doth ſcarce to them a Chriſtian ſeeme:
And, therefore, many, now, the ſame have got,

Who care not, though theſe offrings of the tongue
Be wholly *Non-ſenſe*, ſo they may be *long*,
G O D values your *Devotions*, by their ſtrength
Of *Faith* ; and by your pious inclination ;
And, not by that *tautologie*, or *length*,
Which hath, of late, begun to be in faſhion,
It was a *Phariſaicall-Tradition*,
Ariſing partly from hypocriſie,
And, partly, from a Jewiſh ſuperſtition,
Which fool'd their Feminine ſimplicitie,
As it doth ours. And, therefore, though he ſeeme
Almoſt a *Reprobate*, who dares reprove
That cuſtome, (which thoſe men do moſt eſteeme,
Who, with their owne conceptions, are in love)
Yet, many of them, as your *Saviour* ſaid,
Have only *prated*, when they thought they *pray'd*.
Let, then, your *Praying*, and your *Preaching*, too,
Be ſuch, as may *True-Pietie* advance :
And, not the work of your *Deſtroyer*, do,
By pleaſing *Self-conceit*, and *Ignorance*,
In giving leave to ev'rie giddie braine,
To preach what ever *Fancie* ſhall invent ;
And, heaps of thoſe *falſe-Teachers* entertaine,
Who bring you *Tidings*, which were never ſent.
A *myſterie*, I will to you unfold,
Whereof, if you take heedfull obſervation,
A glimmering-light, you ſhall, thereby, behold,
To help promote both *Peace*, and *Reformation* ;
And, give ſome hint, whereby you may provide,
Againſt thoſe Errours, which do much divide.
There were two S I M O N S, in the primitive,
And purer times, who typified that
Which doth concerne you : For, you do derive
Your *Evill-being*, and your *Good-eſtate*,
From what they ſignifie. The *Name* imports
In Engliſh, H E A R I N G ; and, theſe did fore-ſhow,
That,

That, in the *Church*, from *Hearers* of two ſorts,
Great *Schiſmes*, and much *Hereſie* would flow.
From SIMON-PETER, which is in your tongue,
Hearing-the-Rock, the *Faithfull-Hearers* came :
From SIMON-MAGVS, all thoſe *Hearers* ſprung,
Which were ſeduc'd, according to his *Name :*
For, by Interpretation, 'tis as much
With you, as if yee ſaid, *Hearing-the-Witch.*
As *Simon-Peter*, and the *Sorcerer*,
Long ſince contended, whether of the two,
Should get poſſeſſion of the Peoples eare,
Ev'n ſo thoſe *hearings*, at this preſent, do.
As *Simon-Magus*, untill *Peter* ſpoke,
Had ſo bewitch'd the common-people, then,
That, for the POW'R of GOD, they him miſtook ;
So, *Formall-hearing*, now, bewitcheth men.
So, it is idoliz'd : and, ſome have thought,
When, formally, that Dutie they had paid,
The *Holy-Ghoſt* might for the ſame be bought :
But, as then, *Peter* of the *money* ſaid,
Their *Hearing* with them periſh, who ſuppoſe,
That, GOD his Graces, for ſuch wares beſtowes,
You, of this itching, this bewitching *Hearing*,
Have had Experiments : and, at this day,
There are ſuch bitter fruits therof appearing,
That, you had need be watchfull : and, to pray,
That, GOD would pleaſe, to ſanctifie the eare,
And, circumciſe your hearts, that you may know,
When, you the *Witch*, and when you *Peter* heare,
That, you, in Grace, may edified grow.
And, that this *Information* make you not
Reſpectleſſe of that *Hearing*, or that *Preaching*,
Whereby, that Saving-knowledge may be got,
Which no man hath, but by the *Spirits* teaching :
And, that, you ſo may *Heare*, that GOD may bleſſe
Hearing, with *Faith*, & Faith with Truth-full-Peace.

Take

Take heed unto your *Prayers*, that they reach not
Their length, that Widowes-houſes do devoure;
Take heed unto your *Preachings*, that, you preach not
The *Spirit* weak; and raiſe a *fleſhly-power*.
Take heed in *Giving thanks*, you do not ſay,
In heart, when G O D hath victories beſtowne;
That, of your Foes, his hand did thouſands ſlay,
And, that, there fell ten thouſands by your owne.
Vnto your *Faſts*, and your *Humiliations*,
Take, likewiſe, heed, leſt by your negligences,
Thoſe Duties may be greater aggravations
Of your, but, ſeeming-ſorrow'd-for-Offences.
And, take heed, leſt hypocriſie may breed
Obſtructions in you, of due *Taking-heed*.
If truly you deſire a *happie-Peace*,
Repent your falſe *Repentance*; and, in haſte,
Your ſuits, with true ſinceritie addreſſe,
Before the *Day of mercie* ſhall be paſt.
Reforme your *Publike Faſts*; and let them ſhow,
Ev'n in the *Out-ward-man*, ſo truly ſad,
That, others may your inward-ſorrow know,
And, by the ſame, ſo ſenſible be made,
Of what you feele; that it may make them find
A change in their owne hearts; and, by that change,
Become to pious dutie ſo inclin'd,
That, them from Vanitie, it may eſtrange;
And, ev'rie day, one, thus, draw on another
To Penitence, till all repent together.
To make this dutie further to extend,
(And, grow more generall) you ſhall do well,
Vnto your Adverſaries to commend,
(And unto thoſe, who in your quarters dwell)
This *motion:* That (ſince both of you profeſſe
One G O D) you might aſſemble on *one day*,
To meet before his Preſence, to confeſſe
Your wickedneſſe; wide open, there, to lay

Your

Your *Cauſes*; And, for judgement, to referre
Your ſelves to him. For, ſuch an introduction,
A meanes to draw you ſomwhat nearer were,
And, to remove, it may be, ſome obſtruction
Which hinders *Peace*; or, els, to bring that, on,
By which, your work, the ſooner may be done.
If, they that have the better *Cauſe*, think fit
(With ſome ſuch meek and pious invitations
As they might frame) for this end, to admit
That day, whereon their Foes humiliations
Pretended are; it either ſhall allure
Your Adverſaries to that Penitence,
Which will a ſpeedy amity procure:
Or, aggravate, ſo greatly their offence,
That GOD ſhall quite reject them, as if they
Refuſed your *Appeal*; or, to abide
His *Doome*: and did intend ſome other way,
Or, by ſome other *Cenſor*, to be tri'd:
And, what event will thereupon enſue,
It were a needleſſe matter to fore-ſhew.
When all are thus aſſembled, on one day,
Or els, of all, ſo many as GOD's grace
Shall make, therewith, content: (For, though it may
To you, be ſomwhat, yet nor *Time*, nor *Place*,
Are, in reſpect of Him, conſiderable)
Yea, when you in his preſence ſhall appeare
To this effect (as he ſhall you inable)
Fall down before him, with all meekneſſe, there.
Together then, with ſeriouſneſſe, begin
The *Faſt* anew. In true humiliations,
Let all bewaile their errours, and their ſin,
Till, in their mournings, and their *Lamentations*,
The famous *mourning*, equallize they ſhall
Of *Hadadrimmon* in *Megiddo* Vale.
Let, joyntly, *People*, *State*, and *King*, unite
In *penitence*, as they in *ſinne* have done.

Themſelves

Themſelves, let them, for all their ſinnes, indite,
(Their *new* and *ancient ſins*) before G O D's Throne.
And, foraſmuch, as in this *later-Age*,
And, in this *place*, he ſeemeth, as it were,
To bring all things, again, upon the ſtage,
Which, heretofore, in action, did appeare:
(Yea, ſince they, who will heed it, may behold
All that concernes th'*Eſtates*, or *converſation*
Of *Saints*, or *ſinners*, in G O D's Word fore-told,
Epitomized in this *Generation*)
Let not his *warnings*, both by *Word*, and *Deed*,
Be fruſtrated, through want of *taking-heed*.
Remember to bewaile your *Gentiliſmes*,
Your *Babyloniſh-whoredomes*, heretofore,
Your *ancient-hereſies*, and *moderne-Schiſmes*,
That, G O D, for theſe, may judge theſe *Iſles* no more.
Obſerve, and well obſerve it; that, becauſe
You govern'd leſſe by *Law*, then by your *will*;
That, G O D, almoſt, depriv'd you of thoſe Lawes:
And, that, becauſe (your projects to fulfill,
Or, to promote your *carnall-Policies*)
Morality, and *Piety*, by you,
Were made but *ſtales*: the worlds *old-Hereſies*,
And *Heath'niſh-manners*, are ſprung up anew,
To interrupt, and marre the *publike-Peace*,
For your diſſembling, and unthankfulneſſe.
Remember, that, like *Iſrael*, you have ſpar'd
The *Canaanites*, that ſhould have been deſtroi'd:
That, like rebellious *Saul*, you had regard
To *Agag*, and forbidden ſpoiles enjoi'd.
Remember, how you ſtagger'd off, and on,
Betwixt the L O R D, and *Baal*, in ancient-time,
And, how farre, you, in later yeares, have gone
To repollute theſe *Iſlands*, by that crime.
Remember, that, like *Judah*, you have made
Confed'racies, with ſuch as are G O D's Foes;

Though

Though warnings, counſells, and commands you had
To ſhun their friendſhips, who the Truth oppoſe:
And, mindfull be, how you on them reli'd,
Whom *Egypt*, and whom *Aſſhur*, typifi'd.
Remember, that, you have, like *Solomon*,
(Though you had his example to beware)
Been careleſſe, thoſe *Alliances* to ſhun,
Which, both pernitious, and forbidden were.
For, all this Empire, guiltineſſe contracted,
As well, by heeding not, to have prevented
What, by your Kings, and Peeres of State, was acted,
As, in not having, yet, this ſin repented.
Repent, that, as in *Judah*, by her Kings,
You have, by halves, reform'd Religion too:
Call, therewithall, to mind, what fruit it brings,
The work of G O D, with negligence, to do.
And, humbled be, for ev'ry other ſin,
Whereof theſe Iſles have, jointly, guilty bin.
Let thoſe three Parties, which have made, this day,
Theſe *Iſlands* wretched, by their great Tranſgreſſions,
And, chas'd their *Glory*, and their *Peace*, away,
Make, jointly, and aſunder, their confeſſions:
For, all have much offended, ev'n the beſt
Are guiltie of enough, to have deſtroi'd
The temporall *well-being* they poſſeſt,
And, all their hopes of what may be enjoi'd.
Let luke-warme *Newters*, thoſe poore-ſpirited,
Degenerated *Britains*, without heart,
(Who, as ignobly, have demerited,
As thoſe, who perſecute the guiltleſſe part)
Repent, and change their temper, out of hand,
Leſt they be juſtly ſpu'd out of the land.
Let them, that are ſuppoſed beſt affected,
And, who, the beſt approved *Cauſe* befriended,
Examine, how their duties are neglected,
How falſe they are, in what they have pretended;
How

How faintly they the *publike-Guard* began ;
By what ill meanes, they their *Good-Cauſe* purſu'd ;
How little truſt in GOD, how much in *Man,*
(And in an outward aid) hath oft, been ſhew'd ;
How heedleſſe, of their *Covenant,* they grow ;
How many of them ſleight the *Vow* they took ;
How they inlarge, how they contract it, now ;
How wilfully, how frequently, 'tis broke ;
And, how the publike ſorrow they prolong,
By doing *Piety,* and *Iuſtice wrong.*
Let your *Malignant-partie* (or, of them,
So many as are, yet, not gone ſo farre,
That they all timely warnings muſt contemne)
Remember, of what crimes they guilty are.
Let them conſider that to have their will,
Or, that ambitious humours they may feed,
Or, that ſome other luſt they may fulfill,
How, they have made their Countrey ſmart and bleeed.
Let them conſider, that they have purſu'd
Their tyrannies, in theſe unhappie wars,
As if they meant a pattern to have ſhew'd,
Of *Rehoboam,* and his *Councellers* ;
Or, how King *Ahabs party* went to fight
At *Ramoth-Gilead,* as in GODS deſpight.
Let ENGLAND mourn apart, for all thoſe crimes,
Which do pollute her at this preſent day ;
And, thoſe committed in preceding times,
That GOD may take his heavie hand away.
Her fickleneſſe, in faith, and in attire ;
Her great abuſe of *plenties,* by exceſſe ;
Her perſecutions, both by ſword and fire,
Of thoſe who did the *holy faith* profeſſe.
Her wantonnizing with the meanes of *Grace,*
Her thankleſneſſe for that long *Peace* ſhe had,
Her ſleighting it when ſhe forewarned was
Of that great *breach,* which GOD on her hath made.
Yea,

Yea, all her other ſinnes let her lament:
Let her, all *Nationall-defaults* repent.
Let SCOTLAND mourn apart, and ſearch, wherfore
Her ſinnes upon her face, and on her back,
GOD, at this preſent, doth ſo deeply ſcore,
Now, when ſhe doth of ſin moſt conſcience make.
Let her examine, if ſhe hath no End
To ſeize on ſome advantage, for her *owne*;
While, her diſtreſſed *Siſter* to defend,
She, piouſly, a readineſſe hath ſhown.
If ſhe be guilty, of ſo baſe a thought,
Let her repent it, e're GOD ſearch it out:
If ſhe be cleare, *Truth* ſhall to light be brought;
And, they who of her faithfulneſſe, now, doubt,
Shall praiſe her Children; if they have a care,
Their *lying*, and their *bragging* to forbeare.
Let IRELAND mourn apart; and, not, alone,
For her late *Trecheries*, and for the guilt
Which her inhumane *Natives* brought upon
Their heads, for bloud of *Innocents* new-ſpilt;
But, alſo, for the ſinnes of all thoſe *Nations*,
Within her borders, who, for their oppreſſions
Were caſt out of their *ancient-habitations*;
And, lately, driven from their *new-poſſeſſions*.
Let her, that brutiſh *Ignorance* lament,
Wherewith, ſhe, many ages, was polluted;
That *Heath'niſh-Chriſtianity* repent,
Which, her blind *Children*, piety reputed;
And, her *Rebellions*, and *Idolatry*,
Let her bewaile, with true humility.
Let her obſerve, what her Tranſgreſſions be;
That She, unto the praiſe of GOD, may ſay;
In all his judgements truly juſt is he,
And, that, with *Mercies*, he did them allay.
For, if a ſtrict inquirie he had made,
For all the Bloud, th'Oppreſſion, and the Guile,

Of

Of which, he, Information might have had,
There had not one been living in that *Ile.*
Both *Scot*, and *Engliſh*, verie ſtudious were,
To plant themſelves upon her fruitfull plaines;
But, how, *Religion* might be planted there,
They tooke but verie little care, or paines.
To ſave the *Soule*, not many were employ'd,
And, therefore, many *Bodies*, were deſtroy'd.
Had her late *Planters*, as induſtrious bin,
Her *Natives*, with *Religion* to enrich,
As how to make themſelves great men, therein,
(Or, if their care had been but halfe ſo much)
Some hundred thouſands had, this day, poſſeſt
Their lives, and livelihoods; who, at their coſt,
For times to come, *Examples* have increaſt
Of *goodly-hopes*, through want of *Prudence*, loſt.
And, therefore, let them learne, who yet ſurvive,
Not to neglect CHRISTS Kingdome; if they would,
Their *Kingdome*, or their *Heritage* ſhould thrive;
Or, that, their *Hopes*, or *Labours* proſper ſhould.
Yea, if they ſeek on Earth a firme poſſeſſion,
Let them not build their houſes by oppreſſion.
For, not a few of her *Inhabitants*,
Both out of *England*, and from *Scotland* came,
Meane in eſteeme; oppreſt with many wants;
And, many of them, many wayes to blame;
Some, with projections, nor diſcreet, nor juſt;
Some, to defraud their Creditours, and Friends,
Of their eſtates; ſome, to enjoy their luſt,
And, other ſome, for other ſuch like ends,
Came over to that *Kingdome*, nor much knowne,
Nor much regarded; who, in little ſpace,
Were not alone exceeding wealthy growne,
But, made both *Earles*, and *Barons* of the Place:
And, they, who ſuddenly, aloft did clime,
Were pulled to the ground in ſhorter time,

They,

They, whoſe abundance, over-night was more,
Then they could value; e're the following day
Diſclos'd it ſelfe, were made exceeding poore;
And, glad from all their wealth, to run away:
Scarce leaſure had they (leſt they loſt their lives,
With their eſtates) to take, of all they had,
Enough, wherewith their children, and their wives,
Might clothed be, when their eſcapes they made.
The *loſſe*, the *frights*, the *bloud-ſhed*, and the *cries*,
Felt, ſuffered, ſeen, and heard, in thoſe *black-nights*,
Preſent O *Ireland*, ſtill, before thine eyes:
Stil,l let thy *children* keep them in their ſights.
That *Viſitation*, let them ſo bewaile,
Eſpecially, the ſins that cauſed it,
That, they, nor their poſterity, may faile
To mind the ſame; and, let them not forget
To *mourn apart*, for that ſad *deſolation*,
Nor to be thankfull, for their *Preſervation*.
Let every *Corporation*, *Town*, and *City*,
Within theſe *Iſlands* alſo *mourn apart*;
That, their Inhabitants may find more pity,
Then may be challenged, by due deſert.
Some, of them, have the benefit enjoy'd
Of GODS protections, both from fire, and ſword:
Some of them, have been touch'd, but not deſtroy'd,
For which, what can they leſſe then thanks afford?
Let them acknowledge his *preventing-Graces*,
Who, yet are ſafe; and, that, GOD pleas'd hath bin
To keep *Diſtroyers* from their *dwelling places*,
So oft, ſo much polluted, by their ſin:
And, let all thoſe whom he began to ſmite,
Be thankfull, that, they were not ruin'd quite.
For, great are thoſe oppreſſions, which, of late,
Have cri'd for vengeance, on ſome Governours,
Of *Myſteries*, and *Townes-incorporate*,
Who have abuſed both their *Truſt* and *Powers*.

Thoſe *Priviledges*, which to them were deign'd,
With chiefe reſpect unto the *Common-good*,
Are oft inſiſted on (yea, and maintain'd)
As if their *Granter* ſhould be underſtood,
To meane ſome favours to particular *Places*,
With damage to the *Publike*; which, makes void
His CHARTERS, *ipſo facto:* For, ſuch *Graces*
Are by their owne exceſſiveneſſe deſtroi'd,
If *Reaſon* may be Judge; which, heretofore,
The greateſt ſway, in humane Actions, bore.
Yet, you have *Cities*, *Townes*, and *Myſteries*,
Which do not only, by ſuch *Grants*, as theſe,
Oppreſſe the *Publike*, without Remedies;
And, injure *Strangers*, by their *Franchiſes:*
But, alſo by *miſ-uſage* of their *Grants*,
And, by their *Pow'r* do many times oppreſſe
The pooreſt of their owne Inhabitants;
Enſlaving them, by wrongs, without redreſſe,
For, of thoſe profits, which conferred were
(As well their needy members to ſuſtaine,
As, decently, that port and charge to beare,
Which, to thoſe Corporations do pertaine)
Moſt part is ſwallowed, by a private purſe;
Or, ſpent in Feaſtings, which is ſomewhat worſe.
And, when ſo bad a *Corporation* growes,
As to oppreſſe a *Stranger*, or their *owne*,
He, that their tyranny then, undergoes,
Is irrecoverably overthrowne,
For, to a *Body-politike* belongs
No *Soule:* And, if no *Soule*, what *Conſcience*, then?
And, if no *Conſcience*, how can it, of wrongs
Be ſenſible? when it had wronged men?
It doth conſiſt of many, and can raiſe
The larger *Bribe*; the ſooner find a friend;
Or, ſearch out, by what perſons, or what wayes,
It may (him whom it proſecutes) offend:

And,

And, which is worſt (when other enemies,
Time, ſlaies;) This, is a Foe that never dies.
Let, therefore, all your *Bodies-Politike*
Lament their ſins apart, leſt G O D deſtroy
Thoſe *Priviledges*, which, without deſert,
And, to the wrong of others, they enjoy.
Among the reſt, let ev'rie *Academ*,
Lament apart, till they, are purged from
Their great corruptions, leſt, from out of them,
Your bane, as from a poiſon'd Fountaine come:
For, their pollutions one maine cauſe have bin,
Of all your preſent miſchiefes: yea, from thence
Proceeded not alone much of that ſin,
Which hath defil'd theſe *Iſles*; But, that offence,
And, thoſe diviſions, alſo, which of late,
Have almoſt ruined both Church, and State.
For, there, through want of prudent *Government*;
Good principles, and pious education,
Your youth, which were, for knowledge, thither ſent,
Loſt civill manners, wit, and reputation.
Thence was it, that your Clergie-men became
Such Roarers, and ſuch Toſſe-pots, as they were.
Their *Life*, and *Doctrine*, growne ſo much to blame,
Was firſt corrupted, and perverted there.
There, they were taught to fawne, and flatter, well,
For their preferment; and, how to become
Fit Prieſts for *Ahab*, *Baal*, and *Jezabel:*
Or, Pimps, and Panders, for the Whore of *Rome.*
G O D grant, that for their ſins, they ſo may mourne,
That, they to GOD; and, GOD, to them may turne.
Let your Aſſembly of Divines, apart,
Repent and mourne; themſelves, examining,
What aimes, what hopes, what purpoſes, what heart,
And, what deſires, they to their meetings, bring.
Let them conſider, whether, none advances
Traditions of their owne, to be received,

And to be practis'd, as Gods *Ordinances*;
Which are, in truth, not ſuch to be believed.
Let them examine, whether they do carrie
A due reſpect to *Chriſtian-Liberty*,
If they inforce thoſe things, as neceſſary,
Of which there is no true neceſſity;
And, whether, they have not removed hence,
What, might have edifi'd, without offence.
Let it be heeded whether they have care,
As CHRIST himſelfe, and, his *Apoſtles* had,
What things the people, and the times, can beare,
E're they impoſe them; leſt, they make them mad,
Inſtead of right reforming. Let them trie,
Their *ſpirits* well, and ſearch, if there be none
Who dare pretend divine Authority
For that, which GOD commands, not to be done.
Let ſearch be made, if any *Diſcipline*
Hath been projected, for a private end,
Or, to advance a politike Deſigne,
Which needleſly, weak Chriſtians might offend;
Or, which may cauſleſſe jealouſies increaſe,
Inlarge your troubles, or deferre your *Peace.*
Let all their *Brethren of the Clergie*, too,
In every Faction, ſeriouſly repent,
And mourn apart; This, let them chiefly do,
Who look'd one way, while they another went.
Let them conſider, whether they pretend not
Great diligence, and zeale, to bring to paſſe
That juſt, and pious work, which they intend not
So much, as that, which therewith cover'd was;
Let them examine, alſo, if the while
They cozen others, others will not ſeek,
With falſhoods, their Deceivers to beguile,
And, to requite their practice, with the like,
Till all theſe *Kingdoms*, and theſe *Churches*, rue
The pathes and vanities, which they purſue.

For,

For, as they had deſignes upon the *State*,
Their aimes to further; ſo have others had
Deſignes on them, whereby they have, of late,
To wicked purpoſes, advantage made.
Some, to the *Preſbyterian-ſide* adhere,
Some to your *Independents:* But, with thoſe,
Who, buſieſt, in partaking, do appeare,
Another *Faction*, ſecretly, doth cloſe,
Which parts it ſelfe among them, and, thereby,
Spies out the ſtrength, and weakneſſes of either;
Foments their quarrellings, and, doth comply,
As friend to one ſide, yet, is true to neither;
But, covertly, by means of thoſe two *Factions*,
Increaſeth publike dangers, and diſtractions.
Theſe, by this craft, have made the zeale of thoſe,
On either ſide, whoſe purpoſes are good,
The Kingdomes peace, unheeded, to oppoſe,
With ſuch, as, openly, the ſame withſtood.
So that, if *Envie*, *Avarice*, and *Pride*,
Whence ſprung that *Aconite*, that *Clergie-bane*,
Which hath your *Clergie*, lately, giddifi'd,
Shall not, by penitence, away be tane,
Your quarrells will perpetuated be;
And, neither *Church*, nor *State*, nor *Corporation*,
Nor *Families*, be from diviſions free.
Now, therefore, in a true humiliation,
Let ev'ry one of them, prepare his heart,
For his tranſgreſſions, to lament apart.
Your *Militarie-Men*, apart, muſt mourne,
Aſwell as theſe. And, therefore, that, they may,
With true compunction, from their wayes returne;
Let them, to heart, their many failings lay.
Let your *Commanders* mourne, for all thoſe harmes,
Which have been ſuffred, under their Commands,
By their neglecting of that *Law of Armes*,
Whereon, the honour of a Souldier ſtands.

Let them bewaile the plunders, rapes, and murthers,
The Breaches of Lawes-morall, and Divine,
The violences, riots, and diſorders
Committed through default of Diſcipline:
And, for their Avarice, and their Ambition,
Whereby, they do prolong your ſad condition.
Let them not thinke, that none ſo worthie are
To be advis'd withall, (or of eſteeme)
For *Souldiery*, as they that boaſt, and ſweare,
Or arrogate to be, what they, but ſeem.
Let them not think, they better may confide
In *Officers*, who have not ſo much braine
To keep their legs from ſtaggering aſide,
Then in a *Souldier* of a ſober-ſtraine.
Or, that this *War* had e're the worſe went on,
Had all been countenanc'd in their *Command*,
Who, for the worke-ſake, ventur'd thereupon;
And did, aſwell as others, underſtand
The *moderne-Diſcipline*, and, therewith, too,
Knew what the *Greeks*, and *Romans* uſe to do.
Let them repent their treacherous complying
With your profeſſed foes; their favour-ſhowing
To men ſuſpected; and their grace-denying,
Where better truſt, and more reſpect was owing.
Let them be ſorrie, that the faithfulneſſe,
Or, at the leaſt, the prudence, which they wanted,
Made publike charge, and dangers to increaſe
By Paſſes, and Protections, lightly granted.
And, let their hearts of adamant, and ſteel,
Be prick'd with ſuch remorſe, and penitence,
That, in themſelves, a loathing they may feel
Of their inhumane ſpoiles, and inſolence
Committed in that Countrey, which hath bred them;
And, on their friends, who payed, arm'd, & fed them.
Moreover, let the *Gentrie* of the land
Bewaile their many vanities, apart;

The

The duties of their calling underſtand,
And lay their many failings more to heart.
For, moſt have liv'd, as if to idleneſſe,
And to debaucherie they had been borne,
And large eſtates, for nothing, did poſſeſſe,
But, for ſupplies of luſt, to ſerve their turn.
A die, a cocke, a hound, hawke, horſe, or whore,
Were chiefeſt objects of their contemplation:
Their ſinnes alone, are, though you had no more,
Enough to bring a Land to deſolation:
And, they have been chiefe cauſe, and inſtruments
Of all theſe Plagues, for which this *Realme* laments.
But, much will want of perfecting a peace,
Vntill your *Men of Law* perſwaded be
To mourn apart. For, they will re-increaſe
Your quarrells, elſe, aſſoon as you agree.
By their formalities, and ſlow proceeding,
Your remedie, for injuries is made
A miſchiefe, the diſeaſe, oft times, exceeding:
And, if ſome eye, unto them, be not had,
So many places in your *Parliament*
They will ſupply, and fill ſo many *Chaires*
In your *Committees*; that, much derriment
Vnto the Subject; and ſome cloſe impaires
Of publike freedomes, (e're you be aware)
Which ſlip upon you, if you have not care.
They have, already, made the common way
Of Trialls, very greatly, to inlarge
Your troubles, by impertinent delay,
And circumſtances, to the ſuiters charge.
So ſtrong a party they have alwaies had,
That your *Great-Charter*, which doth interdict
Delay of *Juſtice*, was, in that point, made
(E're ſince the grant) a *Law* without effect.
But when their *Courts*, and practiſes have reach'd
Oppreſſions height; They, as the *Clergie* were,

Shall downe, into another Orb, be fetch'd,
And taught to keep a conſtant motion there.
This *Work*, upon ſome *Courts*, hath been begun;
Another time, it ſhall be fully done.
Let ev'rie *Oiconomick-Government*,
And ev'rie ſingle perſon, through the Nation,
In ev'rie *Family*, apart lament,
And take his wayes into examination.
For, all *Eſtates* and *Common-weals*, that be,
Conſiſt of theſe: And, whenſoe're you ſhall
Thoſe *Pettie-Governments* reformed ſee,
You, then, are in the way, of mending all.
If ev'rie *Houſhold-Prince*, and *Officer*,
Within his Juriſdiction, would but pleaſe,
To make compleat a Reformation, there,
The *Work-deſired*, ſhould be done with eaſe.
Let each one, therefore, take the ſame in hand,
In all relations, wherein he may ſtand.
Let ev'rie *Maſter*, prudently direct;
And, ev'rie *Servant*, faithfully obey:
Let ev'rie *Huſband*, husband-like affect,
And, ev'rie *Wife*, a wife-like love repay.
Let *Parents*, parent-like, their hearts enlarge,
Their filiall duties, let the *Children* do;
Let, ſingly, all of theſe their parts diſcharge,
Both to the *Family*, and *Strangers*, too.
Yea, let each perſon, individually,
Now, take himſelfe, apart, and, all alone,
His heart examine, what Impietie,
By him, hath been occaſioned, or done,
Whereby your *Peace* was broke; and, then aſſay,
To help renew it, by what means he may.
But, chiefly, let the *Royall-Family*
Admit this Diſcipline, that others may
Receive encouragement, and light, thereby,
To find a *Penitentiarie-way*.

Oh!

Oh! let the *King*, if ever he expect,
To ſee the Citie of his Throne, in peace,
Go mourne apart; and, let his thoughts reflect
Vpon his folly, and unrighteouſneſſe.
Let him like *David*, (and not *Ahab*-like)
Take meekly thoſe reproofs, that GOD ſhall ſend,
And, let them on his heart ſo kindly ſtrike,
That, he enraged grow not, but amend.
With that great Patterne, of true *Penitence*.
When he, like ſheep, beholds his people ſlaine;
Let him not look, too much, on their offence,
But, rather, let him of his own complaine:
That, they may do the like; and, GOD perceiving
True penitence, quit both, by free forgiving.
Let not the *Jezabel* of *Rome* delude him,
With her black witch-crafts, and her fornications,
Leſt, out of all his Kingdomes ſhe extrude him,
And, make him curſed, thtough all generations;
For, of all *Kings on earth*, who now ſhall drink
The cup of her deluſions; if in vaine
His warnings prove, the deepeſt he ſhall ſink,
Into that Lake, whence none can riſe againe.
Becauſe, he hath not only had a ſight
(Beyond them all) of her ſeducing waies;
But, alſo, hath acknowledged that Light,
And, wilfully, himſelfe to her betraies:
Yea, and to make his ſin, and ſhame the more,
Betraies the bloud of others, to the *Whore*.
Yet, that he may have all the meanes to fetch him
Back from perdition (if he be not gone
So far, by wilfulneſſe, that none can reach him)
Let him be perſonally call'd upon,
To look unto his waies. And, ſince you know,
His *Flatterers*, preſent him their falſe glaſſe,
Himſelfe, thereby, unto himſelf, to ſhow,
And make him ſeeme the man he never was;

Help

Help thou to undeceive him ; leſt he may,
With his three earthly Kingdomes (now halfe loſt)
Fool deſp'rately, a heav'nly Crown away ;
And, think, he ſhall redeem it, at the coſt
Of trimming up the Weſtern end of PAVLS,
By Fines, extracted from afflicted Soules.
Firſt, bid him call to mind (with mourning for them)
The ſins which did his *Fathers-houſe* pollute ;
And, in his heart, ſo ſeriouſly, abhor them,
That, it may bring forth penitentiall fruit.
The bloud of *War* that hath in *Peace* been ſhed ;
The manifold uncleanneſſes therein ;
The ſuperſtitions, thereby, cheriſhed ;
Offences known, and thoſe that hid have bin:
The proſecution of the royall-bloud
In *Arabella* ; (guilty of no crime,
Except it were offenſive, to be good,
And, to have had her being, in his time.)
The matchleſſe prophanation of a Day
For *Gowries* death : his many great oppreſſions ;
The fooling of the Kingdomes wealth away,
And Subjects lives, by cheating Expeditions :
With whatſoe're offences, of this kind,
He ſhall, upon a ſtrict enquirie, find.
Wiſh him, with like affections, to recall
The ſlips of his own Reigne, and of his life ;
The miſchiefs, which to Him, and you, befall,
In hunting for a ſuperſtitious *Wife:*
His making of *Nobility* a ſcorne,
By dignifying men of *baſe-condition* ;
By chooſing Counſellours, to ſerve his turne,
In ſetling things, unworthy his fruition.
By ſuffring of his royall Proclamations
To be abuſed to injurious ends ;
By making ſhowes of verball Reformations,
For publike good, when rapine he intends.

By

By faining fears, when cauſe of feare, none give him ;
And, by proteſting, untill few believe him.
Let Him conſider, that, all thoſe, for whom
Againſt two Kingdoms, he, in Armes, appears,
And, whoſe Protector He is now become,
Are men, whom nothing, but their ſin, endears.
Let Him conſider, what a ſea of bloud,
In his three Kingdomes, hath, of late, been ſpilt,
For thoſe, who ſhare among them all his good,
And, make him culpable of all their guilt.
Let him conſider, that, what, now, he ſtrives,
And fights for, is, but, power to be undone ;
Or, that he may, by his Prerogatives,
Without controule, unto the Devill run :
For, unto him, that power, or that ſupply
Which may be for his good, none ſhall deny.
Let him remember, what the *German-horſe*
Should have been ſent for : Let him call to minde
Diſtreſſed *Rochel* : And, that, which will worſe
Afflict him, when his feeling he ſhall finde,
Poore gaſping *Ireland* ; whoſe wide-gaping wound
Calls out for vengeance, and, his honour taints
With deep-di'd ſtaines. His flat'rers feigne a ſound
From *Straffords* bloud, and other ſuch *black-Saints* ;
But, that Illuſion will not keep him long
From hearing *Ireland :* For, two Kingdomes more
Have ſent in bloud, to make a *triple-Song* ;
Which, will, ſo dreadfully, ſo loudly roare,
That, he ſhall heare (unleſſe repent he do)
Ere long ; and heare it, with a vengeance, too.
Let him repent, his having, long, attempted
His loving-people, to inſlave, and grieve :
For, he from vengeance will not be exempted,
By pleading an uſurp'd *Prerogative.*
Let him repent, the cov'ring his intents
With Proteſtations, and religious ſhowes :

Since,

Since, theſe are made ſuch thred-bare complements,
That, ev'ry one, almoſt, their meaning knowes:
Nor let him longer foole himſelfe, to think,
The World perceives not, what his projects be:
For, he is blinde, or, wilfully, doth wink,
Who cannot, at a hundred loop-holes ſee,
That, many yeares, before this war begun,
He purpoſed the courſe, he, now, doth run.
Then, that he may, without deſpairing, heare,
Let him, with penitence, before it comes,
To all thoſe wholſome Counſels lend an eare,
Which, timely, may prevent enſuing doomes.
To mollifie his heart, let him preſent
Before his underſtanding, and his eye,
How ſpoiled, and how miſerably rent
His three late-happy-Kingdomes, now, do lie.
Let him give eare unto thoſe juſt complaints
Which his diſtreſſed Subjects have prefer'd;
Let him regard the ſuffrings of the *Saints*;
Let living-moanes, or, dying-groanes, be heard:
The Widdowes prayer, and, the Orphans cries,
Leſt, GOD, to hear him, in diſtreſſe, denies.
Let him remember, that, they, who complain,
And, of whoſe Townes, he, now, doth aſhes make,
Are thoſe, who, for his ſafe return from *Spaine*,
Made joyfull-Feaſts, and Bonfires, for his ſake.
Let him conſider, that, theſe are the Nations,
(Ev'n theſe, whom, now, he tramples under-feet,)
Who him received with glad acclamations,
And him did, oft, with love-expreſſions, meet.
Let him conſider, that, they, who enjoy
His preſence, now, are thoſe that prey upon him;
Ev'n ſome of thoſe, who lab'red to deſtroy
His Fathers houſe; and, thoſe that have undone him,
Both in his reputation, and, eſtate;
And, merit not his favour, but his hate.

Let

Let him take notice, that, by his digreſſion
From prudent Counſells, his moſt cruell Foes
Have ſo impriſon'd him in their poſſeſſion,
That, of himſelfe, he cannot, now, diſpoſe.
And, ſince, all *Europe* knowes it, let him know,
That, though they flatter, and, upon him fawne,
He, deſpicable, in their eyes, doth grow;
And, is, by them, eſteem'd but as a pawne.
Yea, let him alſo know, that, he hath got
So little credit, upon either ſide,
That, as the Parliament, now, truſts him not,
So, but few other much in him confide.
Nor will his loſt repute, to him return,
Till, for his errours, he ſhall truly mourn.
Let him conſider, that, whereas he ſought
To multiplie wild-beaſts, within his land,
That, G O D, in juſtice, now, the ſame hath brought
Almoſt into a Deſart, to his hand.
To nouriſh *Beaſts*, his *Huntſmen* took away
His peoples birth-right: And, behold, now, he
Is, therefore, hunted, like thoſe Beaſts of Prey,
By which, the neighb'ring towns moleſted be.
When he was in his artificiall-heav'n,
Which flatring *Poets*, and his *Painters* made,
Let him re-minde, what Attributes were given;
With what high Epithetes, they made him glad;
What joy, in vanities, he, then, did take;
And, what a G O D of him, his Prieſts did make.
Let him take notice, that, there was a doubt,
His *Father* came not, fairly, to his end;
And, that, when meanes was made to ſearch it out,
And, Witneſſes commanded to attend,
The Parliament, abruptly, up was broken;
And, no proceeding, afterward, therein.
Let him conſider, what this may betoken,
What jealouſies, it, juſtly, might let in.

If

If any were ſuſpected, without cauſe,
Their Innocence, by triall, had been clear'd:
If juſtly tax'd; why had not, then, the Lawes
Their courſe? why was not that accuſer heard?
Cleare, or not cleare, ſomebody was to blame,
That, ſuch an accuſation quaſht became.
Nay, theſe three *Kingdomes* did neglect, in this,
A dutie, which they, queſtionleſſe, did owe:
And, partly, for that negligence it is,
That, GOD, for bloud, doth make enquirie, now.
For, of each *Subject* of the mean'ſt reſpect,
Ev'n of the Beggar, by the high-way ſide,
The King hath an accompt, upon ſuſpect,
That, by the hand of violence he di'd.
And, ſhould a *King*, that, living, had protected
So many millions, dying, ſo be ſleighted,
That, when he to be murther'd was ſuſpected,
Not one ſhould be examin'd or indited?
Believe it, this Neglect is, now, rewarded:
For, thouſands die, and periſh, unregarded.
In all three Kingdoms, was there never a one
To ſecond, the Phyſitians, *Egleſham*
And *Ramſey?* had he not a powerfull *Son?*
And his Beloved ſervant, *Buckingham?*
Were there not ſome about him, who then had
No hopes, but thoſe which on his life were laid:
Had he not Lords, and Earles enough, then, made,
Who, by this dutie, might have partly paid
For his reſpects? Could none of all thoſe things
Call'd *Biſhops*, upon whom in life he doted;
Whom he eſteem'd the Angell-guard of Kings,
Whom he, out of the dung-hill, had promoted,
To ſit with *Princes?* could of all theſe, none
Repute him worth regard, when he was gone?
Let him remember, and conſider well,
What judgements, have, on that neglect, enſu'd;

How

How ſuddenly, the *Duke*, ſoon after, fell;
What direfull vengeance hath this Land purſu'd
Ev'n to this day: and know, there is a GOD,
Who (though Kings do neglect it, or, aſſay
To hide it) will be ſearching after bloud;
And, all concealed miſchiefs open lay.
This, let him do; leſt, he, that might have worn
The glorious'ſt Chriſtian Wreath, ere long, become
To be abroad, a laughing-ſtock, and ſcorn,
And, paſt regaining honour, here, at home.
For, yet, he may return; and, if he do,
He ſhall recover all his Honour, too.
There is a way (if he will ſeek to finde it)
To greateſt *Honours*, thorow this *Diſgrace:*
There is a meanes (if he will, truly, minde it)
By which, this wonder may be brought to paſſe.
To no worſe end, this VOICE doth, now, diſcover
His failings, but, to drive him to this courſe.
To no worſe purpoſe is he, thus blackt over,
But, that, he might not be defiled worſe.
And, this VOICE propheſies, that, if he ſhall
With upright-heartedneſſe, purſue that Path,
He ſhall not onely be reſtor'd to all
His honours loſt, and be redeem'd from wrath,
But, alſo, farre more honourable grow,
Then all the Kings of *Europe*, raigning now.
Belief works greater wonders; let him, then,
Believe it may be, and, it ſhall be done.
He hath, too much, believed many men,
Whoſe *Word* was leſſe to be reli'd upon.
The precious'ſt Pearles lie deepeſt in the Seas,
The richeſt ſtones from hardeſt rocks are hew'd,
The darkeſt mornings have prov'd glorious dayes,
Great mercies to great Sinners, have been ſhew'd.
When, to repentance, GOD was pleas'd to call
Manaſſeh, few were better Kings then he:

When

When he converted perſecuting *Saul,*
A glorious change, in him, the *Church* did ſee;
And, ſo there may be, now: For, who can tell,
But, that, to make you riſe, your *Sov'raigne* fell?
If he ſuppoſe, that, he may find evaſions
From any thing, againſt him, here, expreſt;
Yet, of offences, ſince he gave occaſions,
Let him not, in his own uprightneſſe, reſt:
But, ſince GOD, both with *Scandalls,* and the *Sword,*
Purſues him at the heeles, let him repent.
Let him indeavour, in a true accord,
To meet him in his lawfull *Parliament:*
For, if, with humbleneſſe, he can ſubmit
To GOD's corrections, he will, ſoon, forgive him:
He hath another bleſſing, for him, yet;
He, unto favour, will, again receive him:
And, when his *Sov'raigne* ſhall, thus highly grace him,
With their old love, his Subjects ſhall imbrace him.
But, ere this reconcilement can be had,
His *Parliament,* reform'd muſt, alſo, be;
And, their Attonement, muſt, with GOD be made:
For, him they have provok'd, as well as he.
And, though the better *Cauſe* their partie hath,
And, proſecutes it, ſtoutly, now and then,
Their failings, alſo, have deſerved wrath;
And, many of them, are no better men.
The greateſt Counſells, in the world, may erre
In Judgment, and in Fact: For, they conſiſt
Of many men, among whom, ſome there are,
Who do not what they ſhould, but, what they liſt.
And, ſuch, have, in your choice Aſſemblies, bin
Occaſions of much errour, and, much ſin.
Then, let the *Bodies-Repreſentative*
Of theſe three Kingdomes; but eſpecially,
Thy *Parliament,* O ENGLAND, now, receive
This ſummons to a true humility.

Let

Let ev'rie Individuall Member, there,
Lament apart. Let him, both as a *Man*,
And, as he qualified, doth appeare,
For publike ſervice, do the beſt he can,
To purge out, by an humble penitence,
What guilt ſoever, he, by wilfulneſſe,
Or weakneſſe, hath incurred, ever ſince
A place in that *High-Court*, he did poſſeſſe:
And, let him not diſdaine, who ere he be,
To take this counſell, though it come by thee.
Remember him, if he be of the *Peers*,
The dutie of his *Peerage:* For, betweene
The *Sov'raigne-Perſon*, and the *Commoners*,
He ſtandeth, as an Honourable *Meane*,
The *Body-Politike*, to temper ſo,
That, ev'rie Part, and Member, of the ſame,
May, to that due, and faire proportion grow,
Which will be moſt convenient for the ſame.
For, while they keep their *Station*; and ſo long,
As, in the *Three-Eſtates*, there is retain'd
A comely Symetrie; there can no wrong,
By either, from the other, be ſuſtain'd:
Nor, can all humane policie invent,
A nobler, or a ſafer Government.
But, if thoſe *Parts* encroach upon each other,
Or, act to other purpoſes, than thoſe,
For which they were ordain'd, they'll fall together,
Into that Chaos, from which firſt they roſe.
If therefore any *Peere*, through ſome diſtruſt
Of others, or corruption of his owne,
Hath any way been failing, in that Truſt,
Which GOD, by birth-right, hath on him beſtowne;
Or, if for his advantage, he hath ſought,
To gaine a pow'r, or priviledge, whereby
A dammage, on the Publike, may be brought;
Let him repent him, of that injurie;

Leſt elſe GODS *juſtice*, and the *Peoples* wrath,
Teare from him, that poore honour which he hath.
Bid them not think, that their Immunities,
And their large Priviledges granted were,
That, they the common people might deſpiſe;
And, wrong that pow'r, with which they truſted are.
Bid them take heed, they do not ſo comply,
To help enlarge an *uncontrolled Pow'r*,
That, they at laſt, enable *Tyranny*,
The *Lords*, as well as *Commons*, to devour.
For, by that meanes, they ſhall not only bring
The *Commons* into bondage; But, make way
For him, that is a *tyrannizing-King*,
Their honours, alſo, in the duſt to lay;
And, to advance thoſe *Vndeſerving-Groomes*,
That, ſhall out-brave them, and poſſeſſe their roomes.
Is't not enough, that ſome of them, of late,
Were lifted to their *Station*, from among
The *Commons*, for their falſhood to the *State*?
And doing *Innocence*, and *Vertue* wrong?
For, ſome of them, at this day, had not won
The honour of a *Lordſhip*, had they not,
With ſtoutneſſe, for the *Common-wealth*, begun;
And, by betraying it, their *Titles* got.
Is't not enough, that, by ſuch meanes as theſe,
They have attained to that high degree,
Thoſe Freedomes, and thoſe Princely Priviledges,
Which due unto the nobleſt Virtues be;
Vnleſſe, now they are up, it ſeemeth meet,
To let them tread the *Kingdome*, under feet?
Is't not ſufficient, that nigh fortie yeeres,
Moſt Honours, proſtituted did become
To ſale? and, that ſo many of your *Peeres*
Have raiſed been, out of the verie ſcum
Of all mankind? Can they not be content,
With what they have acquir'd, to go away?

While

While they are wink'd at, cannot they repent?
That, what they have, they may, in peace, enjoy?
But, will they, ſtill, endeavour to oppreſſe,
And, to encroach upon the publike right?
Vntill the People, ſtirr'd with furiouſneſſe,
Deprive them of their *May-game-Honours* quite?
Let them, with wiſdome, rather be content,
To ſave what they have gotten, and repent.
For thoſe exorbitancies, let them mourn,
Whereby they have irregularly mov'd.
Let them, with meekneſſe, now, to GOD return,
And not be mad, becauſe they are reprov'd:
Leſt, if this VOICE diſpleaſe them, they enforce,
E're long, the ſending of a *Meſſenger*,
Which will afflict them, and enrage them worſe,
Than he, whom at this preſent, they ſhall heare.
Let them, their *Perſons*, and their *Families*,
Hereafter, with that vertuouſneſſe ennoble,
Which getteth favour in good peoples eies;
And, ſpite of envie, makes their honours double:
So, they a *reall-Honour* will poſſeſſe;
And, none ſhall thrive, who ſeeks to make it leſſe.
Let ev'rie Member of the *Commons-Houſe*,
For his Tranſgreſſions, alſo, mourne apart.
Let him, in ſecret, by himſelfe, peruſe
The thoughts, and inclinations of his heart.
Let him examine, how he firſt came in,
To be of that *Great-Councell:* whether he
Was not begotten, and conceiv'd in ſin,
A *Member* of this *Parlament* to be.
And, if it hath been ſo; then, all alone,
Let him that *Crime-Originall* repent;
And, all that he hath actually miſ-done,
Since he hath ſitten in this Parlament:
For, till theſe be repented, all the fruit
Of his endeavours, will be like the *Root*.

As, he were verie fooliſh, who ſuppoſes,
Were he but Brambles, or but Nettles planted,
To gather Tulips, Violets, and Roſes;
So, out of queſtion, they no folly wanted,
Who could conceive, that *Burgeſſe*, or, that *Knight*,
Whom, firſt, *corruption* choſe (and who ſtill dotes
On that which gave him power) can be right,
To *Pietie*, or *Juſtice*, in his Votes.
Let him ſearch, whether that ſtrict *Oath* he took,
At his *Admittance*, and the V O W, ſince made,
Hath not been either negligently broke,
Or, wilfully, ſome violation had:
And, if he find it ſo, let him condole
His failings, with repentance, and be whole.
If he hath more purſued his owne ends,
Than publike ſervices: If he hath ſtriven
For feare, for gaine, or for reſpect of Friends,
That, an injurious *cenſure* ſhould be given:
If he hath found himſelfe, ſince his *Election*,
Puft up with that intollerable pride,
Or, that opinion of his owne perfection,
Which is in ſome of them, with ſcorne, eſpi'd:
If he hath, by his Pow'r, or by his Place,
Occaſion took, on abſent men, to throw
Aſperſions undeſerv'd, to their diſgrace;
Or, damage, e're themſelves they wrong'd could know;
Let him be ſorrie for his impudence,
And, ſeek to make amends, for that offence.
If he hath injur'd any, by delay;
Or, by unfit advantages, or times,
Procured *Votes*, a ſurreptitious way;
Or juſtified ſinners in their crimes:
If he hath croſſed Vertues due reward,
By plotting, packing, ſiding, or partaking;
By hiding that, which ought to be declar'd,
By cowardly, an honeſt Cauſe, forſaking:

If

If, he hath under blame, or cenſure, brought
Thoſe innocents, who, meerly, out of zeale
Vnto the Publike, have, ſincerely, ſought
His folly, or his falſhood, to reveale ;
And knew it true, (although their proofes did faile ;)
Let him, his cruelty, in that, bewaile.
And, let your *Parliament* take ſpeciall care
Of this abuſe ; leſt, els, a ground be lai'd,
Whereon, their cunning foes may engines reare,
Whereby, they may be wrong'd, if not betrai'd.
For, though in juſtice they ſhould vindicate
The honour of their Members, whenſoever
Raſh levitie, malignancie, or hate,
To injure or aſperſe them, ſhall endeavour ;
Yet, when good *probabilities*, induce
The well-affected, to miſtruſt, or feare,
Some publike dammage, danger, or abuſe,
By that, which they ſhall either ſee, or heare,
By any *Member*, either done, or ſaid ;
Why ſhould it not, unto his charge be laid ?
If, where, it ought, a ſecret be reveal'd ;
If, for the *publike*, without private ſpleen ;
If, paſt due time, it hath not been conceal'd ;
If, probabilitie thereof hath been ;
If, he that ſpeaks it, be no way defam'd,
And, of concernment if the ſame appears,
Why ſhould the ſpeaker, be reprov'd or blam'd,
For thus diſcloſing, what he thinks, or hears ?
If it be falſe, th'accuſed, need not feare it ;
For, if he be not otherwaies ſuſpected,
None, without proof, unto his wrong, will heare it.
And, if he blameleſſe be, and well affected,
The zeal of his accuſer, hee'l commend ;
And, count him his, becauſe, the *Kingdoms* friend.
Your *Senators*, their priviledges have,
Not for their own, but for the *publike* ſake ;

And, they abuſe the truſt their *Countrey* gave,
Who, any further uſe, of them ſhall make.
And, who can judge it reaſonable, then,
To make the people more afraid to wrong
The priviledges, of your Single-men,
Then thoſe, which to the Commonwealth belong?
Were it not fitter, to adventure on
Diſhonouring a *Commoner*, or *Peer*,
Then ſuffer all of them to be undone,
Through want of ſpeaking that which you ſhall hear?
Let them, who *Freedoms-perſonall* would cheriſh,
To publike dammage; with their freedoms, periſh.
This way, the *Royalliſts* did firſt begin
To ſcrew up their *Prerogative*, to that,
Which, made it more indulgent to have bin,
To ſerve their turnes, then to ſecure the *State*.
And, if there be not ſtill a prudent care
That, *Priviledges* claſh not; and, that they
Which are ſubordinate, may not appeare
In force, untill their Betters, give them way;
Deſtruction will ſucceed. Let, therefore, ſo
Each *Member*, on his Priviledge inſiſt.
That, both by claime and practice, he may ſhow,
They are not to be uſed, as men liſt;
Or, turned into *Bug-bears*, to affright
The *Common-wealth*, from claiming of her right.
Let, therefore, care be took, and, quickly too,
That, her due rights the *Common-wealth* enjoy;
That, private men their duties better do;
And, that, *diviſions* do not all deſtroy.
Let not thoſe fooliſh Toyes, who do beſot
Themſelves, with arrogance, preſume to prate,
As if a Parliament had them begot,
To be the heires-apparent to the State.
Permit you not *Religious-Melancholy*,
Phlegmatick-Av'rice, or, *Zeale-Cholerick*,

Nor

Nor an exceſſiveneſſe of *Sanguime-Folly*,
To make both *Church* and *State* grow deadly ſick,
Nay, rather mad; and, in their mad diſtractions,
To teare themſelves, into a thouſand fractions.
Let not your *King* and *Parliament*, in *One*,
Much leſſe apart, miſtake themſelves, for that,
Which is moſt worthy to be thought upon:
Or, think, they are eſſentially, the STATE;
Let them not fancie, that, th'Authority
And Priviledges upon them beſtown,
Conferred, to ſet up a *Majeſty*,
A *Power*, or a *Glory*, of their own.
But, let them know, 'twas for another thing,
Which they but *repreſent*; and, which, ere long,
Them, to a ſtrict account, will, doubtleſſe, bring,
If any way, they do it wilfull wrong:
For, that, indeed, is, really, the *Face*,
Whereof, they are the *ſhadow*, in the glaſſe.
Moreover, thus informe them, that, if either,
They, ſtill, divided, grow from bad, to worſe;
Or, (without penitence unite together)
And, by their ſin, provoke him to that courſe;
GOD, out of their confuſions, can, and will
Create a cure; and, raiſe a *lawfull-power*,
His promiſe to his people to fulfill;
And, his, and their Oppoſers, to devour.
Yea, bid both *King*, and *Parliament*, make haſt,
In penitence, united, to appeare:
Leſt, into thoſe Confuſions, they be caſt,
Which will affright them both; and, make them feare,
And, know, there is, on earth, a *greater-thing*,
Then, an unrighteous *Parliament*, or *King*.
More might be ſaid; but, that which is behinde,
Requires another ſeaſon: Thou, therefore,
Another opportunity muſt finde,
If, thou deſir'ſt to be informed more.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, thou haſt, already, more expreſt,
Then many will approve, if thou reveale it:
Yet, if thou look for any *temp'rall-reſt*;
Let hopes, nor fears, compell thee to conceal it.
Thy *Scorners*, in deriſion, lately, ſaid,
Thou art a *Prophet*; but, when all is told
Which is behind, their pride will be afraid,
That, ſome enſuing things, thou didſt behold;
And, that, what e're thou art, thou haſt declar'd
Thoſe *Councells*, whereof notice ſhould be took;
Thoſe *warnings*, which are worthy of regard;
And, like a *true-man*, and a *free-man* ſpoke.
Let it be therefore, ſpoken, without fear:
And, *Let him, that hath eares to hear it, hear.*
The VOICE *here, left to ſpeake*; *and, here, will I*
For this time, leave to write; *and, ſit, and mourn*
For Britains, *and mine own iniquity,*
Vntill, that VOICE, *with perfect* Peace, *return.*
O GOD! returne it, quickly; *and, let not*
This portion of it, be divulg'd in vain;
Or, ſo deſpiſed be, or ſo forgot,
That, Words of Peace, *we never heare again.*
Speak Peace, *how ever, to thy* Servants *heart*;
Speak to his Soul, *in grace and mercy, LORD!*
That, from thy wayes, *he never may depart*;
Or, diſ-obedient be unto thy Word.
Forgive him, all the vanities, *that lurke*
Within his heart; *All* deeds, *by him, miſdone,*
And every word, *and* thought, *whereby this* worke
Defil'd hath been, ſince, firſt, it was begun.
Of outward-mercies, *and, of ſome more* eaſe
From his afflictions, *too, he ſhould be glad:*
But, ſince ther's as much bane, as bliſſe, in theſe;
Give, what thou knoweſt fitteſt to be had.
And, let an Eccho, *from this* VOICE, *redound*
Vnto thy praiſe, *an everlaſting-ſound.* Amen.

FINIS.

1649.

Carmen Eucharisticon.

[Hazlitt, No. 47.]

Carmen Eucharisticon:

A PRIVATE

THANK-OBLATION,

Exhibited to the Glory of

THE LORD OF HOSTS,

FOR

The timely and wonderfull Deliverance, vouchsafed to this NATION, in the routing of a numerous Army of Irish Rebells before *Dublin*, by the Sword of his valiant Servant,

MICHAEL JONES,

Lievtenant-Generall for the Parliament of ENGLAND.

Composed by *Geo. Wither* Esquire,
Augusst 29. 1649.

The longest-lasting Sacrifice
Is that, which most neglected lies.
Sweet Incense *into nothing fumes;*
The Fat of Beasts *away consumes;*
A Song, *which doth* GOD'S *Works commend,*
Continues longer; yet, hath end:
But perfect-love *is an* Oblation,
Which hath no finall consumation.

London: Printed by *Robert Austin.* 1649.

Of their vaine preſumings proud,
They like Thunder from a cloud,
Did begin to roar aloud
In deluded peoples ears;
And their empty vanities,
Bluſhleſſe brags, and ſhameleſſe lies,
Fill'd the hearts of men unwiſe,
With falſe hopes, and cauſeleſſe fears.

The fool'd *Welſh*, the faithleſſe *Scot*,
And our *Engliſh* miſ-begot,
Joyning in an *Iriſh plot*,
Sought to root us from the *Land:*
They with *Sulphur*, *Sword*, and *Flame*,
Round about our *dwellings* came,
And, had brought us all to ſhame,
Had not, GOD, ſtretch'd forth his hand.

But, he, thereof notice took;
And, as *Sifera* he ſtrook,
With his Hoſt, by *Kiſhon-brook*;
So, he ſmote them in their pride:
And, the ſame ſucceſſe they had
Which befell to *Benhadad*,
When, the like account he made,
That, the *ſpoile* he ſhould divide.

For, whilſt *Ormond*, and while *Taaff*,
In their Tents, did game, and quaff,
(At our ſad condition laugh)
And, of *Captives* prediſpos'd;
Then, that *Arm*, which they deſpis'd,
Suddenly, their *Camp* ſurpriz'd;
And, the ſnares, which they deviſ'd
For our feet, their owne inclos'd.

Mich'el, and his *Angells*, there
Threw their *Dragon-Cavaliere*,
With his *Angells*, from our *Sphere*,
In confuſion, to their owne;
Where, unable to repent,
They deſpairingly lament,
And blaſpheme with diſcontent,
Him, that hath ſuch *mercy* ſhowne.

For, though (blinded in their ſin)
Outwardly, they jeer and grin;
Helliſh horrors lurk within,
Filling their faint hearts with fears:
Their *chief refuge*, is a *lie*;
And, which way ſoe're they fly,
Guilt purſues them with a cry,
Which the GOD of Juſtice hears.

Their accuſing *conſcience*, feels
Vengeance following them at heels,
And, her dreadfull Charet wheels
Threatning, what to them is due:
Yet, infernall indignation,
Stirs them up to vindication,
Height'ned by a deſperation
Of thoſe ends, which they purſue.

And, that made them take the field,
(Truſting in their ſword and ſhield)
When their conſcience bid them yeeld:
But, they ſoon did back retire,
And, to fly away began,
As when the *Philiſtins* ran,
From the ſword of *Jonathan*,
And, but one ſleight armed *Squire*.

Never was there ſuch a day
Seen till then at * *Ballacleagh*,
Since the † *Liffy* waſh'd her Kea,
And, there, firſt, the ‖ *Sea-Nimphs* met:
For, GOD's arm, did there, and then,
Give us *Limſter* back agen,
When it was nigh loſt; and, when,
Hope, was with *deſpairs* beſet.

* Dublin.
† The River at Dublin.
‖ The Sea Water.

Yet, as if that daies ſucceſſe,
Had too little been, unleſſe
He conſider'd our diſtreſſe,
In our *London-Derry* friends;
Or, leſt els, blind *ignorance*
Might judge, that an act of *chance*,
He, our free *deliverance*,
Into *Ulſter*, too, extends.

And,

And, by that redoubled blow,
Gave another overthrow;
For, *Deſignements* one or two,
By that means diſſolved be:
Which hath ſo inraged them,
That, they raile, revile, blaſpheme,
And their own beleefe condemn,
For believing what they ſee.

Oh! what pen, or tongue is there
Fully able to declare,
What, to us, GOD'S *Mercies* were
Since our *Champion* he hath been?
Nay, who can half that recite,
VVhich for us, in open fight,
He hath done ſince *Nasby-Fight*,
Where, he, firſt, was plainly ſeen?

He hath magnifi'd his *worth*
In moſt glorious marchings forth,
From the *South*, unto the *North*,
And, through all our *Britiſh-Coaſts*;
England, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Wales*,
Towns, and *Fields*, and *Hills*, and *Dales*,
Sea, and *Land*, him, juſtly calls
The Victorious LORD of HOASTS.

Frequently, our eyes behold,
Mercies, great and manifold,
Such, as were in times of old,
By his *Choſen Flock* enjoy'd:
Such, as were vouchſafed, when
Hundreds, chaſed were by *ten*;
Thouſands, by a hundred men,
And great *Hoaſts*, by few deſtroy'd.

VVe have ſeen God marching, ſo,
VVith our *Friends*, againſt our *Foe*,
As he did, long time ago,
VVhen his *Iſr'el* were oppreſt:
And, ſecuring us from feare;
VVhen our hopes at loweſt were;
VVhen deſpis'd, we did appeare,
And our perill moſt increaſt.

VVhen all ſeem'd at once on fire;
VVhen our *Brethren* did conſpire,
VVith our *Foes*, to blow that higher,
VVhich did flame too high, before;
VVhen within their hearts they ſaid,
We ſo deep, our Plots have laid,
That divine, with humane aid,
Shall prevent them, now no more.

Yea, when ſaid it was by ſome,
What is of their God become,
Who, they dream'd, ſhould ſave them from
What our Counſell hath decreed?
Then, did God, himſelf, ariſe;
Then, his *Arme*, in glorious wiſe,
Saves us from our *Enemies*,
In the times of greateſt need.

And not only from their power,
(Arm'd, and gaping to devoure,)
Hath he kept this Land of our,
But, he more then this hath done;
Them, who to inſlave us thought,
And, our cauſleſſe ruine ſought,
Underneath our feet he brought,
That they might be trod upon.

Nay, we have, yet more to ſay:
Though our *Foes*, lie night and day,
In our boſomes, to betray;
And, diſguiſed are like Friends;
God, hath ſtill prevented ſo,
VVhat their malice prompts them to,
That, themſelves, they ſtill undo;
But, accompliſh not their ends.

VVe have ſeen GOD, in our daies,
VValking on, in all thoſe *waies*,
VVhich (to his eternall praiſe)
VVere in *former Ages*, trod:
In our *joyes*, and when we *weep*,
In our *wakings*, in our *ſleep*,
On the *Heights*, and in the *Deep*,
VVe have ſeen thy ſteps O GOD!

VVe

We have ſeen, here, where we dwell,
Works of thine, which parallel
All that *ancient-ſtories* tell
  Touching either *Foes*, or *Friends*.
Yea, if all *Records* were loſt,
We by that, which now thou doſt,
Might collect what do we muſt,
  And, what each mans *way* attends.

We have ſeen (and ſee we ſhall)
What to *Pharoah* did befall,
And ordained is for all
  VVho ſhall obſtinate remain :
VVe have ſeen, that upon ſuch,
Plagues, or *Mercies* work not much,
And, that theſe two often touch
  On ſome, ſoftned hearts, in vain.

VVe have known men, once or twice,
VVarned ; yea, afflicted thrice ;
Yet, *habituated Vice*,
  In her poſture doth abide :
And, her *Lovers*, without ſtop,
Proſecute their fruitleſſe *hope*,
Though their *Partners* daily drop,
  Down to hell, on ev'ry ſide.

We have ſeen the pride of *Kings*,
With thoſe much deſired things,
Whence their vain ambition ſprings,
  Scorn'd, deſpis'd, and ſet at nought.
VVe, their *ſilk*, their *pearls*, their *gold*,
And their *precious Femms*, behold
Scattred, pawned, bought and ſold ;
  And to ſhame, their glory brought.

VVe have ſeen fair ſeeming *Starrs*,
Thither tumbled from high Sphears,
VVhere their vanity appears ;
  And that *wiſemen* may diſpenſe
VVith deluding *Sophiſtries*,
To promote, what they deviſe,
Till they put their truſt in *lies*,
  Through a *reprobated ſenſe*.

VVe have ſeen, when GOD, once, makes
Search for *Blood*, what *hills* he ſhakes ;
VVhat high *Cedars*, down he breaks ;
  And what portion he prepares
For *Apoſtates*, *Balaamites*,
For blood-thirſty *Canaanites*,
And ſelf-ſeeking *Hypocrites*,
  VVhen their ſin at full appears.

All theſe things, and many moe
Such as theſe, we ſee and know :
Oh ! that we could mind them too !
  And our lives thereby amend :
For his *Mercy* ſhown of late,
(And which we commemorate,
By Commandment from the *State*)
  Was vouchſafed to that end.

Let us therefore not ſuppoſe,
'Tis enough to do like thoſe,
VVho make only *Verball ſhowes*
  Of the duties in command ;
For, unleſſe, in deeds, as well
As in *words*, our thanks we tell,
As unthankfully we deal,
  As if we had curſt, and ban'd.

Yea, although our *Temples* ring
Of GODS praiſe ; though loud we ſing,
And all thoſe *Thank-offrings* bring,
  VVhich the *Formaliſt* oblates ;
Yet, if we perform no more,
He our *preſents* doth abhor,
As the hiring of a whore,
  And our vain *Lip-ſervice* hates.

If, we therewith, do not heed,
How with us GOD doth proceed ;
And, how, he at every need,
  Hears us, timely, when we call ;
That, to ſuch, as helpleſſe lie,
VVe may yeild the like ſupply,
VVhen to us, for help they cry ;
  VVe, ere long time, rue it ſhall.

Yea,

Yea, unleſſe we pity more
The oppreſſions of the *poore*,
Then we have done heretofore,
And to *Juſtice* more adhere;
This, will prove but a *deluſion*,
And all *mercies* in concluſion,
Bring upon us juſt confuſion,
When ſuch vengeance we leaſt feare.

Still, in *ſelfneſſe* if we live;
Much receive, but nothing give;
Cheare our ſelves, and others grieve;
We are in the *way* of *death:*
And, of whatſoe're eſteem,
In our owne conceits, we ſeem,
God will caſt us quite from him,
If we ſettle in that *path.*

For, it is for nothing leſſe
Then this *Nations* righteouſneſſe,
Or, our ſakes, that GOD doth bleſſe
Thoſe deſignes we undertake:
But, 'tis rather from their ſin,
Who have our *oppoſers* been,
Whence our *Victories* begin,
And, for GOD'S free mercy ſake.

For no *goodneſſe* of our owne,
Did GOD'S hand the *King* uncrowne,
And pull other *Tyrants* downe;
Nor, becauſe, he, yet, doth ſee
That our zealous *Proteſtations*,
Or pretended *Reformations*
Of our great abhominations,
With our practiſes agree.

But by *mercie* he makes way
To his *feare*; that, yet we may
Hear his voice, *while 'tis*, *to day*;
Whereunto, if we incline,
Maugre, then, all former ſinnings,
Our late ſeaſonable winnings,
Shall be pledges, and beginnings
Of a *mercy* more divine.

Oh, now therefore, let our *praiſe*
Be *right-walkings*, in his *wayes*,
And, *believing* what he ſaies:
Let our *thankfulneſſe* be, ſtill,
In true charity expreſt;
In relieving men oppreſt;
And, indeavouring our beſt,
In obedience, to his *will.*

Let us prudently forbeare
To wax proud, or domineere,
When GOD, for us, doth appeare;
And, with *awe* expreſſe our joy:
Leſt, if we preſumptuous grow,
He may (for our doing ſo)
Turne his anger from our *Foe*;
Or, both *him* and *us* deſtroy.

We have ſeen the *ſtrong* defeated;
By himſelf, the *cheater cheated*;
Men ambitious lower ſeated;
And, long-fixed *Pow'rs* remov'd;
Nay, ev'n ſuch as we reputed
Things divinely conſtituted,
Are deſtroy'd; and, they confuted,
Who, have them, for ſuch, approv'd.

We have ſeen thoſe things deſpiſed,
Which our *Fathers* highly prized,
And the *whole earth* Idolized;
Therefore, let us, now, for ever,
Conſtant be to that *perfection*,
Which deſerveth not rejection,
And, renounce our vaine affection
To the waies of our *deceiver.*

Let thoſe things, which GOD hath done
For theſe *Iſles*, be thought upon,
Not at ſuch ſet times, alone,
As the *Civill Pow'rs* command;
But, now let us, *all our dayes*,
Meditate his *works*, and *waies*,
And be mindfull of his *praiſe*;
Whilſt there ſhall be Sea, or Land.

And,

And, Oh my eternall Lord!
Let thy al-ſubduing *Sword*,
But, that chiefly of thy *Word*,
Thus prevaile, for evermore;
Make it ſtill victorious grow,
Till to thee all *Monarchs* bow,
And, till vengeance thou ſhalt throw
On the *Dragon*, and the *Whore*.

Well accept, this day, what wee
Have in publike offred thee;
And, this *private Mite*, from me,
Which I now preſume to add:
For, in ev'ry *Act of Grace*,
Which by thee vouchſafed was,
Since my breathings in this *place*,
I, ſome ſpeciall *fruits* have had.

In the many variations
Of thy *works*, and *diſpenſations*,
Unto theſe *divided Nations*,
I have learn'd to find out *thee*.
I, by them, thy mind diſcover,
And, I daily read thee over,
As my *God*, *King*, *Father*, *Lover*;
And, as *all* in *all*, to mee.

I have found thee in their *failings*;
In their *loſings*, and *prevailings*;
In their *joyes*, and their *bewailings*;
In their *hardneſſe*, and their *blindneſſe*:
In their *Truſt*, and their *ſuſpitions*,
In their *falſe*, and *true profeſſions*,
In their *good*, and *bad conditions*;
In their *love*, and their *unkindneſſe*.

And, although this *Generation*,
Yet, beholds not what relation,
To their *fall*, or *preſervation*,
My deſpiſed *Poems* have;
Some, ere long, will better heed them,
And (though few, now, think they need them)
Thou, wilt give them cauſe to read them,
VVhen I ſhall be in my *grave*.

Oh! till then, let me perſever,
My known *duties* to endeavour,
VVith true *patience*, howſoever
Thou ſhalt exerciſe my *Faith*:
And, in ev'ry ſtrong *Temptation*,
Tryall, *Straight*, or *Tribulation*,
Mind me, for my *Conſolation*,
VVhat, thy truthfull *Spirit* ſaith.

To what ever, thou ſhalt call me,
Or, what ever may befall me,
Let no *Terrene-Power* appale me,
From declaring of thy *Truth*;
Let me, all my wits apply,
Thy great *Name* to magnifie,
VVhilſt I live; and when I die,
Let thy *praiſe* be in my mouth.

And, when here I have compleated,
That, for which I was created,
Let me thither be tranſlated,
VVhere thy *Saints*, the *Lamb* attend;
That, I, may in praiſing him,
There communicate with them,
In that everlaſting *Hymn*,
VVhich, will never have an end.

AMEN. HALELUJAH.

FINIS.

1657.

A Suddain Flaſh.

[Hazlitt, No. 63.]

A Suddain Flaſh

Timely Diſcovering,

Some Reaſons wherefore, the ſtile of *PROTECTOR*, ſhould not be deſerted by theſe *NATIONS*, with ſome other things, by them very conſiderable.

It was firſt made viſible,

The fourth day, after the Author *heard it reported, that the Lord* Protector, *had waved the Title of KING.*

By BRITANS REMEMBRANCER.

—— Poetis
Quidlibet audendum, ſemper fuit, eſtque Poteſtas.

A *Preoccupation*, relating to this *Title.*

If ſome ſhall think, this *Book* miſ-nam'd hath been,
Becauſe, ſo *long a Flaſh* was never ſeen;
Know; that, through *Cranies*, it did thither fly,
Where *Touchwood*, and where ſmoking *Flax* did ly,
Which kindling, made it longer then intended;
And, was a *chance*, that cannot now be mended.
But, *Flaſhie Names*, and *things*, thoſe times beſeem
Which, do not *ſolid-ſerious things* eſteem.
And, they who are not pleas'd to run a Courſe,
On *Pegaſus*, may, like a *Hobby-horſe.*

LONDON,
Printed for *J. S.* in *little Britain*, and are to be ſold *there*, and at the *Pile of Bibles*, the corner ſhop of the Eaſt end of the *Fiſh-market* in the *Stocks*, looking into *Lumbard* ſtreet; 1657.

Cornell University Library

To his Highneſſe, the Lord *PROTECTOR.*

SIR, though this *Poem*'s Title, fitted be
To what I hear, the *World* expects from me
Upon this *Subject*; yet, a *ſerioufneſſe*
It hath, and ſhall no *Flaſhie-things* expreſſe;
For, tis a *Flaſh* of *light*, as well as *Fire*,
Which, may give ſight of ſomthing you deſire,
And ſuch, as will no way diſparage you,
To give them, either *hearing*, or, a *veiw*.
Betwixt your *Highneſs* and the P*arlament*,
I, purpoſe not to cheriſh that *Diſſent*,
Which lately was begun; nor do intend
That, which may juſtly *you*, or *them*, offend;
But rather, to unite you ſo together,
That, Diſadvantage, may befall to neither
By what, your *Adverſaries* hope to finde
Effected; (if, you have a *changing minde*)
And, upon hope whereof, they did prepare
To act, according as reſolv'd you were.
I am not for my ſelf, yet, grown ſo wiſe
That, when at hazzard, P*ublick ſafety* lies,
I can be ſilent; though I both diſeaſe
My *ſelf*; and others, oftentimes, diſpleaſe,
By my *expreſſions*, who, have *pow'r* and *will*,
To miſchieve me, who, purpoſe them no ill:
For, though a well approved *Author* sayes,
To pleaſe great men, it merits not leaſt praiſe;
I think, he merits more, who ſpeaks in *ſeaſon*,
Truths, warranted by *conſcionable Reaſon*,
(Although on him, a P*rince's* wrath it brings)
Then, if he flatter'd P*arlaments* and *Kings*.
In that reſpect, I judg'd it not amiſſe,
Unto your *ear*, or *eye*, to offer this,
A few weeks paſt: But, things did intervene
That ſeem's of more concernment to have been;

And kept it off, untill nigh out of date,
It was become ; and came almoſt too late.
Yet, ſince good uſe may thereof ſtill be made,
And ſome advantage alſo, thereby had ;
It, now comes forth, that, witneſſe it might bear
To that, which now, *reſolv'd* on, doth appeare.
For, though we know there is in every thing,
But one *Eſſential Truth* ; yet, thence may ſpring
Such various *Illuſtrations*, as perchance,
The certainty thereof, may much advance,
When it appears, they, did the ſame *Truths* own,
Whoſe *judgments*, to each other were unknown :
For, when there is thereof no *mediation*
But, as their *ſpirits* have communication,
It doth aſſure, it flow'd from P*rovidence*,
And, not from any *carnal influence.*
Your eye, ſees much ; and yet it cannot ſee
It ſelf, or, what the colours of it be,
Save by *inferiour things* ; and, through inſpections
Acquired, by the *medium*, of reflexions
From *ſight-leſs objects* ; through which ; you may learn
Thoſe *truths*, which they themſelves, do not diſcern :
And, ſuch like *Objects*, peradventure, He
Who offers this and theſe his *offers* be.
SIR, therefore now be pleaſ'd, one houre, to hear
What, by my *Muſe*, is fitted for your ear,
And was prepar'd long ſince, to be preſented
(Though accidentally, till now prevented)
And, if it be not ſuch, as, then, will ſeem
To merit, ſome part, of your *goodeſteem*,
And, uſefull to preſerve, and to increaſe
Your *Honour*, *ſafety*, and the *Common-peace* ;
Return it, with an *Ignominious Daſh*,
And, let it then, (in ſcorn) be call'd, a *Flaſh.*

Britans Remembrancer.

A Suddain Flaſh

Made viſible, the fourth day after his *Highneſſe* the *Lord Protector* had firſt waved the Title of *KING.*

A *Prologue*, to him, who ſhall *behold*, or *hear*, this *Flaſh.*

A Flaſh, *I term this*; *and 'tis like enough*
That, many men, will call it ſo, in Scoff;
But, I have got before them; *and have, too,*
Some Reaſon, *wherefore I have call'd it ſo:*
For, to, mine ears, when firſt that news *was brought,*
A thouſand thoughts, Fluſht *in, and this* Flaſht *out*;
Which, I have, now, thus Paper'd *up, for thee,*
To bring to minde what is, *and what* may be.
Although it ſpeaks in Rimes, *it* Rimes *with* Reaſon;
And comes in Haſt, *that it may come in* Seaſon.
If thou regard it, ſo. *If not: my* Coſt,
Is Paper, Inck, *and part of* three dayes *loſt.*
Thine may be more; *For, much affraid I am,*
That, thou, who ſaw'ſt this Flaſh, *wilt ſee a* Flame,
(*Unleſs an intervening* Providence
Prevents, what likely ſeems, to give Offence)
Which, here will burn, *as well as give a* light,
Till it hath purg'd us, *or, conſum'd us, quite.*

The Flaſh.

MY *Muſe*, hath on a ſuddain, once again,
Invited me, to this *unuſual ſtrain*;
Which, as the ſtate of my *Affairs*, now ſtands,
Hath put upon me *Dangerous Commands*:

But, I, who muſt obey *Her* when ſhe calls,
(What ever hazzard, on my *ſelf* befalls)
Submitted to expreſſe, what I ſhould finde
Infuſed by her pow'r, in to my *mind*;
And, hearing that his *Highneſſe*, had deny'd
The *Kingſhip*, thereupon, thus *verſifi'd:*
For, P*oets* (priviledg'd, as P*rophets* were)
Their *Inſpirations* freely may declare.

But, hath he wav'd that *Title*? and, I pray,
Are you aright inform'd of what you ſay?
Did not a *falſe-report*, your ears abuſe?
A *Crown*! a *Triple-Crown* doth he refuſe?
And will not he as *Biſhops* us'd to do,
Say, *No*, and *take it*, as compell'd thereto?
Oh *Miracle of men*? doth he deny
A Kingſhip! *freely offered*! which, to *Buy*
So many thouſand P*rinces*, have made ſale
Of *Fame*, *Faith*, *Conſcience*, *Body*, S*oul*, and all?
If this (as you affirm it is) be true;
Friends; bid henceforth, your *jealouſies* adue:
And, let him who miſtruſts him, any more;
Suſpect his *Honeſt wife*, to be a Whore,
And in his breſt, the torments thereof cheriſh
Till he repent that *injury*, or *periſh*.

But, ſince I know what many do ſurmize,
(And, what *objections* malice doth deviſe)
Let me a little more *expoſtulate*;
Is it not (think you,) done to palliate
The *ſouldiers* humor? or, a *Trick of* S*tate*
To draw on ſome thing more, yet aimed at?
Is it not by D*eſign*, to bring about
Advantages, by overſight left out?
Or to delay, a while, what he intends,
To feel the P*eoples pulſe*? or for ſuch ends?

No

No doubtleſſe: Then, make anſwer but to *Three*
Short *Queſtions* more, and they the laſt ſhall be.
Expects he not, when *twenty dayes*, are paſt,
It ſhould be, *Nolens volens*, on him caſt?
Nor is it ſo; for, by that *Inſtrument*,
Which doth yet regulate this *Government*,
No *Law* thereto *repugnant*, can be made
Whereto, his free *aſſent*, ſhall not be had:
And, *Really*, refuſall he doth make,
In *Chriſtian prudence*, and for *Conſcience ſake*;
That, he may give no cauſe of thoſe *Offences*,
Suſpitions, *Scandals*, and ill *conſequences*,
Which may enſue; And, whereof, *Honeſt men*
Are much affrayd: Why, did he ſuffer, then,
So long time in *Debatings*, to be ſpent,
(Since he at firſt diſcovered what was meant)
And, did not interdict them to proceed?
That, had been a *diſhonourable deed:*
For, in ſo doing, he ſhould have prejudg'd,
The *Parlament*; them *diſimpriviledg'd*;
And, thereby, ſome *Experiments* have loſt,
Which are more worth, than twice the time they coſt.
Beſide, the *matter* is of too much weight,
Each way, to paſſe, till ballanced aright;
And, you have heard it ſaid, what thoſe men are
Who Judge a Cauſe, before the ſame they hear.
Thus far tis well: But, will he not at laſt
When ſome few more, fit *Complements* are paſt,
Accept what's *offer'd*? what he did, is known:
But, what he will do, cannot be foreſhown:
And, we ſhall wrong *Him* (as he ſhould the *State*
Have injur'd) if, we him prejudicate.
We may conjecture: And, if I may give
My *Judgement*, by the *Symptoms* I perceive,

He

He never will accept it, till, he ſhall
By *Faith* and *Reaſon*, be convinc'd in all
And ev'ry *Scruple*, which, this day, offends
His *Conſcience*; or disſatisfies his *Friends*:
Beyond which, he, that ought would move him to,
Doth, what no wiſe, or *honeſt man*, ſhould do;
And, would not care, though he were quite deſtroy'd
So, his own *Luſt*, and *Will*, might be enjoy'd.
If ſo, then, me he hath not, yet, deceiv'd
In any thing, which I of him believ'd
Since firſt I heeded, by what P*oint* he ſteers;
(What *Rock* on this *hand*, what on *that*, appears;)
What moſt men are, with whom he hath to do;
And, why, few know, *which way*, he means to go.
His *Foes*, though with his *Bullocks* they have plow'd,
Have got nought thereby, whereof to be proud.
And, as I live, I, am *thereof*, as glad,
As, *therefore*, many others will be ſad;
And, if I were (as I have been) a *Boy*
I ſhould make *Squibs*, and *Bonefires*, now for joy,
As many would have done, had he compli'd
With their deſires, whoſe *Offer* is deni'd.
For, in his condiſcending to be *King*,
He could have been, at beſt, no *greater thing*
Than other E*arthly* P*rinces*: But, hereby
He may aſcend unto a *Soveraignty*,
Which raiſeth him, nine *Orbes* above their *Sphear*,
To be inthroned, where *Immortals* are:
And, me, it hopefull makes, to ſee that *Age*,
Which, *Britains genius*, did, long ſince, preſage
In that *Predi&tion*, wherein, was among
Some other things, this following *di&tick* ſung:

A King, ſhall willingly himſelf unking,
And thereby grow farr greater than before.

For

For, now, fulfilled ſeemeth, in effect,
What, that *vaticination* did predict;
Although there ſhould a *Power* elſwhere reſide
To bring to paſſe, what is by him *deni'd.*
Victorious *Cromwell!* thou, haſt, herein, gone
Beyond thy *ſelf*; and ſuch an *Act* haſt done,
As few or none, in this, or forraign *Climes,*
Have equalled, in any *former times.*
A *ſelf-denial* like this, none, but *He*
Could teach, who, that he might our *pattern* be,
The *Thrones* & *kingdoms* of this world did ſlight,
When he was born up thither, where, he might
(And did) behold them, ſpreading forth to view
All their *Inchanting pleaſures,* falſe or true:
And from him onely, could that *grace* proceed,
Whereby, thou doſt perform ſo brave a *deed.*
Thou often haſt deſerved *Mural-Crowns,*
For taking *Caſtles,* with high *walled Towns,*
And making in ſubjection, to thy powers,
Great *Cities,* fortifi'd with *Walls* and *Towers*:
To thee, for brave Achivements on the *Maine*
The chief of *Navall Trophies,* doth pertain:
Triumphant Laurell, to adorn thy brows,
To thee is due, for giving ovethrows
To dreadfull *Armies,* that, had elſe inſlav'd
Thy *Country*; which, God, by thy *ſword* hath ſavd.
Thou haſt ſubdued *Kingdomes,* and great *Kings*;
Whereby, their *Crowns,* their *Scepters* & all things
Belonging to ſuch *Conquerors,* are thine,
As truly, as the Clothes I wear, are mine.
Yet, theſe are ſlight, and petty *Foes* compar'd
To ſome, with whom, thou ſecretly haſt *warr'd*:
And, for thoſe *Conqueſts,* thou I hope, doſt carry
A *Tablet,* with a ſecret *Honorary*;

Whereby

Whereby thy vertues fully be rewarded,
With *Trophies*, of moſt worth, though left regarded.
Theſe wayes, thou wert *Victorious* heretofore;
And, I will mention one great *Conqueſt* more.
By few obſerved: Thou haſt ſtood the Shock
Of *malice* and *detraction*, like a *Rock*,
On which the waves and billows of the *Main*,
Have ſpent their ſtrength, and foam'd out rage in vain.
I, very often, have obſerv'd the fell,
Feirce, raging, and *three headed dog of Hell*,
With his *three double rows of teeth*, aſſay
To tear thine *honour*, and thy *pow'r*, away;
With his foule *tongues*, beſpattering thy *fame*,
To turn thy *blooming honour* into *ſhame*;
I've ſeen this *Cur* oft, dog thee in the *dark*,
In hope to *bite* thee, when he durſt not *bark*;
And, I have heeded, by what ſacred *Charms*,
Thou haſt been hitherto, preſerv'd from harms.
This *Helhound*, thou haſt tam'd without ſo much
As giving him a *cruſt*, a *ſpurn*, or *touch*;
Meerly by *meekneſs*, and, as *paſſing by*
With diſregard of *cauſleſſe injury*;
And, now he ſometimes *fawns* on *thee* and *thoſe*,
Who are thy *friends*; and, ſnarleth at thy *foes*,
As if he were appeas'd: which, I believe
Is but a cunning *dog trick*, to deceive.
And, yet, among thoſe *victories*, which lye
Moſt viſible unto the *vulger eye*,
This, thy laſt *conqueſt*, merits admiration
Beyond the reſt; And, with *perſeveration*
If thou maintain the fame, as thou maiſt do,
By his help, who hath aided hitherto,
Thou haſt thereby a *pledge*, that, *God* will never
Forſake thee; but, thy *guardian* be for ever.

Thou

Thou haſt already ſcap'd, the *beſt tride ſnare*;
That *Sathan*, or his *agents*, can prepare:
For, 'twas the laſt, of thoſe *temptations*, which
He practiſ'd by, our *Saviour*, to bewitch:
And, as when that *grand-tryall*, had an end
His *Angels*, did forthwith, on him attend
Rejoycing in his *conqueſt*; ſo, will, too,
For thine, all, thy moſt faithfull *ſervants* do.
Thou haſt thereby, ſo ſtrengthned all their *hands*,
So cheered all their *hearts*, throughout theſe lands,
Who *prayd*, or *feared* for thee, in this tryall;
That, thou, of nothing now, canſt have deniall,
Wherein their love may ſerve thee; and they ſhall
More *fortifie* thee, than a *Brazen wall*;
More *comfort* thee, than ought that can be had
From any *Title*, that the *world* ſhall add:
And, thou at laſt, ſhalt finde, thou doſt not loſe
One *grain*, of what thou lately didſt refuſe,
By that *refuſall*: for, thou ſhalt have more
(If not in *kind*) in value, than before.
Yea, peradventure, that, in *ſpecie*, too,
When, qualified, no offence to do;
And, when it hath been prov'd, whereto thy *mind*
VVithout *diſſimulation* is inclin'd.
For, tis not meer *negation* of that *title*,
VVhich is thy *Teſt*; ſince, that availeth little
One way or other, ſave as unto that
VVhich brought it hath unto diſlike of late;
Or, as it may concern ſome *paſt tranſactions*,
VVhich, have occaſioned diſſatisfactions
In many of this *Nation*; or, as thou
Mayſt ſcandalize them, by thine *actings* now.
But, that, wherein thy *reall proof* will be,
Lockt, from *mens eys*, lyes hid, with *God*, and *thee*:

And

And, whatſoever thou reſolv'ſt upon,
Will either *Well*, or elſe *not well*, be done,
As, unto thoſe things, they relating are,
Which unto *God*, and *Thee alone*, appear.
The waſhing of th' *Aſſyrian* in the water
Of *Jordan*, was but an indifferent matter,
Till made the *ſole condition* of his *Cure:*
And, doubtleſſe, had not *that*, been in his pow'r,
He had been *Cleanſ'd* without it. *David's ſin*
In *Numb'ring of the People*, lay not in
That *ſimple Act*; but, in the ſecret *Pride*
And *Diſobedience*, which did then reſide
Within his *Heart*; And, when it ſhall appear
That *Thou*, from *Guiltineſs*, art that way clear;
And, haſt repented all thoſe *Humane failings*,
Which have, in ought, obſtructed thy *Prevailings*:
Then, ſhall the *gift-refuſed*, neither be
A *Scandall* unto *Others*, or to *Thee*,
Although accepted; when thou haſt reſiſted
So far, as *Grace* and *Reaſon*, have aſſiſted.
For, ſhould the *Pow'r-Coordinate* with thine,
O're-pow'r thee ſo, that, thou thereto incline
(Conſenting to their *Motives* at the laſt)
Thy *Conſcience* bearing witneſſe, that thou haſt
Complied there withall, rather by *force*
Than *Choiſe*; to keep *bad* things, from being *worſe*:
Or, if by ſtrength of *Reaſon*, ſwayd thou art
To that *Acceptance*; thou, haſt done thy part:
And, ſhalt by *yeelding*, paſs another Trial
As honourable, as, is this *Denial.*
Thou ſhalt be ſafe, from all that was *portended*,
Shouldſt thou by *Levity*, have condiſcended,
Or, tempted been by *Self-neſs*, to forgo
That *Title*, thou haſt owned hitherto;

And

And wilt be free from blame, what ever ſhall
Hereafter, by the *Change thereof* befall.
For, nothing ſhall amiſſe to thee ſucceed,
By what, is not *Thine*, but, *anothers deed.*
No *Reaſon*, bindeth any to withſtand,
What, *Pow'r*, and *ſtronger Reaſon*, doth command ;
And, when perhaps too, *God*, his ayde withdraws,
From thy aſſiſtance, in this *dubious cauſe*,
To bring on them, whats due for their *offence*,
Who truſt their own *Wits*, more than *Providence.*
This, I expreſſe here, not to leave a *Gap*
Whereby, thou may'ſt from *Juſt Reſolves* eſcape :
(For, God will find it out, if there be *ought*
To ſuch a *purpoſe*, lurking in thy thought :)
But, that, thou may'ſt not fall into a *Snare*
By things, which in themſelves, *Indifferent are* ;
(Nor *good* nor *evill*, but, as unto that
Which may be *good*, or *Evill*, they relate ;)
And, to preſerve thine *Honour*, among thoſe
Who ſhall, perchance, their *Expectations* loſe
By what may come to paſſe ; (yea, to prevent
That, which may thereof, be a *Conſequent*
To thee differviceable) I, am bold
To tell thee, what my *Muſe* to me hath told ;
Which, dictates, otherwhile in *Slighted rimes*,
That, which doth much concern theſe *preſent times* ;
And, would, it may be, had it not been *Mine*,
Suppos'd have been, an *Off-ſpring*, *more divine.*
But, I, my, *Muſings* now, to thoſe will bend
Who may, perhaps, miſtruſt what I intend.
Although I have, by this *Anticipation*,
Preſented that unto conſideration,
Which may be profitable (if *revers'd*
His *purpoſe* be, on Tearms before rehears'd)

Yet

Yet, leaſt, I may with *one hand*, be ſuſpected
To *pull down*, what the *other* had *Erected*;
I will not ſmother ought, which I ſhall finde,
May juſtly fortifie him in the *minde*,
By him profeſt; untill, to drive him out
Of his *Reſolve*, Thoſe *Reaſons* may be brought,
Which will be *ſtronger*; leſt, ſome, ſhould ſurmize
He; without *Cauſe*, deni'd what he denies;
Or, leſt my late *Rejoycings*, may appear
As *Reaſonleſſe*, as many think they were.
My *gladneſſe* of it, flow'd from no reſpect
Unto my *ſelf*, or, fears of an effect
By *Kingſhip*, which my *profits* might impair:
For, I have, that way, *likelihoods* more fair
Than I have now (if nothing it occaſions,
To break our *Peace*, at *Home*, or, by *Invaſions*
From *Foes abroad*) nor can I ſcandal'd be,
Thereby, through ought, which will reflect on *me*:
But, I *rejoyced* in it, for the ſake
Of *Him*, who did this *Title* undertake;
And, for *their ſakes*, who *Acted* and *Enacted*,
Things, whereby poſſibly may be contracted
Great *Scandals*; or, which may a new expoſe
My *Country*, to be ſpoiled by her *Foes*.
For *theſe*, and *ſuch reſpects as theſe* (together
With what may be again transferred hither,
My *Heart*, that was through *fear* of them, grown ſad,
Became through hope of their *prevention*, glad.
For, what a *black Scene*, ſhould we here have ſeen?
How many *greeved hearts*, would here have been,
Had our *Protector*, either been eſtranged
From what he *was*, or, (*ſeem'd to be*) ſo changed,
As, lightly to forgo his intereſt
In that, wherewith he had been ſo much *bleſt*?

Or,

Or, ſhould by others, have been ſo deluded,
As, to let *that* upon him be obtruded,
Which *He himſelf* diſclaim'd ? and, may bring back
A *King* upon us, with his *Pedlars Pack*
Of *Vanities*, which have been by this *Nation*
Rejected by a *ſolemn proteſtation* :
And, which are *Trinckets*, as unſeparable
From moſt *Kings*, as is from a Fool, his *babble?*
For, there is nought more likely, in, to bring
Him that's expelled, then, to make a *King*,
At this time ; and, to make on that accompt
(Which is *deſign'd)* that *Title* paramount :
Nor can there be, for what our *Foe* intends,
A better *ground-worke* laid, by all his *friends.*
Theſe things I feared ; and, my *ſoul* foreſees
That, all thoſe things may creep in by degrees,
Which, to the *Kingdomes* of this World pertain ;
Which, may inſlave the *Saints* of *God* again ;
And, which, may in a ſhort time, reinveſt
With that *pow'r*, which impowred *Antichriſt* :
Unleſſe, it by his *Mercy*, be withſtood
Whoſe *wiſdome*, can from *Evil*, bring forth *Good.*
Theſe things I fear'd, and if a *Parlament*
Can make a *King*, which may theſe *fears* prevent ;
Him, and his *Nobles*, if it can ſo bind,
That, we may be ſecured in this kind ;
And keep our *Sov'raign*, and theſe *Nations* free
From *ſcandals*, which occaſioned may be ;
I, ſhould not only yeild, on that condition
To make a *King*, but beg one by *Petition.*
Redouble, that *rejoycing*, which appear'd,
When, of what was *reſolved*, I firſt heard :
And, make my *heart*, the *firſt ſtep*, whereupon
He might ſet foot, to mount up to his *Throne* :

Yea, ſing a *Panegyrick* in their praiſe
Who mov'd it, that ſhould long out-laſt my daies.
We look for ſuch a *Government*, as ſhall
Make way for *Chriſt:* not that fantaſtical
Fifth Monarchie, whereof ſome people dream,
And Conquer would an *Earthly Throne* for him
With *Carnal weapons*: But, that, *preſent* here
He, may ſo be, and ſo to *reign*, appear
As he hath *promis'd*; and, that *Righteouſneſs*
And *Truth*, may ev'ry *Throne* on Earth poſſeſs,
According to that meaſure of his *grace*,
Which is apportion'd, to this *earthly place*.
His *Highneſs*, hath made progreſs in a *path*
As far forth toward it, as any hath
Since *Chriſt* aſcended; if, the *Depths* and *Heights*,
The *Rugged paſſages*, and *Narrow Streights*
Conſider'd be, through which his *March* he makes,
To bring to end the *Work* he undertakes.
He muſt now paſs a *Rock*, which will require
An *Ingeneer* with *Vineger* and *fire*;
And, cut a *Paſſage*, which (as by a *thread*)
Muſt on each *hand*, ev'n to a *hairs-breadth*, lead
'Twixt *Conſcience* and found *Reaſon:* whence, to vary
Were irrecoverably to miſcarry.
Oh *God!* aſſiſt him; and, to what I pray
Amen, let all, who wiſh our welfare, ſay.
He, hitherto, in that which he hath done,
His *Work*, with prudency, hath carried on:
And, firm to his own *Principles* abides,
Though many ſtrive to bring him to their *ſides:*
Yea, though there be ſome too, of whom he may
(As *David* of *Zerviah*'s Sons did ſay)
Complain, that, they, were oft for him, too hard;
Yet, *Him* from his *Reſolves* they have not ſtirr'd.

And

And (be it well conſidered of all you,
Who *read this*, and, perchance miſcenſure now
Of his *Heroick Act)* he doth not wave
Ought neceſſary for a *Prince* to have;
Which had been a *Denial*, in effect,
Of that *Pow'r*, which his *People* ſhould protect;
And, were no *Self-denial*, (as I gather)
But, a denial of his *Duty* rather.
The *Kingſhip* is not wav'd, but, as it tends
To what may much diſconſolate his *friends*,
Or glad his *foes*; And, which, as things yet ſtand,
Relating to *Pre-actings* in this Land,
Might draw on very evil *Conſequences*;
Or give juſt cauſe of many great *Offences:*
Could theſe removed, or prevented be,
So that his *Conſcience*, might from them be free,
Perchance, *That*, to take place it would permit
As *rational*, which ſo appears not yet.
For to the *Clean*, he knows all things are *Clean*,
And (if I gueſs aright what he doth mean)
That, whereof, he doth chiefly *ſcruple* make,
Is, *Giving an offence unto the weak*;
And, *that*, therewith, all things now ſtartled at
Might paſs, when he upon them ſhall debate,
If *God*, informs his *Conſcience*, that they may;
And *Reaſon* ſhall his *Reaſons* overſway.
He nothing hath refus'd with diſreſpect
To *them who offer'd it:* Or, with neglect
Of ought propos'd for *Publick benefit:*
But, only, what may poſſibly beget
More *Jealouſie* than *Love:* more *Envy*, then
Glory to *God*, or good to *Honeſt men.*
And, he by his *Refuſal*, unto none
Denyeth ought, but, to himſelf alone;

Or, that, which he doth probably believe
Will marre our *peace*, and *Civil wars* revive :
For which, if *worſe*, he rather ſpeed than *better*,
His *merit* is the more ; his *praiſe* the greater ;
And, they, who ſhall the leſſe *affection* ſhow him,
For *that*, deny the *duty* which they owe him.
What, if he thinks the changing of his *Title*,
Implies a *levitie*, which doth but little
Beſeeme a *Prince?* and may occaſion too
A *quarrell*, which might all his work undo?
Or propagate a miſchievous effect,
To their deſtruction whom he ſhould protect?
Is he not bound in *Conſcience* to beware
Of ſuch a *Title*, whoſoe're they are
That ſhall propoſe it? ſhould he not betray
His *Truſt*, by giving eaſily away
That *earneſt* of *Protection*, which doth ſeem
To be, by *God*, conferred upon him
For ſafeguard of his *Saints*? or, might there not
Some blemiſh be in *Reputation* got,
Relating to that *Stile?* if, he, the ſame
Should change for *that*, by which their *bondage* came?
And can he think it nothing *ſignifies*,
That, *they*, who are his greateſt *Enemies*
Do more rejoyce, in that which was intended,
Then *they*, by whom, he hath been beſt befriended?
If, likewiſe, with a ſerious heed, he ſhall
Be pleaſed to conſider therewithall,
What kind of *men*, the *greateſt number* are
Who, for this *change* moſt zealous do appear ;
What *Intereſt* it is, which they would ſave :
What *Principles*, the moſt among them have ;
Can he ſuppoſe, more ſafe for him, it were
To *theſe*, then to his *beſt friends*, to adhere?

Whoſe

Whoſe *Converſations*, are to him well known ?
Whoſe *cauſe* is his ? Whoſe *principles* his owne ?
Since, *Reaſon*, doth incline him, to the *laſt*,
And *Conſcience*, too, the ballance that way caſt ?
That *Title*, which hath hitherto been own'd,
With *victories* and *bleſſings*, hath been crown'd ;
It, now, hath rendered it *ſelfe* exempt
For ever, from that undeſerv'd *contempt*
Which *novelty* occaſion'd ; and, throughout
The *World*, is with much *honour* ſpread about.
He, thereby had a *pow'r*, which lately ſhook
The wals of *Babel* ; and with terror ſtrooke
His *proudeſt foes* ; and, is it vaniſh'd, now,
We neither know *when* or by *what*, or *how ?*
Except it be, for thankleſly deſpiſing
So *proſperous a Stile*, and idolizing
Of *that*, which forced us, in our *affliction*
To take up that we have, for our *protection.*
When, *Iſrael* would be *King-rid*, God, to ſhew
His anger, and, what thereon would enſue,
Deſtroy'd in *Harveſt time*, their corne with ſhowers ;
And at the *Seed-time*, he did hazzard ours
By extream *Drought* ; untill that was deny'd
Which is propos'd ; and, then, forthwith ſuppli'de
Our preſent *want* : perhaps, to make us ſeek
His *will*, and, know our *ſinne*, and theirs alike :
Leſt, in his *wrath*, he give us what we crave,
And take away, what he in *mercy* gave.
What will enſue, by ſetling *Kingſhip* here,
For *common good*, it doth not yet appeare :
Some, doe pretend, it render will, to us,
Our *laws* more fixt, and much more vigorous,
Becauſe, by *Kings*, they were to us deriv'd,
And confirmation in their name receiv'd.

But, wherefore, may not all that, which relates
To *King*, or *People*, *Freedoms*, or *Eſtates*
In our *preceding Laws*, be ſo Compacted
Into one *Statute*, now to be *Enacted*,
That, they may by his *Highneſſes* aſſent,
Be made as firm, as this new *Inſtrument*,
By our *Protector*, who, muſt be the *Stone*
Firſt laid, to build their *new fram'd work upon?*
Why may not *He*, who now is our *Supream*,
Make both unto *Himſelf*, and unto *them*
Who ask it of him, all our *Laws* forepaſt
As *Uſeful*, and as *Binding*, as this *Laſt?*
Why may not *He*, who is a *Couquerer*
For Us, and did for us, receive his *Pow'r*
Confirm our *Laws*, or any other thing,
(As ſtrongly, as if he were call'd a *King*)
To *Us*, and to *Himſelf*, with their conſent,
Who by his *Pow'r*, are made a *Parlament?*
Why, ſhould it unto him, ought leſs afford,
Than to all *Princes*, raiſed by the *Sword?*
No man, can juſtly, that to him denay.
For, *Conqueſt* is the ordinary way,
Whereby, God changeth *Governments*, and flings
From off their *Thrones*, great *Emperors* and *Kings*.
And 'tis *Gods mercy*, not our own deſert,
Which, hitherto, hath ſo inclin'd his heart,
That, though he hath been ſtraightned more than any,
His *Arbitrary actings* were not many;
Nor, till they were conſtrain'd by ſome diſtreſs,
For preſervation of the *Publick Peace*.
Some, think it will *Secure* his *Perſon* more,
And, *Charge* the *People* leſs, than heretofore,
To ſtile him *King*. But, theſe men much miſtake,
And, will perceive they *Dream*, when they awake:
For,

For, can we think, when he away hath thrown
A *Title*, which *God* gave to be his own,
Without a *Rival*, that, aſſume he may
A *Name*, whereto another claim doth lay,
With greater *Safety?* Is there ſome new *charm*,
Infus'd into that *word*, to guard from harm?
Or, will it make the *Royaliſts* more true
To him, becauſe, he takes what they think due,
Unto another? Quite deſert the *Lord*,
They own'd, and, do their homage to a *word?*
And, (where they hated) *Loyaltie* profeſs
Rather, for doing *More wrong*, than for leſs?
So fooliſh can we think them, as, to prize
A *Complement*, which nothing ſignifies,
Save, either ſome poor *Hope*, or vain *Deſire*
To be in *Us*, which may advance them higher,
In thoſe *Reſolves*, which they had heretofore?
And, make our *Dangers* no whit *Leſs*, but *more?*
For, when they do perceive our *Giddineſs*,
Our *falling from*, thoſe things we did profeſs,
Our doating on thoſe *Bawbles*, which we ſeem'd
Not much (a while ago) to have eſteem'd,
Our *Taking up*, what we had *Thrown away*,
Our ſleighting that, to *Morrow*, which this day
We made a Law; and that our *Proteſtations*,
Were for the moſt part, but *Diſſimulations*;
Thence, they will take occaſion to conclude
That, we have, *all along*, ſuch *Ends* purſude
As they have had: And, that, what ere to ſeem
We have made *Shew*, we are juſt like to *Them.*
That, we did *wade* and *ſwim*, through *ſtreams* of blood,
Not to accompliſh what is *Juſt* and *Good*;
But, to obtain our *Luſts*: That, we have fought
By *Policy*, and by our *Battails* fought,

Againſt *Oppoſers*; not ſo much to ſave
Our *Liberties*, as, others to *inſlave*:
That, our *conteſts*, were not for *God*, or, for
Our *Country*; but, (which *Goodmen* will abhor
To think upon) our *owne ſelves*, to inveſt
With, that, which was by other men poſſeſt:
That, being *Hypocrites*, in all we did,
With *Cloaks of ſanctity*, the ſame we hid,
Thereby, to draw in thoſe who were ſincere,
To be deceiv'd, in what we made appear.
(Ev'n to the ruine, of their *Children*, *Wives*,
Their *Peace*, their *Freedoms*, their *Eſtates*, their *Lives*)
That, we might get *high Titles*, large *Poſſeſſions*,
Power and *Prerogatives*, by their *oppreſſions*,
And, that inſtead of ſetting *Chriſt* upon
His *Throne*, we, might inſtall our *ſelves* thereon.
This will be thought: And, *they* who are our *Foes*,
Will, peradventure, thereupon ſuppoſe
That *God* is not *among us*, as they fear'd;
Nor *for us*, as it formerly appear'd;
And, thence take courage, to begin again
That, which they hitherto purſu'd in vain.
And, ſuch will be the *ſafety*, which your *King*
Unto *Himſelf*, and *us*, is like to bring.
Good God! how are they chang'd? how ſtupifi'd?
By whom theſe dangers are not yet eſpi'd?
How blind, doth *ſelfneſs*, make us quickly grow,
In that, which might prevent *ſelfe-overthrow*?
Will *Kingſhip*, make him ſafer than he was?
How may that be? how can it come to paſs?
That *Title*, not much more then eight years paſt,
Could not preſerve his *Head*, who reigned laſt.
No, not preſerve him, from the *dreadfull fate*,
Of dying on a *Scaffold*, at his gate:

And,

And, if all things be weighed well together
That *Stile*, as poſſibly may *bring* him thither,
Who ruleth now; yea, and a *tragical*
Effect therewith, perhaps, upon us all,
Before the malice of our *foes* is ended,
How ſafe ſoe're, to be, it is pretended.
We may perceive, (unleſſe we will deſpiſe,
The *Light within us*, and ſeel up our eyes,)
There is no *likelyheod*, it will abate
Their *fury*, who purſue us with their *hate*;
But, ſo increaſe it, that it will *increaſe*
Thoſe *dangers*, which we dream, it will make *leſſe*:
Yea, make *Him*, whoſe *ſafe being* it pretends,
Vnſafe among thoſe, who have been his *Friends*,
And, *them* among *themſelves*: It will go near,
To make men of *themſelves*, to ſtand in fear.
It will increaſe *ſuſpitions*, till th'effect
Grows worſe, than many of us can ſuſpect:
Divide, and *ſubdivide*, till there be nought
Left poſſible to be *ſaid*, *done*, or *thought*;
To cure the *miſchieves*, which will be effected;
(And are by ſome, both *hop'd for*, and *projected*;)
Except in *mercy*, *He*, that heretofore
Hath oft ſo done; ſhall (pleaſed be) once more,
To draw forth an *Expedient*, from our *failing*,
Which, will for our advantage, be *prevailing*.
More might be ſaid; but, ought more to expreſſe
Would be in vain to thoſe, who cannot gueſſe
The reſt by this. And, yet, becauſe the *reaſon*,
Of *ſaving charges*, comes in ſuch a *ſeaſon*,
As gives it *weight*; Let us examine, whether
The *Seaſon*, and the *thrift*, agree together,
Leſt, in that *frugal humour* we may die,
And, gain an *Epitaph*, like this, thereby:

Here

Here, lies interr'd, the Miſer, Father Sparges,
Who might have liv'd: but died to ſave charges.

I find your *Thrift*, you, think we might *disband*
Thoſe *Armies*, which are quarter'd through this Land,
If our *Protector* were proclaim'd a *King*.
It may be ſo; and I, the ſelf ſame thing
Should alſo think; if I conſidered not,
We might thereby, as good as *Cut our throat.*
Is any man ſo voyd of *Common ſenſe*,
As, not to ſee what might reſult from thence?
May we not ſave the charge of paying *One*,
And, let *Two Armies* in, when that is gone,
To pay *themſelves*, until at laſt, they ſhall
In *Contributions*, and in *Pay* have all?
You fear, perhaps, that by the *Souldierie*
Our *Laws*, our *Freedoms*, and *Proprietie*
May be deſtroy'd, if long imbodied here;
And, cauſe enough there may be of that fear:
But, will a *King*, prevent it? may not we
Another way as much oppreſſed be,
By ſome, who for our *Liberties* pretend
Yet, Cry up *Kingſhip*, for their *private end?*
May we not ſuffer at the *Lawyers Bar*,
As much as we endured by the *War*,
Through thoſe *Formalities*, which make the *Laws*,
Of our moſt *ſad oppreſſion*, one chief cauſe?
The *Sword* unſufferably, (I confeſs)
If not well *diſciplin'd*, will us oppreſs:
But, hitherto, it hath been in thoſe *hands*,
Which kept it ſerviceable in theſe *Lands*,
With ſo much *Moderation*, that no time,
Bears witneſs of the like in any *Clime:*
And, though an Inſolent *proud Fool* or twain,
Cauſe, to ſome few, hath given to complain,

Their

Their *Arbitrary actings*, were not many ;
Nor to the ruine, or great loſs of any.
I wonder, any man can ſtand in awe
Of *Swords* and *Guns*, who feels the plague of *Lawe* ;
And, would not rather be devoured *twice*
By *Lions*, than once eaten up with *Lice*.
Should I illuſtrate (which, my private wrong
May, peradventure, force me to e're long)
The *ſad diſcoveries* which I have made
Since firſt that *Gangreeve*, I, upon me had ;
By what impertinent *vexatious wayes*,
Coſtly devices, or undue *delayes*,
The Suits of wronged *Clients* forth are ſpun,
More than twice *twenty years*, and yet not done ;
By what exceſſive *Fees* (twice or thrice tooke)
Without one *Line writ down*, or one *word ſpoke*,
And, at how dear a rate they ſometimes buy
A *Vain hope*, which augments their miſery ;
How, *Motions*, *Orders*, and *Reports* beget
Each other, till their *brood* grows *Infinit* ;
And, how ſome *Regiſters*, put *out*, or *in*,
Thoſe *words*, which may another *Round* begin,
(Though they who heard the *Judges* Order, thought
The *Cauſe*, would thereby to an end be brought)
You would ſuppoſe (and might ſuppoſe it well)
The *Courts* we toyl in, were ſome *Rooms in Hell*,
And, that, we had impoſed there on us
The never ending Plague of *Syſiphus*,
Who, up a *Steep hill*, rowled with great pain
A *Weighty Stone*, which ſtill *rowl'd down again*.
Should I declare, how frequently our *Lawes*,
Are pleaded to maintain a *wicked cauſe* ;
How rarely, *good ſucceſs* on him attends,
Who makes not way, by *Kindred*, *Bribes*, or *Friends* :
What

What *hazzards* he is in, to be betrai'd,
By them, for whoſe aſſiſtance, he hath paid?
And, then, how *far about*, they make him run
E're they will ſuffer him to be *undone*,
You, would not greatly fear (no not at all)
Courts-martial, or a *Major Generall*,
But, rather, fear to fall into their *claws*,
Who, to mens ruine, turne our *wholſome Laws*,
Whoſe *practiſe*, being *regulated*, might
Preſerve our *private* and our *publick Right*:
For, that, our *Laws* are good, confeſſe I do,
And, that, we have ſome *honeſt Lawyers*, too.
No men have more oppreſſed been of late
This way, then, they who beſt have ſerv'd this *State*,
And to ſupport it, did themſelves expoſe
To *hazzards*, by accepting what our *Foes*
Had *forfeited*, to be therewith repay'd,
When, others, of ſuch *bargains* were afraid:
For, if it were obſerv'd, how they have ſleighted
Thoſe *Acts of Parlament*, which, us invited
Vpon the *Publick credit*, to lay forth
Our ſelves, for *Titles* of ſuch little worth
In moſt mens value, that, but few or none
Will take thereof, *ten pounds*, in *pledg* for *one*;
It would appear, that, wee, among the reſt
Of thoſe by them griev'd, have been moſt oppreſt.
For my own part, I, now *five years* together,
Have ſought for *Juſtice*, and can yet get neither
My *Land* nor *Money*: though by further coſt,
A *thouſand pounds* are added to what's loſt;
Nor whither, for *redreſs* I may retire,
Do I yet know; nor where, I can *enquire*:
And, ſhould I in each *circumſtance*, declare
My wrongs thereby, and what *effects* they are

Which

Which thence have followed, you would ſay, the *ſword*
Therewith compared, *Mercies* did afford ;
And, that, it more to our vexation tends,
To be deſtroyed by our *ſeeming-friends*,
With lingring torments ; then, with one great *blow*,
To be made *ſenſleſs*, by an *open Foe*.
And, therefore, when I have conſidered well
What I (and many moe) in this kind feel,
I dare conclude, that if no courſe be found,
Whereby, that *Juſtice*, may be here inthron'd,
Which will redreſs theſe *wrongs* (and thoſe that lye
In thouſands of *Petitions* hurled by,
Without regard) the *ſword*, will act *once more* ;
And, prove (I fear) more *ſharpe* than heretofore,
If mannag'd by a *King* ; which, both to *us*,
And to *himſelf*, will now be *ominous*.
When we have made a *King*, which, will inlarge
The *common burthen*, by a further charge,
And added to the *multitudes* of thoſe
Which now are *known*, *new bands*, of *boſome foes*,
Who, mad with *vengeance*, and with diſcontent,
Will any way, their brutiſh *paſſions* vent ;
Will it be *thriftineſs*, the charge to ſpare
That, ſhould for ſuch a time, a *guard* prepare ?
Indeed, they few *good pennyworths* afford,
Who meaſure all things, by the *Pike* and *Sword* ;
And none of us, I think, could well abide
His *Suits* ſhould in a *Martial Court* be tri'd ;
(Or, where they mannag'd are, till we could get
More *expedition*, than we can have yet,
With leſs *expence*) but, better ſure it were,
To ſpend a little quantity of *tarre*
Then loſe a *Hog* ; and, to be ſome while willing
For ſaving of a *Pound*, to pay a *Shilling*.

Hard

Hard things, in great *ſtraights*, muſt be undergone ;
Offenſive guards, are better much than *none*.
Are you aſleep ? and, ſee you not already
That, being in our *Purpoſes* unſteady,
Makes *Bees*, as well as *Waſps*, to *Buz* and *Humme*,
And ſhew their *Stings*, portending what will come ?
Do not you hear what's *murmur'd*, as among
The *People*, to and fro, you paſs along ?
And, *know you not*, that, what is voyc'd abroad
By *them*, is otherwhile, the *Voyce of God ?*
Then, *know it now* ; leſt, ſhortly, that be ſpoke
Which, when once ſaid, *he never will revoke :*
And, though you ſleight the *Scriblings of my Pen*,
Learn wiſdome, from your prudent *Husband-men*.
Doth any ſober *Countrey Fellow*, judge
He ſaveth ought, by pulling up his *hedge*
Before his *Corn* be hous'd, to leave (the while
He therewith warms himſelf) his *Crop* to ſpoile?
Or, put away his *Dogs*, that were imploy'd,
To guard the *Sheep*, till *Wolves* are quite deſtroy'd?
Conſider theſe things ; And, by theſe conceive
What *Prudence* doth obliege us to believe
Of all thoſe other *Arguments*, you bring
To make us change *Protector* into *King* ;
Or, to diſarm theſe *Nations*, till we ſee
This *Common-wealth* ſhall better ſetled bee
But, 'tis the *Reaſon* of a *Parlament*,
Which to our *Prince*, a *Kingſhip* doth preſent.
True ; And, it is the *Reaſon of the Prince*,
(Yea, and his *Conſcience*, too) which takes *offence*
At what is *offer'd* ; and 'tis not a *caſe*
As yet decided, whether ſhould give place.
My *Private Reaſons*, they might overſway,
And, though 'twere not *convinc'd*, I muſt obey,

Or

Or *Suffer:* And thus for my *Conſcience* too
It muſt be, in things, which I cannot *doe.*
But ſure, his *Highneſs* (if it may be judg'd
By *private men*) is much more *Privileg'd*:
For, he whom *God* hath *Raiſed up,* or *Sent*
To lay the *Ground-work* of a *Government,*
Is with a *Spirit,* in all likelyhood
By him who rais'd him, for that *work* indow'd;
Yea peradventure, he is qualifide
To that *End,* more than *all men elſe beſide,*
As will appear (though this to ſome ſeem ſtrange)
If we look back on every former *change*;
And when to new *Works, GOD* doth *Princes* call,
What *Spirits,* them he furniſhes withall.
Both *Parlaments,* and *Councels general,*
Do many times into great errors fall;
And for their *Owne,* or for the *Peoples Sin*
(Or for ſome *other cauſes)* oft have been
Deſerted by their *Guide*; that, men may know
Their *Weal,* from their *Joint wiſdome,* doth not flow.
When *God* will prove a *People,* or a *Prince,*
It muſt, by ſomewhat, likely to *convince,*
Attempted be: The *Spirit,* to be tride,
In ſomewhat, muſt *imbodied* abide
That's *venerable:* elſe, no *Approbation*
Can thereon follow, worth Conſideration.
A *Prophet,* by a *Prophet* was deceiv'd;
And yet, was therefore of his *life* bereav'd.
It was ev'n by thoſe men who ſeated were
In *Moſes chair,* (and whom *Chriſt* bad them hear)
Who did ſo miſadviſe them, that, they cri'd
To have the *King of glory* crucifi'd.
Yet, they have been *accurſed* till this day,
Becauſe, they did not as well *try,* and *weigh,*

As

As hear their *counſell*; having, ſo to do,
A *rule of Faith*, and *Light within* them, too.
The *Reaſon*, therefore, of a *Parlament*,
May be demurr'd upon, though it preſent
A Kingdome: and, if any man may be
Thus *privileg'd*, then, no man more than he
Whom, it now moſt concerneth; and, who, muſt
Give an accompt, for what he hath in *truſt*.
But, there is ſomething, that perſwades my heart,
This *Parlament*, in acting of their part
Hath not alone, done that which *providence*
Will make to be, at laſt, without offence;
But, ſerviceable alſo to that end.
Which, *God*, and our *Protector*, did intend:
Or, that they will, at leaſt wiſe, have a care
That nothing ſhall be urged to inſnare
His *Conſcience*; or, be further on him preſt
Then ſo far, as the *publick intereſt*,
And his, it may advance: For, theſe are *gifts*
That often have put many to *hard ſhifts*
To get them; but, till now I ne'r did know
A Prince, that might not ſuch a *gift* forego
VVithout *offence*; or, that a *Conquerour*,
To chuſe his *Title* had not alwayes power.
Nor can I think, that, he did ſo diſpoſe
Of his *whole pow'r*, when he impowred thoſe
For his *aſſiſtance*, that, *himſelf* he left
But as a *Cypher*, of all *pow'r* bereft:
Ev'n of *enablement*, by his *negation*,
For that, which tendeth to the preſervation
Of his own *conſcience*: and, of meanes to do
That, which the *Law of Nature*, binds him to:
For, their *Petition*, ſeemeth to imply
That, ſomewhat, which they aske he may deny.

And,

And *Reaſon* ſayes, that none ſhould be confin'd
From *Powr*, to doe the work to him enjoyn'd ;
Which, he would want, if of a *Negative*
In ſuch like things as this, they him deprive.
I muſt confeſs, I ſtagger'd am, well neer,
And almoſt overawed with a fear
Of medling any further in this *Point*,
Leſt, I, may bring things farther out of *joynt*
That ſtand *awry* : for, I am not a ſtranger
To thoſe *Concernments* which it may endanger,
If, I, to common view, ſhould bring out that
Which is conceiv'd a *Myſterie of State* ;
Or, ſhould intrench upon the *Priviledges*
Which, due to *Parliaments*, this *Nation* judges :
Nor am I ignorant, what might to me
Thereby befall, ſhould I ſuſpected be,
(As it is ſomewhat probable I may)
For *Arbitrary actings*, to make way
Beyond due *Limits* (which, I doe abhor
With all my *ſoul*, to be a pleader for.)
Yet, I were falſe to *truth*, ſhould I not ſhew
What *Tools* are to his undertakings due,
Who muſt ſecure our *Peace* (becauſe he may
Make uſe of them perhaps another way.)
The *Drunkard* ſinneth by exceſs of *Wine*,
Yet, we allow the planting of the *Vine* ;
And, I conceive it lawfull to expreſs
That, which may *publique injuries* redreſs,
Although it may occaſion ſome *offence*,
Which is of an *inferiour conſequence*.
I know, what to a *Parliament* hath been
Aſcrib'd ; and, I have *felt*, as well as *ſeen*
What *powr* it hath, and what that *powr* may do,
If, that exorbitance belongs thereto,

Which many claim ; and, which, it had obtain'd
Untill it was by *Providence* reſtrain'd.
It hath, to give it an *enablement*,
The *Peoples* never failing *Argument*,
Thereby, to make good, and oblige us to
What they are pleas'd we ſhould *believe*, or *do* :
Ev'n this, (which oft doth puzzle and becumber
The *wiſeſt men*) an *Over-voting Number*.
It acts by *Preſidents*, which, may ſometimes
Make *vertues* to be puniſhed as *crimes* :
It takes a pow'r to make and unmake *Treaſon* ;
To bind and looſe, as well our *Faith* as *Reaſon* ;
To raiſe, or pull down *Kings* ; from their *poſſeſſions*,
To throw men out ; to puniſh for *Tranſgreſſions*,
Before there have been *Laws* to make them ſuch ;
And, hath unto it ſelf aſſum'd ſo much,
That, doubtleſs, if there be no power in *Him*
Who ſhould be *Umpire*, betwixt *us* and *them*,
To moderate (nor any other way
To qualifie) that which impoſe they may ;
No *ſingle Tyrant*, now or heretofore,
Did, or can for the *future*, grieve us more,
Or more *inſlave*, then we our ſelves may do,
By means of thoſe whom we ſhall truſt unto :
Nor to ſo *many* can thoſe *wrongs* extend,
Nor be ſo hardly brought unto an *end* ;
Conſid'ring, that, *things preſent* to enjoy,
Some, would their own *poſterity* deſtroy.

We have had *dear experience*, both, long ſince,
And lately, what *effects* may flow from thence,
If, neither in our *ſelves*, nor in *another*,
Nor in *them* and a *third pow'r*, joyn'd together,
There may be means to ſave from what we fear ;
Yea, we of our beſt *hopes* deprived are,

And

And have but leap'd (by ought that ſee I can)
Into the *Fire*, out of the *Frying-pan*:
For, as *things ſtand*, when *Deputies* are choſe,
Whether, they be our *faithfull friends*, or *foes*;
Whether, they have been *well*, or *miſ-begotten*;
Whether, their *Principles* be found, or rotten;
Whether, they ſhall be *Prudent*, or *unwiſe*;
Whether, their *votes* be gained by *ſurprize*,
Or not; and, whether, that which they conclude
Be *right* or *wrong*; or, for our *harm*, or *good*,
We have no remedy, but, muſt ſubmit
To whatſoever is adjudged fit:
And, not preſume to let a word be ſpoke
Againſt it, leſt their *priviledge* be broke.
But, ſure, there ſhould ſome *bounds* be ſet to *them*;
And, I believe there is, by that *Supreme*
And *Common law of Nature*, which, in part
Is writ (though much defac'd) in every *heart*.
Therefore, that *Law* I very often read,
And, many times, for *common freedoms* plead,
As I finde *cauſe*; and, will not be afraid
To plead it, when aſide I ſee it laid,
Though I have *blame*; And, though, ſome wil ſuppoſe
And ſay, *Beyond his Laſt, this Cobler goes.*
On that *account*, my *Muſe* compels me, here
To treat of things that ſeem beyond my *Sphere*;
But, having for *Affaires* wherewith I deale
A *Warrant* in my boſome, under *Seale*,
I will proceed unto the *point* in hand,
So far forth as the ſame I underſtand:
For, that which is in queſtion, differs not
In what may follow, from the *Gordian-knot*;
And, I ſhould grieve to ſee it *knit* ſo faſt,
That, by the *Sword*, it muſt be *cut* at laſt,

Or, all, thereby into a danger ſlide,
If ſtill, or overlong, it be *unty'd.*
I know not what this *Parliament* can doe,
Nor whether it be *limited* or no,
By him who called it : but, I believe,
It power with *limitations* did receive.
And, this I know ; that, if there doth reſide
A *pow'r* therein, to force what is *deny'd,*
Maugre his *Conſcience,* who the ſame to ſave
From violence, doth one *Propoſall* wave ;
I, thereupon conclude, it may as well
Againſt his *ſingle-Reaſon,* him compell ;
And with more ſhew of *Juſtice,* if the ſtate
Of that, which is in queſtion, doth relate
To *Civill things* ; becauſe, the *reaſon* ſhown
Is *joyntly* then, the *peoples* and his *own,*
They, being both his *choſen Counſellors*
For ſuch *affaires,* and *Deputies* of theirs ;
Who may as juſtly take his *powr* away
To *morrow,* as his *Title,* on *this day,*
Againſt his will ; and, *Him* and *His,* expoſe
To all the rage and malice, of his *foes.*
If, from conſtraint, his *Conſcience* be not free,
Sad will the *conſequences* thereof be.
If, *He,* that *freedom* ſhall be barred from,
What of our *Chriſtian freedoms* will become ?
Who, as 'tis thought, have given them a power
Without *controule,* to ſpare or to devoure,
As they ſhall pleaſe. But, ſure impowred thus
They never were by *God,* our *Prince,* or *us,*
By ought which *tacitly* did them inveſt
With ſuch powr ; nor by any thing expreſt ;
At leaſt *de jure,* though we are in *Fact*
Concluded by thoſe *Laws* they ſhall enact.

For

For whatſoere the law of *God* or *nature*,
Confers upon the *Reaſonable creature*,
No *Truſt*, as *Deputies* of ours, have they
To meddle with (much leſs to take away)
Untill by thoſe *Laws* forfeited ; unleſs
For *Publique weale*, or ſuccours in *diſtreſs*,
For *common ſafety*. Nor, then, have they *pow'r*
O're *perſon*, *freedom*, *goods*, or ought that's our
In *equity* : unleſs, they alſo lay
As equally as poſſibly they may,
Thoſe *burdens* upon all ; leſt, ſome beare *nought*,
As *lately* ; and, ſome bee to *ruin brought* ;
Whoſe prayres, cries, and vnredreſſed wrongs,
Is that which our *Vnſetlement* prolongs.
It wil be, therefore, our ſecureſt way,
The *Groundworke* of our *Government* to lay
Vpon ſome *Juſt Act*, which may expiate
Thoſe *Sinnes* that have committed been of late,
Through our defect of *Juſtice* and *Compaſſion*,
To them who have beene faithfull to this Nation,
Ev'n to their owne undoing : were this done,
The works which now goe *Backward*, would *goe on* ;
And, *God*, would make us lovingly *comply* ;
Inſtruct us what to *Grant*, or to deny.
Till this be done, we onely ſhall contrive
Snares for each other ; or, at beſt, but ſtrive
Like *Bees* in hony-*potts* ; and, be at laſt,
Deſtroy'd by that, in which our *hopes* are plaſt.
Yea, till theſe *Nations*, doe ſo conſtitute
Their *Parlaments*, and them whom they *Depute*
Obliges to *fundamentals*, they, ſhall never
Theire *Liberties* enjoy ; but bee for ever
Expoſd to Hazzards (which might be prevented,
And none be therewith iuſtly diſcontented).

As

As now things are, at every *Parlament,*
May our *Religion,* or the *Government,*
Be innovated, to our greiſe or ſhame,
According to thoſe *Modells* they will frame,
Who may by frau'd, or other meanes uniuſt,
For ſuch end's, ſcrew into our *Publike truſt.*
Sometimes, wee ſhall be govern'd by a *king*;
A few yeares after, by *an other thing*;
Then, by *a king* againe; and, to all theſe
Be forced to engage, as others pleaſe;
With every *wind,* turn'd like a Weathercock,
Now faſt, now *Looſe*; *out Nettle and in Dock*;
Yea, and to *ſweare,* till we may ſafely ſay
And *ſweare,* that, moſt have *ſworn* their *faith* away:
Which, to prevent, either from *God,* or *him,*
Who, hath in all Affaires, the *Pow'r Supreame*
Our help muſt come; and, from a *Parlament*
Which, thereunto ſhall give a full aſſent:
But, this can never be, (as I have ſaid
Elſewhere) until the *Ground-worke* be new laid;
And, till by good and perfect *Chymeſtry,*
Natures three *principles, Salt, Mercury,*
And *Sulphur,* be to that juſt *temprature,*
And ſuch *proportion* brought, as will procure
To govern us, a *Civil-Trinity,*
Made up into a *bleſſed Unity,*
It ſelf (ſo far forth as it may be done)
Conforming to th' *Eternall three-in-one*
In *Righteouſneſs* and *Mercy.* This product,
Our *ſelfiſhneſs,* doth hitherto obſtruct;
And wil, till *God,* in ſome things, hath a *choice*
By *Lot,* when they are paſt by *humane voice*:
For, much corruption that wil cure; and, then,
Chriſts kingdom, will begin to be with men

More

More manifeſt; and, no *falſe Chriſts* appeare
As now, and heretofore, they have done here.
But, know, that when a *Government* conſiſts
Of three *Eſtates*, 't will wrong thoſe *Intereſts*
Which to a *Free Republicke* do pertain,
Unleſs it be provided, that, thoſe *twain*,
Which are *Superior*, ſhall deſcend to none
By *Birthright:* But, that, thereto ev'ry one
Shall be elected; and, no perſon bear
Such *Place*, who was not born a *Commoner*;
Or, whoſe *Poſterity*, ſhall not return
To that *Condition*, whereto he was *born*.
For, *he*, or *his*, will *Tyrants* be at laſt
By whom, this *Propoſition* is tranſgreſt.
Theſe things, perhaps, will come to paſs in time,
Whereof, I ſeem at preſent, but to dream;
And, peradventure, we till then, to gain
A *Setlement*, ſhall plodd, and ſtrive in vain.
Meanwhile, his *Highneſs*, or he, whoſoere
God, to the *ſupream Office* doth prefer,
A *Suffrage-negative*, ſhould have in that,
Which, *Publicke ſafty*, doth neceſſitate
To be by him, or them, ſometime *Denide:*
By no means, can he otherwiſe provide
To keep his *Honor*, or, thoſe *Dues*, which muſt
Preſerve him able, to perform his *truſt*,
Or bound them in their *Orbe*, who elſe, (as we
By proof have found) *exorbitant* may be,
*A*nd, like a *Heard* (if not well kept together)
When ſome *break out*, run all, they know not whether.
Nay, till there be a *Gouvernment* here fixt,
Things ballancing, ſo evenly, betwixt
Prince, *Peeres*, and *People*, that, each may ſubſiſt,
*A*nd not infringe each others *Intereſt*,

He, that is our *Supream*, muſt truſted be
With *Arbitray Power* in ſome degree,
To carry on his *work*, and to ſecure
The *whole*, whilſt our *unſettlements* endure:
*A*nd, to effect that *end*, God did, perchance,
Deſtroy the *Pow'r*, that *was*; and this advance.
Without ſuch *Pow'r* a *Prince* choſe out of *Logs*,
Like that which was beſtowed on the F*rogs*,
Would be as good: *Him*, we might deal with all
*A*s we ſhould pleaſe; and any thing might call,
*A*nd leap about him; till aſham'd we be
Of ſuch a *Block*, and chuſe a worſe then he.
This *Parlament*, hath done what *them became*
In *offring*; he, hath alſo done the ſame
In his *refuſal*: *A*nd, ſtill to adhere
To that whereof reſolv'd he doth appear,
Shall do *as well*, until *that* be removed
Which gives *Offence*, or, *Inoffenſive* proved:
*A*nd ſhould he be compelled to accept
Till that be done, *Decorum* were not kept.
They therefore, as I hope, will qualify
That, which he is inforced to *deny*,
(*A*nd thereby ſave the *labour* and the *Coſt*,
VVhich, elſe, would in an *evil time* be loſt)
Rather then force him to an *acceptation*
Of that which would be an abomination
Both to *himſelf* and *others*: VVhich would prove
No Symptome of their *Piety* or *Love:*
For, ſhould he be compelled unto that
VVhich moſt of his *beſt Friends* abominate,
*A*nd, his own *Conſcience* cheks at; It would give
A Kingdom, which no wiſe man would receive;
*A*nd as it were inthrone him, (ſhall I tell
In plain termes where?) ev'n in the Depths of *Hell*,
VVith-

Within whoſe curſed bounds, is comprehended
A wounded conſcience, wilfully offended.
It is confeſt, the Title of a *King*
Is *honorable*, and may profit bring
To *ſome who would confer it*; But, to *Him*
No benefit (yea, and perhaps, to *Them*
At laſt as little) For, if he grow leſs
In *Pow'r*, that *Title*, will in his diſtreſs
Not ſo much *help* as *hinder:* And, then, *they*
Who gave it, will, firſt, take the ſame away:
Yea, if on *that ſide* an advantage grow,
They will beſtow it on his *greateſt Foe.*
But, if his *Pow'r* continue, he may ſtill
Support his *Title*, call him what you will;
And, that, to which none can lay claim but *he*,
Will *ſafeſt* upon all Adventures be.
Indeed, all things conſider'd well together,
There will be *Hazards*, both in *th'one* and *th'other*;
But, *leaſt* in that, which will in proof be beſt
To keep that *conſcience*, which gives *Inward reſt.*
Though, in it ſelf, we do confeſs the *Title*
Is honorable, it can add but little
To his *Repute:* Nay, it will be a blot
As things are, to that *honour* he hath got;
Which, if it ſeriouſly conſidered be,
Is of a higher nature and degree,
Than that which *men confer*; and, they ſhall do
No more who add a *King-ſhip* thereunto,
Than he, who *Diamonds* in *Lead* doth ſet,
Or, makes an *Earl* or *Duke*, a *Baronet.*
And, *Gideon*, peradventure, did therefore
Refuſe a *Kingſhip*, being honour'd more
By what he was, then by what he thereby
Might have convey'd to his *Poſterity.*

Kingſhip

Kingſhip is *lawful*; yet, wiſe men do know
Things *lawful*, inexpedient ſometimes grow.
The Stile of *King*, was but an *Ordination*
Of *men*; and afterward by Toleration,
At their requeſt, by God himſelf allow'd
Unto his *people* (ſo, that neither proud
They did become, nor pufft up with ambition
O're others; which, thereof was one *Condition.)*
Yea, 'tis an Attribute of *God*, whereon
Was rais'd, this *incommunicable one*,
The King of Kings. If therefore, at the *Name*
We ſimply take offence, We are too blame:
Or, if we think, the Pow'r they give is leſs
Who, by *Synonoma's*, the ſame expreſs,
As many *Nations* do, who never had
A *King* among them, ſince the world was made,
Yet give their *Princes* pow'r, whereby they may
Rule well, and make their *Subjects well obey.*
The *Supream Perſon*, always is the ſame
In *Soveraignty*, whatever him you *name*:
And, they who do pretend, our *Lawes* to bring
Advantages, to him that's call'd a *King*
Which other *Titles* give not, do well know,
If, he be their *Supream*, it is not ſo:
For, ev'ry thing within our *Lawes* expreſt,
Wherein our former *Kings* had Intereſt,
Is virtually, ev'n by thoſe *Lawes*, derived
To him, who for our *Soveraign* is receiv'd.
And, whatſoever they make ſhew of, may,
Who make the *Law*, ſpeak what they pleaſe to ſay,
Were that, which is now conquerd by our *Swords*,
Brought to their *Bars*, to be new tri'd by *Words*,
The *Judgment* would be given on that ſide
Where *Pow'r*, not where the *Kingſhip* did reſide,
Although

Although the *Law* ſpoke for it, and forbad
All other *Governments:* For, *Laws* are made
To ſpeak, too often, not to that *good end*
For which, *Law-makers*, did them firſt intend:
But, what beſt makes out their *Accommodation*,
Who take upon them their Interpretation.
Elſe, they could tell you (without my direction)
That, he, whom *God* hath rais'd for our Protection,
Had for his *Church*, and for his *Common-weal*,
The *Pow'r* he owns, confirm'd on that *Appeal*
They made to *God*, when that, for which they fought,
To *Trial*, in an *Open Field*, was brought.
Conqueſt, is by our *Law*, the utmoſt *Trial*
That can be had: and *He*, (without denial)
And his *Adheres*, have right in that reſpect,
To any *Title* which they will elect:
Yea, and may *Change*, *Confirm*, or make the *Lawes*
Such, as their *Safety*, and the *Common Cauſe*
Shall now require: Provided, it accord
With their *Truſt*, for whoſe ſake they drew the *Sword*;
And with thoſe ancient Rights, by *God* and *Nature*,
Conferr'd upon the *Reaſonable Creature*:
Which, if they ſhall invade, their *Swords* now worn,
Upon *Themſelves*, juſt vengeance will return:
For, that *Pow'r*, was conferred to provide
A form of *Government* ſo rectifide,
That, neither *Prince*, nor *Peers*, nor *People* might
Intrench, hereafter, on each others *Right*:
Yea, (that by what *ſhall be*, and what is *paſt*,
God's purpoſe might be manifeſt, at laſt)
It them impowers, to lay down thoſe *Foundations*,
That ſhall by *This*, and future *Generations*
Be *built* upon: In which *work*, if they ſhould
Leave any *Arch*, or *Pillars*, rais'd of old,

Miſta

Miſ-laid, or *Crooked*, *Rotten*, or *Miſ-wrought*,
It would, at laſt, bring all the Pile to nought.
And therefore, to this *end*, oblig'd they are
To uſe their *Pow'r* with *Prudency* and care.
To this *end*, *Providence*, into their hands
Let that *Pow'r* ſlip, which at this day commands;
And they, who meerly for their own ends uſe it,
Are *Tyrants*, or elſe *Traitors*, and abuſe it.
That, which may of *Protectorſhip* be ſaid,
Was, long ago, made publique to be weigh'd;
(Not without cauſe, although to many men,
It ſeemed an Impertinency, then)
And, as if that had been *foreſeen*, which would
Be *offer'd* now, the *Sequel* was foretold,
Which would enſue on changing of that *Title*,
With other things regarded but a little;
Which, to repeat here, were but (in effect)
To offer them again to your neglect.
New Titles, future *Grandeur*, do foreſhew;
The *greateſt Titles*, at the firſt were *New:*
And, though the *Government* which we yet have,
Was only modellized, but to ſave
From likely ruine, till we *ſtrength* ſhould get
To raiſe up *that*, which might be more compleat;
You, in this *Title* no defect can ſee,
If, but *Imperial* thereto added be,
Or, ſomewhat elſe, to put a *difference*
'Twixt *This*, and *that* in *Nonage* of a *Prince:*
And, thoſe additions which do not eſtrange,
But help *explain a Title*, are no change.
What, if his *Highneſs*, doth ſuppoſe it given
(As I believe) by *Providence* from Heaven?
And thinks *Himſelf* engag'd, not to neglect
That *Gift*? And what, if for the like reſpect,

His

His *Friends* conceiv'd it might be *Ominous*,
Either to *Him who owns* it, or to *Us*,
Without an urgent cauſe to change the ſame
For *King*, or any other *Soveraign Name?*
Should this great *Title* be rejected for
That, which his *beſt affected Friends* abhor?
And, they, thereby grow jealous. that his *heart*
(Which ſeem'd inclined to the better part)
Had left it for the *world*, and for thoſe *toyes*
Wherein her *fooliſh Favourites* rejoyce?
Might not thereon, ſome *Conſequence* enſue,
Which, peradventure, *He*, or *We*, might rue?
What, if *God* gave that *Title* for a *Teſt*
Of his adherence to that Intereſt,
Which doth concern Chriſts *Kingdom?* and to ſhow
That if what God conferr'd he ſhall forgoe
(For what the *World* will offer) he beſt prizes
The things of this *World*, and his *Grace* deſpiſes?
Or what, (if as that *Blood*, which heretofore
Sprinkled the *Poſts*, and *Lintels* of the doore)
God, gave this *Title* for a difference
Betwixt the *Kings of Babel*, and his *Prince?*
That he may be ſecur'd, when to deſtroy
Chriſts foes, he ſhall that *Army* here imploy,
Which will caſt out their *fleſh*, to *Beaſts* and *Fowls*,
To *Devils*, give their miſerable *ſouls?*
Make, that abominable *Scarlet-Whore*
Their *painted Miſtreſs*. deſolate and poor?
And, throw them irrecoverably thither,
Where, they ſhall burn perpetually together?
This may be; for, the time is drawing on
Wherein, ſuch *Executions* will be done.
And therefore, in his *Highneſs*, it implies
Much *Chriſtian Prudency*, that he denies

What's

What's offred now; and, he ſhall be innobl'd
Much more thereby, then by thoſe *Offers* doubl'd,
If he perſiſt; *Clear Symptoms*, he hath given
Of *good events*, by having ſo long ſtriven
Againſt what, ſeemingly, doth offer him
Things, of moſt value in the *worlds* eſteem:
For, they infer, that he is rais'd above
Their *Sphere*, who on ſuch objects ſet their love;
That, his *Promotions*, he expects not from
The *Eaſt* or *Weſt*; nor cares for thoſe that come
By *Oblique Winds*: But, moſt account doth make
Of what the *World*, can neither *give* nor *take*.
Thoſe *Outward Trappings*, which make ſo much ſhow
Of what theſe *Nations* do on him beſtow,
Are not on him beſtown, but, on the *State*.
The great *Allowances*, much murmur'd at,
Are upon him conferr'd, for their *own ſakes*,
Ev'n to ſecure *Themſelves*: And, them he takes
For that intent; becauſe, thereby, he muſt,
And cannot otherwiſe, perform his *Truſt*.
Whereas, if he perceiv'd it would as little
Secure the *Publike*, as their *Offer'd Title*,
And, on his *Conſcience* preſs, as that will do,
I, do believe, he would refuſe *that*, too.
Preſume I may not, to declare to thoſe
Who are in *Pow'r*, which way, they might compoſe
Their *Diffrences*; nor have I ought to ſay,
To that *End*, which, I warrantably may
Propound: For, if I had, neither the *fear*
Of thoſe *Wits*, who, take liberty to *jeer*,
Nor *worſe things*, could affright me; I, have told
As much, as I can *ſeaſonably* unfold:
Except this *Hint* that follows, doth conduce
To ſomewhat, which, may ſafely be of uſe.

Perhaps

Perhaps, it is *Caſt in*, but to *Inſnare*;
Perhaps, to make proof, how *inclined you are.*
Be wary, therefore, how far you *proceed*
Therein; and mind, I warn'd you, to *Take heed.*
Should it offend, I dare not change a *Line*;
For, though *I ſpeak*, theſe *Arrands* are not mine.
God, ſets before us, *this*, and *that*, to chuſe,
And leav's us free, to *Take* or to *Refuſe*;
And, ſuch *markes* gives, of what may prove amiſs,
That, if we chuſe not well, the fault's not *His.*
They, who ſincerely think, the Stile of *King*
Will to this *Commonwealth* advantage bring;
And, they, who fear it would portend no good
The title of *Protector* to explode,
May, if they can agree, joyn them together,
And pleaſe perhaps, both *Parties*; perhaps, *neither*,
Till ſomewhat reconcile them, which, *fit Seaſon*
More likely ſeems to bring to paſs then *Reaſon.*
Theſe *Titles* are *conſiſtent*; and, if that
Which is *refus'd*, be made *Subordinate*,
And this *Supream*; that it may thereunto
Be *Vaſſal*, and a kind of *Homage* do,
As *conquered*; it might be ſerviceable
With leſs offence, (for ought that I am able
To counterſay:) for, that wiſe *Legiſlator*
Who was preſerv'd, by *Ruſhes*, from the water,
Was call'd a *King*; and, therewith had the *Pow'r*
Which, conſtitutes with us, an *Emperor*,
And in that *Commonwealth* (which was the beſt)
Both *Kingly*, and *Imperial Pow'r* poſſeſt;
Which, if conſer'd on him, who governs us,
His *Title*, might be then contrived thus,
Or, ſome ſuch way: On *feet*, in *Verſe*, it goes
But lamely; Therefore, take it here, in *Proſe.*

Soveraign

Soveraign Protector, *or,* Protector Imperial *of the Commonwealth of* Great Brittain, *King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the Iſlands, Territories and Dominions, to them belonging.*

This, is not *Magiſterially* propos'd,
As if thereby all *Ruptures* would be clos'd ;
Nor is it my deſire, it ſhould *ſo be,*
Or, *not be ſo* ; for, it concernes not me.
It, almoſt, into *words* was thus far brought,
E're it was fully formed in my thought ;
*A*nd, *ſlipt out,* (as do ſuch things now and then)
Rather, to try the *mindes of other men,*
Then to declare my *Judgment* ; which, I give,
(VVhen I intend ſo) in *terms poſitive.*
But, thus much, I will ſay ; *This* is by none
Yet *claymed* ; neither gives to any one
Juſt cauſe of *Quarrel: Honourable Pow'r*
Holds forth : Is, by the *Law of Conqueſt* our,
*A*nd, may within our own *Realmes,* be aſſum'd,
Yet, nothing be undecently preſum'd,
If we, know by what means, to limite ſo
The *Pow'r,* which therewith all, we ſhall beſtow,
That no offence it gives ; nor may produce
Pride, Folly, or *Oppreſſion* by abuſe.
But, what would follow, ſhould this fanci'd be,
It is not in my dim ſight, to foreſee ;
*A*nd therefore, to be weigh'd by thoſe, I leave it,
VVhom it concernes to *Offer,* & *Receive it* : [known)
To whom (if ſought where ſuch things may be
It ſhall be, to their ſatisfaction ſhown,
How far *this,* or the *Title* of a *King*
May be aſſum'd, and no diſturbance bring.

Power,

Powr, though *bred Tame*, is an *unruly beaſt*,
Which if it feed much on *ſelfe intereſt*,
Growes quickly *wild*; and every thing commands
Except it *ſelfe*; yea breaks the *ſtrongeſt Bands*,
Which once caſt off, *Reſtraint* it will avoyd,
And never more be bound, till 'tis deſtroyd.
Our beſt *courſe* therefore is not to be ſtrugling
With *Powr* (Although it ſeems upheld by *Jugling*
As well as by *good meanes*) or to contend
With things *without us*, which *War* hath no end:
But rather to compoſe and order ſo
All things *within us*, as we ought to do.
For, there we may have *Peace* (when we have done
Our *Duties*) In *externals*, there is none:
And what we get by *Politick Contrivings*
By *Falſhood*, *Force*, *Diſſembling*, or *Connivings*,
Doth for the moſt part, but the more diſorder
Our *mindes*; and from our *hopes* divide us further.
Yea, whether our *cheife Magiſtrate*, we ſhall
A *King* hereafter, or *Protector* call,
'Twill not be much materiall, what the *Name*
Shall be, if all things elſe be ſtill the ſame.
Nor *His*, nor *our condition* will be betterd
Whilſt we are with thoſe *Vanities* befetterd,
Which to *caſt off*, we lately made a *ſhew:*
Or, whilſt in *ſecret*, we do ſtill purſue
Our *old wayes*, and continue, in *effect*,
What we in *Circumſtances*, do reject.
Some are perſwaded, that the ſtile of *King*
May be as well aſſumed, as that *Thing*
Which gives like *Power*: And ſo it may, if he
A *Jehu*, or a *Jeroboam* be,
Who, neither conſcience makes whom he offends
Or ſcandalizeth, to obtaine his *Ends*;

Or if he uſe that *Power*, which is beſtowne
For *publick workes*, to bring to paſſe his *owne*.
But, howſoever, let it be our care
Still to performe what our *Obligements* are:
Which are not to engage him unto *One*
Offence, through fear another may be done:
Or, to reſiſt the *Power* we ſhould obey
Becauſe it ſeems by an *unlawfull way*
Acquir'd or kept: For, every *Wiſe man* knows
Powr, *Thrones*, and *Glorie*, are at GOD's diſpoſe.
It is by other ſome not meanly fear'd,
Such *Powr* is by *Protectorſhip* conferd,
That he may now infring our *freedomes* more
Then any of our *Princes* heretofore:
Which may be likewiſe true; yet, what GOD gave
Wherewith to do him *ſervice*, he muſt have
To whom he gives it; If he then abuſe it,
To their *wrong*, for whoſe *well-fare* he ſhould uſe it,
GOD will aveng it: And though he defers
That *Vengance*, (and the *Polititian* Jeers
At ſuch a *Vindication*) 'twill be paid
With *Intereſt*, for all the time delay'd,
As ſoone as our *Repentance*, and thoſe *wrongs*,
Are for *that* ripened, which to them belongs.
Theſe *Nations*, and their *Parlaments*, talk much
Of *Liberties*, and *Freedomes*, as if ſuch
To them pertained, now, as they have had.
Indeed, there is an *Image* of them made,
Whereby, we, them a little honor'd ſee
Before the *People*, (as *Saul* ſought to be.)
But, of thoſe *Priviledges*, we have none;
Their *Glorie* is departed; they are gone:
We, by no *tenure*, any claime can lay
But *Courteſie of England*, at this day,

To

To what, by *Birth* was ours ; or unto ought
Which we have *purchaſ'd*, or for which we *fought* :
And till our *ſupream Magiſtrate* repaires
Our *Loſſes* ; Or, till GOD ſhall hear our Prayers
And *cries* (if he oppreſſe us) we ſhall ſtill
No other be, but, *Tenants at his Will.*
Yet is not he in fault ; nor is our *Caſe*
So bad, or in ſuch hazzard as it was.
For, if it were not ſo, it might be worſe ;
And, that which we ſuppoſe to be a *Curſe*,
May prove a *Bleſſing*. Otherwhile, men loſe
By having all things at their owne diſpoſe ;
And ſometimes *gaine* by *looſing*. what was our,
Did lately ſlip into anothers *pow'r* ;
Who, thereof taketh (by that *forfeiture*)
But ſo much, as our *Freedomes* may ſecure
To us hereafter. VVhen, he ſeems to *wound*
He doth but lance a *ſoare*, to make that ſound
Which would deſtroy us : when, unto ſome *coſt*
He puts us, 'tis that *all* may not be loſt.
Yea, for our *well-fare*, he is *meanes* contriving,
When we moſt wrong him, by a *miſbeleeving*.
And doth diſcharge his *Truſt* (as I beleeve)
By doing that, whereof we miſconceive.
Though he permits us to capitulate
With *him*, as if we did participate
In his *Powr* ; ſuff'ring us to *claime* and *take*
Thoſe *Priviledges*, whereby he may make
An *advantageous uſe*, with leaſt offence,
To bring to paſſe the *work* of *Providence* ;
And to ſuch *purpoſes*, is well content
To all our *juſt requeſts*, to give aſſent :
Thoſe things, do not to us of *right* pertain ;
They are meer *Acts of Favor* ; no *remain*

Of our old *freedomes* : And, 'twill hazzardize
Their *Reſtauration*, to think otherwiſe :
For, thoſe *Thoughts* hindring that compleat *ſubmiſſion*
Which GOD requires, will hinder their fruition,
By making us, perhaps, that *meanes* endeavor
To *gain them*, which will *loſe them*, quite, for ever.
In *provocations*, IS'RAEL did proceed
So far, that thereupon GOD had decreed
No *Ranſome from* deſtruction ſhould redeem
Their glorious *Temple* and *Jeruſalem*,
But, their *ſubmiſſion* to a *forraigne King*.
On *Us*, for our tranſgreſſions, GOD doth bring
A *Judgment* ſomewhat like it : And, before
He, will to us our *Liberties* reſtore,
We muſt quite loſe them, and ſubmit to *Him*
Whome, as (in that reſpect) we did contemn.
And, now, no *humane Policy*, or *Force*
Can put us into any likely *Courſe*
Of repoſſeſſing them, ſave that *Compliance*,
VVith which we have been long time at *defiance* ;
And, whereto he that ſhould adviſe, might ſpeed
As bad, perhaps, as *Jeremiah* did
VVhen he in vaine, his *Countrymen* perſwaded
To fly to *him*, who had their Land invaded.
But, ſo it *muſt be* ; and, if to *beleeve*
VVhat *muſt be*, may aſſurance thereof give.
Or, if things probable in *Reaſon*, may
Confirme that, which I now *beleeve* and *ſay*,
Our much *averſeneſſe*, rather will bring on
Then hinder, that which muſt at laſt be done.
For, we are torne into ſo many *fractions*,
Growne of ſo many *mindes*, by our *diſtractions*,
(Or *Counteractings*) ev'ry *Party* ſtriving
To bring to paſſe things of their own *contriving*,

All

Al men ſo apt, whom *place of truſt*, enable
For their owne *private ends*, to ſcrape and ſcrable ;
And every man ſo jealous, and affraid,
Of being to his *Oppoſite* betray'd ;
That, (as *the world* was, when it firſt begun)
Our *Common-wealth*, muſt be the *work* of *One* ;
One, that hath *Powr*, and, in *whome*, to agree
They, who are moſt concernd, moſt likely be.
This One, GOD, hath provided to reſtore
All, that our *Kings* uſurped heretofore
(Or, our Sins forfeited) And to reſetle
On us, thoſe *bleſſings*, by a *ſtronger Title* ;
(If neither *He*, nor theſe divided *Nations*
Shall, willfully, make fruſtrate their *Probations*)
Though, many are, yet, fearfull that he may
In ſome things, act the quite *contrary way*.

Thoſe *Counſels*, he hath oft together brought
VVhich we in *former times*, moſt proper thought
For ſuch a *Worke* ; and, much hath taken in,
VVhich offerd, by ſome *private bands*, hath been ;
But, both their *Ends*, and *Contributions* are
So diffring, and from *Unitie* ſo far ;
That, what he hath deſired ſhould be done,
Leſſe perfect ſeems, then when it was begun.
And 'tis not poſſible their *work* ſhould be
Long-laſting, who, in ſo few things agree.
He, therefore (as in all times paſt, we finde
It hath been done) who, is by GOD deſignd
To change a *Government* ; and, unto *whome*
He alwayes, an *Aſſiſtant* will become,
For his *owne works* ; that *ſpirit*, muſt improve
VVhich GOD on him conferreth to promove
His *Undertakeings*. Then, *reſolve* he muſt
On what his *Conſcience* judgeth to be juſt,

And by his *Pow'r* confirm it: elſe, the *Waies*
Now follow'd, will deſtroy him, by *Delayes.*
By this *Courſe,* and by weighing well thoſe things
Which *faithfull men,* and his *experience* brings
To be *conſider'd,* he *himſelfe,* alone,
Shall do that, which will never, elſe be done;
Even he alone, if, he, himſelf deny
(And on that *wiſdome,* and that *pow'r* rely,
Which hitherto, hath carried him along)
Shall, for his *undertakings,* be more ſtrong
Then, if he were with all the *ſtrength,* ſupplyd
And all the *wiſdome,* of the *world* beſide;
For, that ſhall teach him, what *adviſe* to chuſe:
What he muſt alter, what he muſt refuſe,
And what to fix upon; which, will be more
His *Honour,* then his *Conqueſts* heretofore;
Or, then to leave through *future Generations,*
A *Kingſhip* to his ſeed, o're many *Nations.*
This done; a *Parlament* well conſtituted
Will crown the work: then, ſuch as are reputed
Juſt *Priviledges,* will be all reſtord;
Then, they, who now *agree not,* will *accord*:
Then, will our *Lawes,* which yet are made a *Snare,*
Have thoſe effects, for which ordaind they were,
And, other things, be fairly carried on
VVhich, now, in crooked muddy *Chanels* run.
VVee, in this *worke* of *Providence,* moſt heed
Thoſe groſſe, and oblique *Actings,* which proceed
From mans corruption; and, the deeds of thoſe
Whom for *falſe friends,* or elſe, for *Open foes*
VVee do ſuſpect; and, greatly vexed are
VVith thoſe *miſactings,* which, in them appear;
As if, their *failings only,* were occaſions
Of all our *loſſes,* and our *Preturbations*;

But

But, were it well obſerved, we ſhould find
That, thoſe *grand-works*, which are by GOD deſign'd,
Are no leſſe further'd, by our *overſights*,
Our *weaknes*, *follies*, and our foes *deſpights*,
Then by our *Virtues*, *Prudency*, or *Powr*,
Or, any *ſuffrings*, or *good deeds* of our;
And, thereupon, prepare *a way* for *Peace*,
By prizing *others* more, and, our *ſelves* leſſe.
Or, if our *Intellectuall eyes* could ſee
VVhat GOD hath done, or, what thoſe actings be
VVhereby, his *finger*, doth make manifeſt
VVhat *changes*, have infringd our *intereſt*;
VVe, in true *meekneſſe*, would incline unto
VVhat he expects, we, ſhould *beleeve* and *do*;
Then, we ſhould finde, thoſe *changes* were permitted
That, for GOD's, *work* we might be better fitted;
That, his great *Love* and *Juſtice*, might be known;
That, our great *failings*, we, might *know*, and *owne*;
That, it might give us many *Evidences*
How little truſt there is, in *earthly Princes*,
In *Parlaments*, or, in the beſt of thoſe
Externall things, wherein we *truſt* repoſe:
And, that, we thence may learne, when we have tride
Their *Truſtleſneſſe*, in whome, we ſhould confide.
As ſure as, GOD, ten tribes from *David* rent,
And, made *Belſhazers* doome, a preſident
For *future times* to heed; and, tooke from *Saul*
And other *Kings* thoſe *Kingdomes* wherewith al
They were indowd: *ſo ſurely*, was the *Throne*
Of our preceding *King*, by GOD, broke down:
So ſurely, he, who now inthroned ſits,
VVas raiſd by *him*; and, that if he forgets
On what *Conditions*, he, that grace received,
So ſurely, ſhall he be againe deprived,

Of what he yet injoyes; and be devour'd
By that, whereby, he was at firſt impowr'd.
As ſure, as *Jacobs* ſons delivered were
Into the hands of *Nebuchadnezer*,
Of *Eglon*, *Jabin*, *Siſera*, and thoſe
VVho, did on them great *Slaveries* impoſe;
So certainly, did GOD give up theſe *Lands*
In former times, into *Oppreſſors* hands,
Both *Temporall*, and *Ghoſtly*; cauſing them
In various wiſe, to be from time to time,
Either *afflicted*, *eaſ'd*, *inthrall'd* or *freed*
As to do *well*, or *ill*, they did proceed:
And, lately, hath powr'd forth his *vials* here
On *Preiſt* and *People*, upon *Prince* and *Peer*;
Yet, if we grow not better than we be,
Far ſadder *Changes*, we may live to ſee,
Becauſe, ſuch *Provocations*, ours have been,
As, in no *former ages*, have been ſeen.
Mark what I *ſay*; and *heed* what will *enſue*;
For, what I tell you, *is*, and ſhal be true.
GOD, for their many *ſins*, did juſtly bring
Theſe *Nations*, into *Bondage*, to their *King*:
Not to deſtroy them, as a *foe*, but rather,
Them to correct, as it became a *Father*.
That *Pow'r*, He, exercif'd not to fulfill
GOD's minde, but, to accompliſh his *owne will*;
And, did exceed the bounds of his *commiſſion*,
To make them footſteps, up to his *ambition*.
Then, unto GOD they cri'd, and did repent;
VVho, thereupon, unto their *Parlament*
Gave all his *Power*; whereby, they did proceed
Againſt his *life*, and *raigned in his ſteed*.
VVhen they were thus *in-thron'd*, in leiw of *giving*,
Forgiving, *diſinthralling*, and releiving.

Their

Their *Brethren*, by whoſe hazzards, blood, & treaſure,
They, of the *ſov'raigne Power*, had gotten ſeiſure;
Their *Helpers*, *Friends*, and *Servants*, they forgot,
Or (which is worſe) them, they regarded not;
(Nor in their greateſt need, were ſome of thoſe,
So civilly reſpected as their *Foes*)
Nay more; them they *oppreſt*; ſleighted their *prayers*,
Expoſed them to *ſhame*, *wants*, and *deſpaires*;
Endeavour'd chiefly their owne *exaltations*,;
Th'inriching of *themſelves*, and their *relations*;
And, had not that ſucceeded, which befell,
What elſe they would have done, no man can tell.
In ſight of GOD, of *Angels*, and of *Men*,
Theſe things were done; and, this, compels *my pen*
To leave it on *Record*, here to be read
By *future Ages*, when that I am dead.
Theſe, and more ſuch like things, which I have been
Inforced to have *felt*, and to have *ſeen*,
I, from beholding them, long time deſir'd
My *ſelf*, into ſome *nook* to have retir'd;
But, my *Engagements* alwayes kept me here:
Perhaps, that thereof, I might witneſſe bear
To glorifie GOD's *Juſtice*; and to ſhow
From whence all our *deſtructive changes flow*.
And (being that which I ſeem born to do)
With willingneſſe, I, now ſubmit thereto,
That, to their *Faces*, I may teſtify,
What, *thouſands living*, know to be no lye.
For theſe *Exorbitances*, (as this day
VVe do perceive) GOD, took their *powr* away,
And gave it to their *Servant*, whom they ſleighted;
VVhome, they, perhaps, as ill would have requited,
As other men have beene; and, they, are now
His *ſervants*; and inforc'd themſelves to bow

Before

Before his preſence, whom they did contemn,
Till, GOD, had with their *power* inveſted him,
VVho, is (GOD *ſpeed him well*) on earths wide ſtage,
The greateſt *expectation*, of, this age:
Yet, at his *Exit*, he, his doome ſhall beare
According, as his part, is acted here.
To ev'ry one, of whatſoe'r *Degree*,
Such as his *works* are, ſuch, his *meed* ſhall be:
And, this, nor *ſtrength*, nor *wiſdome* ſhall prevent;
Nó, not an *Army*, nor a *Parlament*,
Nor long time, ſhall *Prince*, *Prieſt*, or *People* thrive
In any thing, they *hope for*, or *contrive*,
But puſſell, plague, and ſtill afflict each other
Till they in *Righteous-things* agree together;
And, *ſanctifie* this *Commonwealths* foundation
With much more *Juſtice*, and with more compaſſion.
I hope, this *downe-right-dealing* (which proceeds
From *Conſcience*) no Apologizing needs:
But, of their *wrath*, I no whit am afraid
To whom, *truth*, may offenſively be ſaid;
For, if that any thing thereby befall
To me *deſtructive*, much more greive I ſhall
For *others* then my *ſelfe*; becauſe, their ends
I do foreſee, who ſhall deſtroy their *friends*;
And, that, if *Juſtice* be not more enjoy'd
I, ſhall be *ſafeſt*, when I am deſtroy'd.
Yet, *Reader*, pleaſed be before thou goe
VVith Candor, to peruſe a few *Lines* moe
For my *Indempnity* and, then I've done;
Make no *falſe Comments* (prithee) hereupon;
Inferre thou not from any word here ſaid,
One thought, whereby, *aſperſions* may be laid
On that *great Councell*, by whoſe prudence, care,
Zeale, pains and love, thoſe things propoſed are

For

For his *aſſent*, without whoſe approbation,
They cannot have *Authentick Confirmation.*
The cauſe is weighty ; and, no *Humane eye*
Can all the wayes of *Providence* eſpie.
Although their *Offers* are demur'd upon,
They, their devoire, as I believe, have done
To give advance unto that *Intereſt*,
Which, in their Judgement, hath appear'd the beſt ;
And done *Gods worke*, ſo far forth as they could
His purpoſes, with *humane eyes* behold ;
Or, execute his *Will*, by *Reaſons light* :
And, I do hope, they ſhall (ere that be quite
Reſolv'd upon, which yet remains to doe)
Receive *Divine Illumination, too.*
By that which I have heeded, I conceive
(And hold my ſelfe obliged to believe)
That, both they, who did on that *Inſtrument*
Agree, and alſo they, who yet *diſſent*,
Their Conſciences, have with an equal Zeale,
To *God*, their *Prince*, and to this *Commonweale*
Therein diſcharg'd ; and, that thoſe things which bee
Well done, are *Beſt done*, when, ſome diſagree :
And, that, *Truth* doth appear in her perfection
When ſhe is poliſhed by *Contradiction* :
We, therefore, to *both Parties*, owe both *Love*
And *Civill thanks*, what ere the *Sequels* prove.
Believe me herein ; and obſerve, I pray,
With *heedfulneſſe*, that which I next ſhall ſay ;
For, it will much concern us : (and I preſſe
This *Caution*, therefore, with ſuch *earneſtneſſe)*
When, *that* which was propoſed, once *in vain*,
(And, which is to be offer'd now again
Unto his *Highneſſe)* all debates hath paſt ;
If then, your *Expectations* fail at laſt

Which

Which muſt fall out, on th'one or *th'other ſide*;
With that, which comes to paſſe, *content abide*:
And, though in *Judgement*, you devided be;
In your *Affections*, loveingly agree.
If they, who their *Propoſals* lately brought,
To be allow'd, obtain not what they ſought,
Miſcenſure not of them, as if they had
With ill *intentions*, thoſe *Propoſals* made;
Nor judge amiſſe *of him*, who gave *Deniall*;
If, when *repugnant Reaſons* have their *Triall*,
He ſhall be ſwayed to conſent, at length,
By *Reaſons* of the moſt prevailing ſtrength.
For, if his *Highneſſe*, on ſuch tearms *admit*
Of that to which he gives *deniall*, yet,
As in his *Judgement*, and in *Conſcience* too,
Well ſatisfied, in that which he ſhall doe,
And hath beforehand, *Gods* direction ſought,
(As I believe, he hath done as he ought)
Know, it proceeds from *God*; and, that what ere
We thereupon think *Probable*, or *Feare*,
We muſt leave *God*, and *Him*, to act their part;
Not medling with what's hidden in his *heart*,
Or in an unrevealed *Providence*,
Leſt, we to both of theſe, give juſt offence;
And by prejudicating things unknown,
Deſtroy the *Peace* of others, and our own.
When things are done, (for ought that we can know)
As, *God*, doth unto him his duty ſhow;
If, then, we ſtill *ſuſpect him*, and foment
Thoſe *Jealouſies* which nouriſh diſcontent;
If we ſhall then imagine his *Delay*
And *Scruples*, were but onely to make way
To new *Deſignes*; or, to accompliſh that
Which, we think he hath alwayes aimed at,
(Pretend-

(Pretending other things, thereby to gain
A *Larger Powr* then elſe he ſhould obtain)
If we think thus, as I know many do,
Becauſe they have been pleas'd to tell me ſo;
Then, there will be no remedy or *end*
Of what we may *Injuriouſly pretend*;
And, how oblique ſo e're, his aimes may be,
We, make our *ſelves* as culpable as he;
And, there is ſomewhat in us, which, no doubt
Doth from a *Root of bitterneſſe* ſpring out,
That will produce our *Shame*; or, which is worſe,
Engage us into ſome *Deſtructive Courſe.*
And, if his *heart be right*, ſo much the greater
Will our *Shame* be, as his deſignes are better
Then we believe they are; and, queſtionleſſe,
It will to us contract a *Guiltineſſe*,
That will bring on a *Plague*: and manifeſt
That, though againſt *Self-ſeeking* we proteſt;
We, have not ſo much prayed, that, *Gods will*
Should take effect, as, our own to fulfill.
VVhat, of this great *Debate* will be th'*effect*,
I know not; nor preſume I to collect
From what I know: for, *Princes hearts are deep*,
And, I, into their *ſecrets* will not peep.
VVhen *Abraham*, to ſacrifize his Son
Expreſt a *Will*, although it were not *done*,
It pleas'd as well; And, GOD, for that proceed,
His *willingneſſe*, accepted for the deed.
It lies not in our *Actions*, to fulfill
VVhat is requir'd, ſo much, as in our will:
For, *two men* in *one cauſe* may *fight* (or *grinde*
At *one Mill,)* yet, but *one*, acceptance finde;
And, what to *Act*, the *Law*, on us doth call,
Sometimes, by *grace*, may be diſpens'd withall.

I there-

I, therefore, know not how *inlarge* we may
Or *circumſcribe* his *Highneſſe* in his *way*;
Nor how far, GOD, in this *Cauſe*, will allow
A diſpenſation after *Tryall* now;
Nor which way he will bend his heart at laſt;
But, by thoſe things which are already paſt,
(And, by ſome other *ſymptomes* which I finde
Of many *good performances*, behinde)
I hope the beſt: and, ſince no better way
I, can be ſerviceable; thus, I *pray*.
On Earth, *vouchſafe him better things, oh LORD!*
Then, Juſtice, *can for* Mans *beſt works afford.*
Within the VVorld *to come, let him inherit,*
Not that which He, *but, that, which* Chriſt *doth merit.*
And, give him power before he thither goe,
To ſettle righteouſneſſe *and* mercy *ſo,*
Upon his Throne; *that, they who now condole*
May ſing a bleſſed Requiem *to his ſoul*;
And, that their hopes *deferd, may be injoyd,*
Before, they, *or their* patience, *are deſtroyd.*
Our *God*, hath many wayes to bring about
What he hath foreintended to work out.
That, which *Conditionally* to be done
He *Wils*, muſt take effect in every one
As thoſe *Conditions* are performd by *them*,
To whom, his *Offers* are propos'd by *him*;
And, that which he hath *abſolutely Willd*,
Shall doubtleſſe, *abſolutely be fulfil'd*,
What ever *Contrarieties*, here, ſhall
Thereto obſtructive, ſeemingly befall.
For *my part*, therefore, when the *Trial's* ended,
Which, I unfeighnedly have recommended
To *God*, my *Prince*, and *Country*; I'le rejoyce
More in *their chuſing*, then, in mine *owne choyce.*

Although

Although I ſuffer by it; with beleeſe,
It will, at laſt, produce more *joy*, then *greife*.
In that *Ship*, which the *common Fraight* doth beare,
I, am but onely a poore *Paſſenger*,
Who, moved thereto by an honeſt zeale,
Have ſpoken, what I thought concernd her weale;
And, though I have hereby inſiſted much
On my *owne ſenſe*; and think it to bee ſuch
As may bee own'd; Though, ſuch it be reputed
By *others*, and ſhall never be refuted;
Yea, though, I may diſcover ſome things done,
By which, my *juſt rights* are intrenchd upon;
Yet (having done my duty) I will beare
Thoſe things with patience, which concluded are;
And, not alone ſubmit, to what they doe,
My *Goods* and *Perſon*, but, my *Reaſon* too:
At leaſt ſo farr forth, that, I will not preſſe
One *Argument*, by which the *common-peace*
May be indangerd; but, do what I may
To ſerve my *Country* in a *ſober way*:
In *ſilence*, things which are amiſſe deplore;
Think my own *ſinnes* deſerved that, and more;
Mark my *own failings*; and perſwaded be
Theſe things have happend, to make proofe of *me*,
And ſuch, as I, as well, as proofe to make
Of *thoſe* who were engaged for our ſake:
And, praiſe *God*, though all things be not ſo well
As I *deſire*, that, nothing worſe befell.
For, from thoſe *difficulties* and *confuſions*,
Which we are in, to draw forth ſuch *concluſions*
As may not be gainſayd, in ſome repſect,
Is more then *Human wiſdome* can effect.
The *Courſe* by which we purpoſe to perſue
Beloved Peace, loathd *Diſcords* may renew;

And

And, whilſt we fighting are, from *Foes* to clear
Our *Vann*, we may be routed in the *Rear*.
By thoſe *Contrivements*, whereby, we ſuppoſe
To ſave our *Lives*, our *Honors* we may loſe.
By that, through which our *Perſons* might be free,
Our *Conſciences*, perhaps, inſlav'd may be;
And, what, for *preſent ſafety*, we endeavour,
May for the *future*, ruine us for ever.
So *finite* is our *Wiſdome*, and our *Powr*,
And, thoſe things which may *weaken* or *devour*,
So *infinite*; that, we as well may ſpan
The *Firmament*, as, by the wit of *Man*
Contrive, or ſettle ſuch a *Government*,
As will our dangers every way prevent.
For, that which is *beſt done*, and *beſt intended*,
Will ſtill have ſomewhat in it to be mended:
Yea, even the *beſt things*, which *beſt men* can doe,
Inſnarings have injected thereinto,
To catch *themſelves*, or *others*; which, none ſcapes
But, he, that alwayes *lookes* before he *leapes*;
And ſeekes for *Councell* and *Protection*, from
That *ſaving-powr*, whence all our *ſafeties* come.
He therefore is injurious, who ſuſpects
All deeds *ill purpoſ'd*, which have ill *effects*;
Or, who, thoſe Mens *Faiths* into queſtion cals,
Whoſe *Councell* under ſome Aſperſion fals:
No leſſe unjuſt are they, who froward be
Becauſe, he takes his *freedome* who is *free*,
Yet, takes thereof no more then doth belong
Unto *himſelfe*, without his *Neighbours wrong:*
And, they, are not in every poynt ſo wiſe
As they might be, who, *good advice* deſpiſe
(And timely ay'd, when they are like to ſuffer)
Becauſe, that man, whom *conſcience* mooves to offer
His

His *ſervices*; within the *Camp*, hath hid
Himſelf, as *Eldad*, and as *Medad* did.
Theſe things conſiderd, I, perſwaded am
That neither I, nor any merits blame,
For ought *well propos'd:* and, that now the day
Is near at hand, which will prepare *a way*
To what *Good men* deſire: and, that a deed,
Which did from *Conſcientiouſneſs* proceed.
Juſtice and *Piety*, no bar ſhall prove,
To that which may our *Grievances* remove.
In this *hope*, I with *patience* do attend
What *God will* do; to whom, I recommend
The perfecting, of what *men*ſtr ive about,
For, *hee* muſt do it. Now, this *Flaſh* is out.

A SPARK.

BUt ſee, here's of that *Flaſh*, a little *Spark*
Yet unextinguiſh'd; which, I pray you mark.
My *lifes* tenth *Clymax* is now ſpent well near,
And yet, my *warfare* is unfiniſh'd here.
I therefore, by this *Flaſh* a triall make,
How, if need be, *Old Powder*, fire will take;
That when occaſion calls mee ſo to do,
I, therewith might diſcharge a *ſhot* or *two*,
Or light a *Beacon*, timely to *Alarm*
Thoſe, who may by *ſurprizall*, ſuffer harm;
And ſave that, by th' *Artillery* of *words*,
Which, cannot be ſecur'd by *Guns* and *Swords*.
For, though by *age*, my *Arms*, are uſeleſs found,
My *Heart* ſo ſtrong remains, my *Brain* ſo ſound,
That both by *Action*, and by *Contemplation*,
I may, yet, ſome way ſerve this *Generation*;

Whoſe *Welfare* to promote, I have beſtown,
More time and coſt, then to advance mine *own.*
But, when my *heart's* broke, & hath crack't my *brain,*
When all thoſe *helps*, which unto *life* pertain;
When all the *preſent hopes* of things *without me,*
(Which to and fro, do *flutter* yet about me)
Are flown away; (as daily 'tis expected)
Then, will to mind be brought, *things now neglected*:
And *that* be done, which, yet, *ſelf-love* and *pride*
Obſtruct; and will, till they be *laid aſide.*
Yea, then, with *good reſpect*, that will be heard,
Which, at this preſent, hath but ſmall *regard.*
Mean-while, I reſt contented with my *Lot*;
For, I have that *eſteem* which others got
In *former times*, who did *this way*, declare
Thoſe *Notions*, wherewithall inſpir'd they were;
And, to diſcharge my duties, am a debter,
Though my requitall, never ſhould be better.
There lies a little *Grain* rack'd up within,
From whence, my *better-being* will begin:
And, when moſt *Weakneſſes* appear in me,
My *Powr*, ſhall then, in *full-perfection* be:
Yea, when I have nor *Life*, *Fleſh*, *Blood*, nor *Bone*,
Then, that, which could not by thoſe *Tools* be done,
Shall be performd; and, many things which are
Yet *dark*, will *plain*, and uſefull, then, appear.
Mean-while, O *God* vouchſafe thou to *forgive*
What, hinders their *performance*, whil'ſt I *live.*

So prays, *Britans Remembrancer.*

A cauſe

A Cauſe Allegorically Stated, *With an* Appeal *therein, to all that are* wiſe *and* honeſt, *from an injurious* cenſure, *lately paſſed.*

A *Goodly Ship*, with precious lading fraught,
Late, in a *dark night*, near to *land* was brought.
Through many *dangers*, and much *Bluſtering weather*,
The *Providence of God*, had brought her thither;
And, by the *Waters motions*, and ſome *Humming*
Among the *Shrowds*, another *ſtorm* ſeem'd coming.
The *place ariv'd at*, was a dangerous *Bay*,
From which, into the *Port*, two *Channells* lay,
Divided by a *Quicksand*, with great ſtore
Of *Shelvs*, and *Sharp-rocks*, upon either *Shore*:
She had a brave *Commander*, *Marchants* many;
Stout *Seamen*, *Pilots* too, as good as any,
With *Paſſengers* of all ſorts; among whom
Some could (had need been) have ſuppli'd the room
Of *well-experienc'd Sea-men*, and advis'd
Such things, as *Prudence* would not have diſpis'd.
But, theſe among themſelvs, divided were,
Through which of theſe two *Channels*, they ſhould ſteer,
One party, thinking that the *ſafeſt way*,
In which the *other*, thought moſt *danger* lay:
And in the *dark*, it could not well be ſeen,
In which, the greateſt *Hazzard* would have been.
There was a poor *Old man*, that time, a board,
To whom, *God*, had been pleaſed to afford
A *faculty*, to ſee things in the *dark*,
Which others could not *view*, or, did not *mark*;
He, ſeeing what great *ſtraights* the *Ship* was in,
And what their loſs was likely to have been,

Call'd out to thoſe, who there had *Chief Commmand*,
And ſaid; *there* ſtands a *Rock*; here lies a *ſand*,
Another *yonder*, and, a *Whirlpool* there;
Be carefull therefore, *thither not to ſteer*;
Bear up a little while into the *Wind*,
(Although a ſhew of danger there you find)
And take heed, that a cauſleſs fear or doubt,
Prevails not now, to make you *Tack-about*:
Leſt all be loſt, and, you, upon a *ſteep*
Ridge ſtrike; and, *over-ſet* into the *deep*.
Now, by the *Starbordſide* a compaſs fetch,
Halfe way to *yon point*, to avoyd *that Beach*;
And then, upon the *Larbordſide* again
Wheel off, and you the *Harbor* ſhall attain.
Thus ſpake the *Old man*, for although 'twere night,
He ſaw as well, as when the *Sun* gives light;
And then, all they who had a will to ſee,
Saw how to find the *way*, as well as hee.
The *greater part*, not heeding what they heard,
(Nor knowing their own danger) *grinn'd* and *jeer'd*;
Suppos'd him mad, to talk, and make a ſhew
Of *Demonſtrations*, which they could not view;
Crept from the *hatches*, down into the *hold*,
And let them look unto the *Ship* that would.
But, they, who more ſought their own *will* to have,
Then to be *counſel'd*, or, the *Ship* to ſave;
Diſdaining that an aged *doting fool*,
Should put their *Wiſedom*, as it were, to ſchool;
(And, ſeeing his *Relations* tend unto,
That, which their *Captain* had reſolv'd to do)
Grew *angry*; Therefore, though he neither fears
Their *wrath*, nor much for their *disfavour* cares;
Hereby, he hath appealed unto you,
Who, are known *honeſt*, *wiſe*, *goodmen*, and true;

And

And, praies you, to be Judges, how he hath,
Or wherein, any way deſerv'd their *Wrath:*
For, here in brief, his *Cauſe* is plainly ſhow'n,
And, 'tis to ſome among you, ſo well known,
That, if you ſhall condemne him, hee'l ſubmit
To make what *Satisfaction,* you think fit.

If this comes forth too late to take effect,
My Conſcience *knows, it was not my neglect:*
For I, my utmoſt labour, *had beſtown,*
To make it, in a timely-ſeaſon *known.*
If, therefore, ought amiſſe thereby enſue,
There lay the Fault, *to whom the* Blame *is due.*

Here being vacant *Pages*, the *Author* hath filled them with a Copie of certain *Verſes*, wherewith he lately incloſed two *Petitions* to the PARLAMENT, and laid them within their *Threſhold*; hoping by that *Expedient*, they might have been preſented to the *Houſe*; The Paper was thus Superſcribed;

To that Member *of* PARLAMENT, *who takes up this* Paper, *with the* Petitions *incloſed.*

The Verſes are theſe:

SIR, if you are not of this PARLAMENT,
Herewith to greet you, 'tis not my intent;
But, if a *Member* of this *Houſe* you are,
Your taking up this *Paper* (as it were)
By *Lot*, ingageth you to manage thoſe
Petitions, which, therewith I did incloſe,
As, you would have *another*, uſe his pow'r,
Therein, for *your avail*, were my *caſe* your:
Whereof take this *Account*; and, why I play
My Cards refus'd, in this *unuſual way.*

Three

Three Parlaments (the eldeſt of which *three*,
Might, had it pleaſed our L O R D, have out-liv'd me)
Are dead and gone, ſince firſt I did complain
Of *Grievances*, which hitherto remain
Without *Redreſs*. I, alſo have ſurviv'd
To ſee a *Fourth*, which hath it ſelf out-liv'd,
And may continue, till it hath ſuppli'd
What, *Providence*, is thereby to provide
For needful *ſupplements*, to carry on
Thoſe *Works*, which in theſe *Nations* are begun.
God grant it *Pow'r*, and *Will*, and *Time*, to do
What, they by *Duty*, are oblig'd unto,
That, they from *wrongs*, the *wronged* may releaſe;
Proceed with *Honour*, and conclude in *Peace*.
To ſuch *Atchievments*, there's a *middle-way*,
'Twixt *This*, and *That*; 'twixt *haſt*, and *long-delay*:
Which, if *miſtaken*, or not *timely found*,
May (as it hath done) lead into a *Round*,
(Or *Labyrinth*) whereby, we may be brought
To *pits* and *ſnares*, which have no *paſſage out*;
And multiply *diſtractions*, till our *prai'rs*
Are turn'd to *indignation*, or *diſpairs*:
Which, is their *drift* (and not their leaſt *deſigne*)
Who, ſeek this *Common-wealth*, to undermine.
When *publick wants*, require to be ſuppl'd,
A *private plaint* may then be laid aſide,
But, not too long deferr'd, leſt it become
A *feſtring-ſoar*, not meanly perilſome:
For, ſince an *Univerſal-weal* conſiſts
Of many *Individual Intereſts*,
A *perfect Body* cannot be injoi'd,
Where, *One* by *One*, the *Members* are deſtroi'd;
And, when the *Eie* or *Ear*, unheedful grows
Of what, afflicts the *fingers*, and the *Toes*;

Much leſſe, when it neglects what appertains
To keep it, from an *Ulcer* in the *Brains.*
The *cures* therefore, of *private wants*, betwixt
Publick tranſactions, ſhould be intermixt;
(At leaſt ſomtimes) in thoſe *immergent things*,
Wherein, delay of *Juſtice*, loſſes brings
Beyond repair; or where the *State* at laſt
Muſt bear the *dammage*, when the *cure* is paſt;
Or elſe, in *point of honour*, ſuffer more
Then all the *publick treaſure* will reſtore.
I grudg not, when G O D's *glory* is at ſtake,
That they, who conſcience of their *Votes* do make,
Should take the *freedom* to debate at large,
What, may their *duties* in their place diſcharge;
Or, when the *Common-ſafety* doth appear
In hazard, though my life in danger were:
But, when thoſe *brunts* are over, if men pleaſe,
For their meer *pleaſure*, *profit*, or their *eaſe*,
To leave us in a periſhing condition,
It, of their *faithfulneſs*, may give ſuſpition;
And, I more grieve, for what I thereby ſee
May on the *publick fall*, then *falls* on *mee.*
There's *time* enough in all *ſtreights* whatſoe're,
For all things, if it well divided were:
And, for our not apportioning aright
The *time* we have (as *wiſemen* ſee we might)
G O D, cuts off half the daies we ſhould have had,
And our *deſignments* are abortive made.
As wee from *week* to *week*, from *day* to *day*
Do put off thoſe, who for our ſuccours pray;
So likewiſe, are our *ſuits* and *hopes* put by,
By *him*, on whoſe aſſiſtance we rely.
An *hour* therefore, ſhould otherwhile be ſpent,
To give *Reward*, as well as *Puniſhment*;

To

To think on them who help us in our *ſorrow*;
As well to make *repaiments*, as to *borrow*;
And, like the *Tree* that's planted by a *ſpring*,
Expected *fruits*, in *ſeaſon*, we ſhould bring;
Not nine or ten years after they are dead,
(Who, by our *timely fruit* ſhould have been fed)
Leſt we be felled by the *Wood-mans* hand,
Or, like the *Fig-tree*, wither where we ſtand.
One day, is as well ſpar'd ſometime, to ſave
An *honeſt-man*, as *nine* to doom a *knave*;
And, of an *uſeful Plant* to take due care,
As, from the *good-corn*, to weed out a *Tare*.
Some private *acts of Juſtice*, with our *zeal*
To *Piety*, and to the *Publick-weal*,
(Or *works of mercy*) ſprinkled here and there
Among them, like *embroid'ries* would appear,
Or flowers of gold and ſilver *interwove*,
And helpful be, *devotion* to improve:
For, where few *private grievances* are heard,
God, gives their *publick praiers* ſmall regard:
And, few are in that *Common-wealth* much joi'd,
By which, their own *well-being* is deſtroi'd;
Or, which is ſenſleſs, of their ſad eſtate,
Who did help ſave it, from a *ſadder fate*.
Among ſuch *ſuff'rers*, I my ſelf am *One*,
Who, gladly would be better thought upon,
For your own ſakes; who, peradventure, may,
Have by my *loſſe*, twice mine, another way.
As many *years* as are equivalent
To *two men's lives*, I have already ſpent
To ſeek for *Juſtice*, with ſuch *coſt*, ſuch *trouble*,
And *loſſe of time*, as make my loſſes double:
So that if many *ſuits*, here, at this rate,
I had depending, *three times my eſtate*,

And

And *three mens lives*, would ſcarce afford me *time*,
And *means* enough, whereby to finiſh them:
For, my *Petitions*, either were deferr'd
From *month* to *month*, from *year* to *year*, unheard,
Or anſwer'd ſo, that when my *ſuit* ſeemd, done,
My *Caſe* prov'd worſe, then when it firſt begun;
And, to obſtruct the *Juſtice* I emplore,
They, voice me to be *rich*, who make me *poor*.
With *mock-ſhews* of relief, I have been fed;
with *ſtones*, In my *diſtreſs*, inſtead of *bread*;
Which, had ere this day ſtarv'd me, but that GOD,
Turns many of them, into *wholſome food*;
And rais'd me a *ſubſiſtance*, out of that
Which was deſign'd to ruine my *eſtate*.
His *Highneſs*, alſo ſtor'd me with a *Diſh*,
Which hath converted *Scorpions*, into *Fiſh*:
Elſe, that *ſmall portion*, which I yet poſſeſſe,
(And ſome Envie) had long ago been leſſe,
(It may be *nothing)*; for, that *Act of Grace*,
Is made leſſe valuable, then it was
By him intended, of whoſe free donation
It was conferr'd, beyond my expectation.
Oh! if that I, who have ſome *friends*, thus far'd,
How ſpeed poor men, whom no man doth regard?
And, who, from none, can claime an obligation,
Either by *Friendſhip*, *Faction*, or *Relation?*
But, now, *new-miſadventures* me beſet,
Which, by delay of *Juſtice*, do beget
Increaſing miſchiefs, that admit no *cure*,
Save, what muſt from a *Legiſlative pow'r*,
Derived be: And, this befalls me ſo,
Perhaps, that I, in every *Change*, may know,
The *gen'ral temper*, by the *pulſe* that beats
Both in Superiour, and Inferiour ſeats;

That

That, I, thereby may calculate the length
Of our *oppreſſions*, and improve my ſtrength
To bear them: mark, how well our *publick Acts*,
Ingagements, *Orders*, *Bargains*, and *Contracts*
Will be perform'd; and, that, as by *preſage*,
Of things that ſince befell, I told this *Age*
Before they came; ſo, I, might likewiſe tell
The *next Age*, what I ſaw *done ill*, or *well*.
I many have beſought to entertain,
And offer my petitions, but, in vain.
Now therefore, having with ſome patience ſtayd
Six months at door, to get my *ſuites*, convayd
Into this *Houſe*, where, ſeeing ev'ry day,
New ſuitors more and more ſtop up the way,
And ſmall ſigne, that, with any I ſhould meet,
To *hand them in*, I laid them at their *feet*
Who paſs in thither; hopeful, that it may,
For my *inclos*'d *Petitions* make *free way*,
Through thoſe *Obſtructions*, which have ſhut the *gate*
Againſt them, till they come almoſt too late.
He, who ſhall *take them up*, and get them read,
Where, with effect, they may be anſwered;
A *Favour* ſhall confer, by doing ſo,
On *me*, and likewiſe upon *many moe*.
For, if my *ſuits*, obtain reſpective heed,
Some other men, wil hope, as well to ſpeed;
And of my *wrongs*, if no redreſs I have,
Both I, and they much future coſt may ſave.
G O D ſpeed it well: for, I, with what event
He gives it, am reſolv'd, to be content;
And, am aſſur'd, that though I be neglected,
By *men*, I ſhall of him, be *ſtill reſpected*.

Britans Remembrancer.

A Poſt-

A *Poſtſcript* to the Preceding *Verſes.*

THey, who to neither *Side*, nor *Back*, nor *Further*;
Can *turn*, or *paſs*, need no *Reſtraints* by *Order.*
Nor greatly be afraid what next will come,
Their, juſt *reſolvings*, to divert them from;
And, that, whereto *neceſſities* compell,
Is *done excuſably*, though not *done well.*
If much *oppreſſion*, cracks a *wiſeman's* brain,
Who knows, whereto, it may a *fool* conſtrain?
They, whom *delay of Juſtice* doth make *poor*,
Do loſe but their *eſtates*, and, may get more:
If, therewithall, they are of life depriv'd,
They *feel* not, what to *feel*, they might have *liv'd:*
But, he who doth in *life-time*, thereby loſe
Both *wealth* and *credit*, ſhall to *friends* and *foes*
Become a *ſcorn*; whereat, if *mad* he be,
And, makes *ten thouſands* grow as mad as he,
The *fault* is theirs, who, without mercy, ſtretch,
A weak man's *patience*, farther then 'twil reach;
As if, he, of his *ſuff'ring* ſenſe had none,
Becauſe, they no more feel it, then a *ſtone.*
My *principle* (which makes me oft abus'd)
Injoins me, when I ſcurvily am us'd
Where I expect *relief*, to ſhew my *wrongs*;
And, *vengeance* leave, to whom the ſame belongs;
But, *ſome men*, cannot be content to ſtay
GOD's leiſure, or, for *Juſtice*, in his *way*;
And, what, their *wants*, *neglects*, and *indignation*
May tempt them to, is worth conſideration.
There is to all things, an appointed *date*;
And, they are *unwiſe*, who are *wiſe too late.*

Neceſſitas, & indignatio quid non poſſunt?

FINIS.

1661.

A Triple Paradox.

[Hazlitt, No. 80.]

A

Triple Paradox:

Affixed to a

COUNTER-MURE

Raiſed againſt the Furious Batteries of

Reſtraint, Slander and Poverty,

The three Grand Engines

OF

The *World*, the *Fleſh* and the *Devil.*

By Major *GEORGE WITHER,*

Who, now beleagured by their Forces, throws out unto them this DEFIANCE.

The ſaid *PARADOX* maintains theſe Particulars.

That Confinement *is more ſafe than* Liberty,
Slander *more advantageous than* Praiſe,
Poverty *more profitable than* Riches.

Nuſquam, non poteſt eſſe virtuti locus. Seneca.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author. 1661.

The Author, *to all thoſe who have relieved him in his* Beleagurement.

IT is a more Bleſſed thing to *Give*, than to *Receive*; Therefore, having hitherto been a *Receiver* only, I am now deſirous to be a *Giver* alſo, though it be but of a *Mite*, or of a *Cup of cold Water*; For, we are not to expect Benedictions or Acceptations, ſtrictly anſwerable to the quantity or quality of our *Gifts* conſidered in themſelves, but according to our *Purpoſes* and *Abilities*; which incourages me to ſend you a handful of ſuch *Fruit* as grows upon my *WITHERD-Tree*, now almoſt paſt bearing, that if you find it as pleaſant and as wholſome, as I conceived it to be, you having therewith refreſhed your ſelves, may if you pleaſe, pick out ſome of the *Kernels*, and by ſowing and replanting them in your *Orchards*, preſerve the *kinde* for future uſe, when my Tree is rotten.

I make not tender of this *Diminutive Preſent*, by way of *Retribution*; For, GOD is your reward: but to be a teſtimonial of my Gratitude, and of my willingneſs, to have done more, if I had been able; or rather, that it may be a memorial of *GODS Mercy* to me vouchſafed by your hands when I was deſerted of the *World*; which ought never to be by me forgotten: For, I confeſs, I have thereby lived to produce *this*, and whatſoever I ſhall do hereafter in diſcharge of my duty, and had elſe, ere this day periſhed from the Earth, for ought I know to the contrary, though in my greateſt wants and uncertainty of *Supplies* I was always as far from a deſpairing *Diſtruſt*, as if I had then poſſeſſed a Vault filled with hidden Treaſures, which no man could take from me: And (though I am yet in no more certainty in reſpect of *External Supplies*) GOD preſerves in me the ſame confidence, and I believe he will always preſerve it in me.

This, is ſo great, and ſo extraordinary a *Mercy*, conſidering the many terrors, diſtruſts & neceſſities, wherewith many thouſands of better men are daily exerciſed & proved, that I conceive my ſelf obliged in conſcience, openly to acknowledge it, both to glorifie him who vouchſafes it, and to confirm in my ſelf and other men, our Chriſtian hopes, by delaring what GOD hath

done for my ſoul, who have nothing in my ſelf to deſerve it, but what is of his gift, and who have much more of my own, which rather deſerves the contrary. I am, and I hope ſhall ever be ſo far from being aſhamed of my preſervation by meer *Charity*, that I do eſteem it a greater honour & happineſs, than to have the moſt plentiful ſubſiſtance which the world can confer upon me by a conſtant *Revenue*, with an eminent dignitary annexed: For I have ſeen the beſt Proviſions of that kind, not only to fail but to bring their Poſſeſſors alſo to be worſe than nothing.

I had ſuperſcribed your *Names* (or hereto added a Catalogue of them:) but many of you are perſonally unknown, and, the reſt having diſcovered themſelves unto me, for our mutual comfort and converſation only (without any deſire that notice might be taken by other men of what hath been communicated, and paſſed between them and me) I do forbear making your Names publick, for that and other conſiderable reſpects. You are my friends by the ſureſt ſide: For you were not made mine by my induſtry, merit, ſolicitation, or in reſpect of any carnal Relations, but meerly by GODS Mediation who inclined your hearts to that voluntary compaſſion, whereof I had fruit in due ſeaſon, ſufficient to preſerve me, without ſordid want or dejection, in that condition wherein I am likely to be continued to fit me for that ſervice, which I have yet to do; and I am confident that he who made you my *Friends*, will ſo keep you; and make me thankful to him and you, whilſt we live in this world. Your Acceptation I doubt not of, nor of aſſiſtance by your prayers to the end of my *Pilgrimage*: For, though ſome of us may circumſtantially differ in our *Judgements*, we are one in him and with him, in his *Eſſential Truth*, and in that love which knits all the *Saints* into one bleſſed and everlaſting *Communion*. I am

Your humble Beadſman,

GEORGE WITHER.

A

A Triple Paradox;

Wherein are aſſerted, theſe particulars, that (TY; IMPRISONMENT, is more ſafe than LIBER-SLANDER, more advantageous than PRAISE; POVERTY, more profitable than RICHES.

For an INTRODUCTION, the AUTHOR flings this Expreſs to the WORLD.

A *Parlie,* unto thee diſdainful W O R L D,
I found; and have to thee this *Paper* hurl'd.
Yet, neither for a *Treaty* or *Compliance,*
But, rather, ſtill, to bid to thee *Defiance*;
For, what thou *wer't,* thou *art*; and I yet am
And will be, whilſt I live, to thee the ſame.
Thou art become the *Miſtreſs of the Field*;
Haſt me beleaguer'd, ſummond me to yield
My *Fortreſs,* and thou ſo proceedeſt on,
As if thou wert aſſur'd, it ſhould be wonn:
But, thereon thou perhaps, mayſt yet attend
As long as did th' *Infanta* for *Oſtend*;
And as ſhe nothing had at laſt but Stones,
Get nothing but dead fleſh, and rottenbones.
I ſee thine inſolence, and every day
Hear what thy favourites are pleas'd to ſay,
How they extol thy *Power,* how they debaſe
My ſuccours, and my helpers would diſgrace.

I well obſerve, thou round begirt me haſt;
That, having all my *Outworks* quite laid waſte,
Thou, to compleat a *Conqueſt*, doſt begin
A fierce aſſault to ruine all *within.*
That, to prevent the ſending of ſupplies, (lies.
Thou fright'ſt my friends with ſlanders and with
My *Accuſatrix* too, become thou art;
And, juſtly (I acknowledge) in ſome part,
But, not in all: for, chiefly, thy *temptations*
Inducements were to thoſe prevarications
Whereby, my Talents were ſometime abus'd:
Though therefore, I ſeem worthily reduc'd
To what I am; thou undeſervedly
Haſt me purſued with malignity;
Becauſe the love which I once bore to thee
Was more, than thou deſervedeſt it ſhould be;
Thou moſt injuriouſly requited haſt
That love, which in my youth on thee I plac't;
For, though I never totally was thine, (mine:
Thou had'ſt (when leaſt) more of me then was
And, him, of his right, to whom all was due
I robbed then, thy ſervice to purſue.
But, he, now gives me grace, thy wiles to hate,
And to obſerve them ere it is too late,
That what thou by thy falſhoods doſt intend,
Shall croſs thine own *Deſignments* in the end.
Thou, having into many errors run me,
Thought'ſt by undoing me, to have undone me,
But art deceiv'd: for, that which thou haſt done
Hath brought me to the knowledge of that *Stone*,
Which turneth droſs to gold; and from offences
Inſtructs me to extract thoſe *Quinteſſences*,
Which will preſerve my *Freedome* in all places,
Supply all *Wants*; Convert all my *Diſgraces*

To

To honours ; and in every eſtate,
With all things needful, me accommodate.
The *Devil* by thine aid, hath long time fought
How, he his ends upon me might have wrought ;
But, neither *Thou* nor *He*, nor both conjoyn'd,
Had power to bring to paſs what was deſign'd,
Untill the F L E S H, my *Dalilah*, you got
To be a third Aſſociate in the Plot ;
And then, both to her damage, and to mine
You, ſuch progreſſion made in your deſign,
That by deluding her, you ſoon prevail'd,
In that, whereof you otherwiſe had fail'd ;
So, by her *Frailty*, more than by your *Power*,
(I, being in your clutches at this hour)
Am openly expoſed (in ſome ſort)
Like *Sampſon* for a while, to make you ſport ;
But, ſtretched your malignity ſo far
That your own *Actings*, your own works will mar :
For, though my *Dalilah* your Vaſſal be,
And you by her means have ſurprized me,
Your Cords and Chains will off again be flung,
So that, we ſhall redeemed be ere long
From our *Captivities*, and in concluſion
Your own contrivements will be your confuſion.
When thou pretendedeſt kindneſſes to me
(And by them, didſt intend to ruine me)
Thou gav'ſt me then, one of *Pandora*'s Boxes,
Which, I return thee full of *Paradoxes*
That ſhall uncharm thy *Witchcrafts*, and deſtroy
Thoſe *Gins* which thou againſt me doſt employ :
For, if thou open it, (as it is ſed
Prometheus opened what ſhee's fabuled
To have beſtow'd on him) from thence will flow
Thoſe *Truths*, which will thy falſhoods overthrow,

And make ſome who admire them, to contemn
Thoſe *Juglings* wherewithall thou fooleſt them:
As likewiſe all thoſe Bugbear-Tyrannies,
Which thy oppreſſing-Inſtruments deviſe
To fright us from our duties, and adhere
To thy allurements, out of love or fear.
To batter down my petty ſingle *Sconce*,
Thy three great'ſt *Engines* thou haſt rais'd at once,
And ſo ſurrounded me within my *Fort*,
That, I have ſcarce one little Sally-port
Whereby I may have egreſs to offend
My *Foes*, or to give ingreſs to a friend.
Thy *Ragged Regiment* of *POVERTY*, (*TY*,
(And they which by *RESTRAINT* of *LIBER*-
Commanded are) encloſe me ſo about
With *double Trenches*, that, here can to nought
For my Relief, admittance now be given,
Except it comes immediately from Heaven:
Moreover, at the *four Winds*, raiſed high,
Are four *Mounts*, whereupon thy *Batteries* lie
So diligently man'd by Major SLANDER
(An old and well experienced Commander
In ſuch like ſervices) that, ſeveral wayes
His great Artillery upon me playes.
At me perpetually his tongue-ſhot flies,
And his whole *Culverings* charg'd full with *Lies*,
Send poyſoned Bullets, which I often hear,
Making loud cracks, or whizzing by mine ear.
But, I, at laſt, ſhall rout all this *Brigade*,
Quite fruſtrate thoſe attempts which thou haſt (made
And raiſe again thy *ſeige*, or do as well
By dying nobly in my *Citadel*,
And, that it will to thee (when batter'd down)
Prove like the Houſe by *Sampſon* overthrown.
Then,

Then, thoſe things, plainly will to thee appear,
Which thou at preſent, wilt not ſee nor hear;
And I ſhall be the ſame to thee and thine,
Which thou haſt lately been to me and mine;
For, then, my *Ghoſt*, arrayed in white ſheets
Shall haunt thy houſes, walk about thy ſtreets,
And fright thee day and night with repetition
Of what is haſting on, for thy perdition,
And will deſcend upon thee at thoſe times
Wherein thou fill'ſt the meaſure of thy Crimes.
Mean while, to comfort others, and prevent
The tediouſneſs of my *Beleaguerement*,
Ile draw a Map, wherein Ile ſo expreſs
The vanity of thy maliciouſneſs,
That, they who liſt ſhall know how much I ſlight
Thy *Triple-Forces*, and contemn thy ſpight;
And I to thee, their weakneſſes apart
Will ſo declare, that, unleſs blind thou art
Thou ſhalt perceive, I cannot be deſtroy'd,
By thoſe whom thou againſt me haſt employ'd
Although in one united: for, theſe three
SLANDER, IMPRISONMENT and PO-
To fall upon me, all at once began (VERTY,
Before, thou didſt repute me for a *Man*;
And though they charge me all at once agen,
Grown weaker by *old age*, than I was then,
My *Helper* is the ſame; and ſuffring long (ſtrong.
Hath by his Grace, now made my power more
I know thy pride this *Confidence* contemns:
For, *faith* and *hope*, are now thought but the dreams
Of thoſe men, whom thou doſt *Phanaticks* call:
But, whatſoev'r thou thinkſt, proceed I ſhall.
And, if thou heedſt what follows, thou ſhalt hear
How little, either *thee*, or thine I fear.

With

With that part of thy *Forces* Ile begin
Which, with the firſt *Trench* hath now ſhut me in.
Thou knowſt, what *outwardly*, thou haſt bereft;
Now, thou ſhalt know, what is within me left
But, never ſhalt attain to apprehend
How far my hidden ſtore-houſe doth extend.

Confinement *is more advantageous than* Liberty.

RESTRAINT, which is an Engine, right or (wrong,
Made uſe of, (firſt, or laſt, ſhort time or long)
By moſt Oppreſſors, hath been oft my lot;
And, at this preſent, I eſcape it not:
For, (though not in the ordinary way
It ſeemeth now inflicted) I might ſay,
I am impriſoned, and ſo confin'd
That, I am no way free, except in *mind*.
Of moſt enjoyments I am quite depriv'd
Which from external things may be deriv'd,
Yet thereby not undone; for I poſſeſs
My whole eſſential Freedome neretheleſs.
My toyes are loſt, but by their deprivations
I furniſh'd am with real conſolations, (ſhows
Which, though they to the world-ward make no
Yield ſweeter comforts than the things I loſe,
And make my hidden Freedoms to be more
Than thoſe the world vouchſafed heretofore:
For, to her *Freedoms*, when reſpect I gave
I was then only free to be a ſlave,
Whereas, this, doth from nothing me reſtrain,
Which, to true Liberty, doth appertain.

That

That, which gives moſt content to fleſh and blood
I finde to be the baſeſt ſervitude;
And that we nothing have whereof to boaſt
Till what the world calls *Liberty* is loſt.
What *Freedom* want I, ſave what being had
makes many *Free-men* ſlaves, and wiſe men mad?
None, have upon themſelves, and others, brought
More plagues than they have done, who would be
The freeſt men: for *Freedoms* miſ-imploy'd (thought
Have lately all our Liberties deſtroy'd;
And, moſt, whom we much reverence as our betters
Are but our fellow-ſlaves in golden fetters.
What *Liberty* had I, whereof to vaunt
By thoſe Infranchiſements I ſeem to want?
I was at Liberty to rowle in duſt,
To proſecute my fancies and my luſt;
And therein joy'd, when I could walk abroad;
But, now, I finde the *Services* of GOD
Are *Perfectſt Freedom.* That, I am debarr'd
Of nothing, which deſerveth my regard;
And, that the *Liberty* I did poſſeſs,
Was not true *Freedom*, but *Licentiouſneſs*;
At which experiment I am arriv'd,
By loſing that whereof I am depriv'd.
This (though fore-ſeen it was) to me befell
Before I for it was prepared well,
And, I confeſs, at firſt it made a change
Within me, and without, that ſeemed ſtrange:
But, not long after, at the ſecond ſight, (*right*;
That, which appear'd the *wrong-ſide*, prov'd the
And I am well contented therewithall:
For, I could ſee GODS *Mercies* through the wall;
Diſcern'd, when inwardly, I turn'd mine eyes,
Much more of Heaven, than when I ſaw the skies.
And,

And, that, from very little I was barr'd,
Which I have reaſon greatly to regard.
What can I ſee abroad, which hath not been
By me before, almoſt to loathing ſeen,
Or, heard not ſo deſcrib'd, that being ſhown
It will not ſeem a thing already known?
Both Changes and Rechanges I have view'd;
Seen *new things* old become, old things renew'd;
Princes petitioning diſdainful Grooms
Great *Kings* dethron'd, & Peaſants in their rooms;
Laws out-law'd, *Out-Laws* raiſed to be Judges
Of Laws, Lives, Goods, and of our Priviledges,
By Law and Conſcience; Loyaltie made Treaſon,
And Treaſon Loyaltie; Non-ſenſe for Reaſon
Allow'd, and Reaſon thought irrational:
Yea, *Meteors* I have ſeen riſe, and Stars fall;
Foundations that immoveable appear'd
Thrown down, and Caſtles in the Air uprear'd.
I have ſeen *Heads* and *Feet* exchange their places,
Wealth make men poor, and honour bring diſ-
Beauties, which raviſhed beholders eyes (graces;
Wax more deformed than *Anatomies*,
Or, no more lovely to be lookt upon,
Than *Rawridge*, Mumble-cruſt, or *Bloody-bone*,
But, truth to ſay, they who moſt lovely be,
Now, no more pleaſureful appear to me
Than *Pictures*, nor ſo much as ugly faces
Whoſe hearts are beautifi'd with inward graces,
Although to *Beauty* very few were more
A Servant, than I have been heretofore,
And if that pleaſe not, which I once lik'd beſt,
What pleaſure is there to behold the reſt?
That, at this preſent, and all other ſights
Afford ſo little which my heart delights,

That,

That, all the earth, and one poor little room
Are ſo equivalent to me become,
That I know nothing any other where
More to be priz'd than my enjoyments here ;
And, that which makes me ſo indifferent
Nor melancholy is, nor diſcontent.
Confinement, in a houſe of ſtrength doth dwell,
A homely, and ſometimes a naſty Cell,
In furnitures, and in attendance poor,
A *Cerberus* lies alwayes at the door
Fawning a little, when we entring are
But ever ſnarls while we continue there :
Yet, I ſo quickly had found out his diet,
That, I knew either how to keep him quiet,
Or order ſo my ſelf, that when I pleaſe,
I can lye down and ſleep in *LITTLE-EASE* ;
Enlarge *within*, that which *without* hath bound,
Contrive conveniences where none I found ;
And, every whit as much content receive
In what I have not, as in what I have.
I view not here the pleaſures of the fields
Or what a Garden, Grove, or Meddow yields
Which were of late my daily recreation,
But, I have *Viſions* by my contemplation,
Which hither, during my Confinement brings
Not only ſights of more eſſential things
But an aſſurance of enjoyments too,
Whereof I doubted more a while ago.
I could not be at that *Solemnization*
Which honoured my *Soveraigns* Coronation,
Nor ſaw his Royal Train in their late Marches
Through LONDON, under their *Triumphant* (*Arches* ;
Yet in my ſolitarineſs, alone,
What they were doing, I did think upon,

With

With what ſhould elſe be done, that's not done yet
And, which I wiſh we may not quite forget,
Nor ſo long, that there, may at length be loſt
Much real honour, and no little coſt;
And which, perhaps, to bring now into mind
By this expreſſion, I am thus confin'd;
For Providence, did neither me reſtrain
At this time, nor infuſe theſe thoughts in vain.
Ionick, *Dorick*, and *Corinthians* works,
In which, an *Architectors* cunning lurks
Apart, or inter-wove (with that apply'd
Whereby it may be richly beautifi'd)
I can conceive, as if I ſaw it made,
And all which paintings thereunto can add.
I know, as well as they who did behold
That coſtly *Show*, what Silver, Silk and Gold,
Pearls, Diamonds, and precious Rubies, can
Contribute to adorn a horſe or man.
I have ſeen all materials which were thither,
To make up that great triumph, brought together.
Princes and Dukes, and Marqueſſes and Earls,
Plebeians, Men and Women, Boyes and Girls,
As many thouſands as then preſent were
I did as well imagine to be there
As if I them had ſeen; and can ſuppoſe
Not only what is acted at ſuch Shows,
But alſo, more than was at any one
Since firſt the *Roman* Triumphs were begun,
And fancy by my ſelf ſuch glorious things
As would quite beggar Emperors and Kings
To repreſent them. So, by being there
I had but ſeen a meaner Show than here
My fancy could have made; and what had I
Been then, I pray, advantaged thereby?

What

What had I gained then, by ſitting long
And paying, to be crowded in a throng?
What great contentment could I have deriv'd
From what Mechanick Artiſts had contriv'd,
Compar'd to that which my imagination
Contriv'd in honour of that Coronation?
At which the Trophies coſt, at moſt, no more
Than would have made ſome needy perſons poor?
I ſeldom took, at any time much pleaſure
In *Shows*, which ev'ry vulgar eye can meaſure;
And time and coſt require to make them gay,
Yet in a moment vaniſh quite away,
Behinde them leaving nothing that conduces
To Pious, Moral, or to Civil uſes.
What though I did not ſee the *King* that day?
I did in my *Confinement*, for him pray
As heartily as any perſon there,
And, G O D, perhaps, aſſoon the ſame will hear,
Although my *Tongue* was not then heard among
Thoſe Acclamations of the vulgar throng,
Which did ſalute his ear; my ſilent *Voice*
Wing'd with Devotion (though it made no noiſe)
Aſcended Heav'n, and may bring bleſſings down,
Which will conduce to ſetling of his Crown,
If he unfix it not by miſ-endeavour,
Or, valuing of the *Gift* more than the *Giver*.
I do preſume his duties on that day
He did diſcharge; and (wiſhing others may
Perform their dues to him) do not envy
The glory of that day's Solemnity
To him, for whom 'twas purpos'd, nor the ſight,
Thereof, to thoſe who took therein delight;
But wiſh'd, both might be perfectly contented
In what was at that preſent repreſented;

And

And hope, nought was to him aſcribed then,
Which rather appertains to G O D than *Men* :
For, when to *Hereds* eloquent Orations
The people gave blaſphemous Acclamations,
And he that honour to himſelf apply'd,
Whereby, G O D ought to have been glorifi'd,
The Doom, which that offence did on him bring,
Made him a lifeleſs, and a louzie King.
Of theſe things my confinement did produce
Some thoughts, which are perhaps of ſome good uſe.
I, likewiſe exercis'd my Meditation,
That day, on other things which have relation
To what was then in act ; and mus'd upon
That, which occaſion gave of things then done,
On ſome now paſt, and upon other ſome
Which probably will be in time to come.
I mus'd upon the *Changes*, and the Chances,
The Publick Troubles, and Deliverances
Which I have ſeen. I ſeriouſly did ponder
G O D S, and *Mens* actions joyntly and aſunder ;
Our fooliſh Projects, his wiſe Providences,
Both in their Progreſs, and their Conſequences.
I thought both on the *People* and the *King*,
What good or evil poſſibly might ſpring
From their deportments towards one another
Now by GODS mercy they are brought together.
On thoſe too, in particular, I thought
Whom, GOD into his power hath lately brought :
How great, erewhile, his wants and ſufferings were,
What, his enjoyments at this preſent are ;
And, on ſome other matters, not a few,
Which theſe, to my conſideration drew,
And which perhaps, that day had been by none
Mus'd on, ſo much, had I not been alone.

More-

Moreover it occaſion'd thoughts of that
Which to a Nobler Object doth relate;
Even to that Kingdom, King, and Coronation,
That ſhould be thought on with more veneration
Than all the *Monarchs* in their greateſt glory,
Who now live, or are memoriz'd in ſtory.
My *Contemplation*, with as much content,
As others had, to me did repreſent
That *DAY* wherein *CHRIST* through *Jeruſalem*
Rode meekly on an *Aſs*, whilſt after him
The people throng'd or laqued by his ſide,
And voluntarily *HOSANNA* cry'd,
Yet afterward purſuing him with ſcorns
Cry'd *Crucifie*, and crowned him with Thorns;
And this, me thought, was ſo conſiderable,
That it made all our Pomp ſeem deſpicable.
For, then my Muſes drew me by degrees,
To meditate on what my ſoul fore-ſees
Concerning them, who, whilſt they do pretend
CHRIST's *Kingdom*, do purſue another end;
And that, which for his glory was beſtown,
Make uſe of, for advancement of their own.
Not ſeldom, likewiſe, I then thought upon
Thoſe many thouſand families undone,
Who ſit and weep through want of what that day
Was waſtfully and vainly, thrown away,
At ſuch a time, wherein both Man and GOD,
Proceedings lookt for in another mode,
And when, our publick hazards and diſtreſs,
Requir'd another way of thankfulneſs.
Upon that ſolemn day, (not without wonder)
I ſaw and heard, the Lightning, rain, and thunder
Wherewith GOD ſeem'd to anſwer and out-vy
Our Guns and fire-Works, (though I was not nigh)

And ſuch reſemblance had the works of *Art*,
To Nature's, that they could not be apart
Diſtinguiſh'd; but that, to prevent our error,
The laſt was loudeſt, and infus'd more terrour.
This, I obſerved well; and furthermore
Took ſpecial heed, that nigh two Moneths before,
And likewiſe ever ſince, from Rainy weather
We were not oft free, one whole day together,
Until that Royal Triumph was begun,
Nor till that moment wherein it was done:
Yet, durſt I not be ſo prophane, to ſay
(As one hath writ) *it dar'd not rain that day.*
Nor at that time, *Flaminian like*, durſt I
Conjecture by a *Heatheniſh Augurie*
What GOD thereby intended: but, with awe
Conſider'd upon what I heard and ſaw:
And I confeſs the *Lightning*, *Rain*, and *Thunder*
At this our *Seed-time*, cauſed me to ponder
On that, which *Sumuel* prayed GOD to ſend
In Harveſt-time, and what that did portend;
Which I conceive to be a Meditation
Not then improper, for my Contemplation.
And, though ſome peradventure may ſuſpect
That theſe expreſſions, may ſome way reflect
On what concerns them, it concerns him more
Whoſe cauſe and honour I prefer before
All earthly things; and can be not afraid,
Who ere ſhall be diſpleas'd with what I've ſaid;
For, I was barr'd from ſeeing what is done
By men; that, GODS works might be muſed on.
Such things, although we then much mind them
Should not amidſt our Triumphs be forgot; (not,
And, that, (which then by me was thought upon)
Much more effectually, perhaps, was done

In

In this condition which I now am in,
Than could in that ſtate, wherein I have been:
Forgot therefore, by others, if it be
It will ſeem no great wonderment to me;
For, who remember *Joſephs* in their ſports,
Or in the jollities at Princes Courts?
Confinement (which I once a damage thought)
To me, hath other priviledges brought.
It manifeſts apparently to me
Who are my *Kinſmen*, who my *Neighbours* be;
And whether he who paſſeth by me than,
Be *Levite*, *Prieſt*, or a *Samaritan*:
For, Neighbourhood and Kindred, he beſt tryes
That's robbed, wounded, or, impriſon'd lyes.
In *Liberty*, I ſometimes doubted whether
They, who then came to viſit me, were either
My *Friends* or *Foes*, for, I found other while
They whom I truſted moſt, did moſt beguile.
But, few or none my *Viſitants* now are
Save they, whoſe Viſitations are ſincere;
The *Friends* I got, when I did walk abroad
I gain'd my ſelf: Theſe, are made mine by GOD.
Theſe were acquired without pains or coſt;
Not won by merit, nor by ſmall faults loſt.
The firſt, were for proſperity decreed,
The latter, for my help, in time of need,
And ſought my Body out, unknown before
Becauſe, they heard it was diſtreſt, and poor;
Which hath to me, Confinement ſweeter made,
Than all the Freedoms which I lately had;
And, me, with that *Communion* of the *Saints*,
Experimentally, it now acquaints,
Which, in this life enjoyed is, by all,
Who, in the life to come, enjoy it ſhall.

A *Priſon*, cannot dreadful ſeem to me,
For, there I firſt was taught my *A*, *B*, *C*,
In *Sufferings:* There, when I had ſcarcely paſt
Mine *Nonage*, to be ſchooled I was place't.
And, ſo long as the Providence of G O D,
Was pleas'd, that, to inſtruct me with that *Rod*,
I ſhould continue my abiding there.
Princes, my *Tutors*, and Correctors were.
A *Priſon*, is that *Houſe of Diſcipline*,
Wherein the *M A R T Y R S* uſually begin
To be *Probationers*; it is the *Colledge*
Of *SAINTS*, wherein experimental knowledge
Is firſt acquired by a carnal ſenſe
Of that, which tries their Chriſtian patience.
Priſons, to them, are ſanctified *Temples*,
Wherein, they by their meekneſs and examples
Preach to the world by *Deeds* (a powerful way)
What, many other do but meerly *ſay*.
And, as our *Prelates*, in each *Cathedral*
Have ſeveral places, which they pleaſe to call
More or leſs holy: ſo, there likewiſe be
Impriſonments of differing degree:
The *Outer-ward*, an entertainment gives
Moſt commonly to Murtherers and Thieves,
Or, ſuch like malefactors, who diſpleaſe
The world ſometimes, and interrupt her eaſe,
For which they are confin'd, till their juſt guerdon
They ſhall receive, or bribe her for a pardon;
And whereto ſhe gives all advantages
That may in *Priſons* granted be to theſe.
But, all her *Priſoners* are not confin'd
To Wards, and Receptacles of one kind.
The *Inner-wards*, which do to me appear
The ſame that *Chancels* unto *Churches* are,

Are

Are not made uſe of (except now and then)
But for moſt holy and *Religious men.*
The deepeſt *Dungeons* be reſerv'd for thoſe
Who dare our *Vices*, or her *Luſts* oppoſe;
Or, things repugnant to our ends profeſs,
(When mov'd thereto by conſcientiouſneſs)
And, whoſoere preſumes to plead their caſes,
As *Innocents*, doth hazard in like places
His own *Reſtraint*; or elſe unto ſuſpects,
Which peradventure may have worſe effects.
Yet, *Freedom* yields to none ſo much content,
As theſe enjoy, by ſuch *Impriſonment.*
For, they with inward comforts are delighted,
Whilſt they with outward darkneſs are benighted:
And ſweet *Refreſhments*, in amongſt them come
When they are throng'd up in a naſty Room.
When, they of their familiars are depriv'd,
They are by thoſe, who knew them not, reliev'd;
When they from *earthly men*, faſt lockt have been,
Celeſtial Angels have ſometime broke in;
Knockt off their chains; the gates and doors unbar'd
The *Priſon* ſhook; the ſturdy *Jaylor* ſcarr'd
And made him (falling down before them too)
Cry, *Men and Brethren, ſay, what ſhall we do?*
A *Priſon* is the beſt *retiring Room*
That can be got; the beſt *Muſeolum*
For him, wherein to contemplate, that would
Thoſe Objects without fallacy behold,
Which moſt concern him; or would notions have
Of what he ought to *do*, *hope* or *believe*;
For, moſt of thoſe things, which abroad he ſpies,
Either delude his ears, or blind his eyes,
Pervert his *Judgement*, or withdraw his mind
From that, wherein his welfare he might find.

A *Priſon* is a place; which he that can
Make uſe of, as becomes a prudent man,
Findes there, more laſting, and more perfect ſolace
Than in the greateſt earthly Princes Pallace;
And, when he knows what *Priviledges* are
In this condition, will ſcorn all that's there.
In *Priſon*, quickly, underſtand he ſhall
The worſt that can to him, at laſt, befall.
There, he may notice take, how moſt men pother
Themſelves; what plagues they are unto each other.
How, cauſeleſly men terrified are
By thoſe, to whom they dreadful would appear;
And, peradventure, if they patient be
That, they purſued by their *Foes* will ſee,
By which their ſelf-deſtruction ſhall be wrought,
And thoſe freed, whom, they into bondage brought.
There, they may learn, that to make black or white,
One hair, or add one ſtraws-breadth to their height
Care nought avails; and in that poor eſtate
To laugh at all the worlds deſpight and hate:
For, over them, no power then left ſhe hath,
Except of proſecuting them to death,
Which them ten thouſand fold will happier make
Than all, that ſhe can either *give* or *take*.
Theſe are ſuch benefits as I enjoy,
By what, now ſeems my *Freedom* to deſtroy.
In *Priſon*, too, this Priviledge I have,
That, *living*, I deſcend into my *Grave*,
And by my *Contemplation* can fore-ſee
What my condition in that place will be.
I ſearch it to the bottom, by that ſpark
Of Light, which ſhineth brighteſt in the dark.
The terrours of that Dungeon I fore-ſtall,
I, (as it were) pre-act my *Funeral*,

And

And in a manner alſo, ſee and hear
What will be ſaid and done, when I am there;
Which are advantages not to be known,
Whilſt in the world I flutter up and down.
In *Priſon* alſo, when leaſt room I have,
And cloſe am kept, I, far beyond the Grave
Do *Proſpects* view; and can ſee pretty well
What may concern men, both in *Heaven* and *Hell*;
Whereof, if here I ſhould my knowledge ſpeak
Them, for Phanatick dreams, the world would (take;
And not believe the things I could declare,
Becauſe, ſhe knows that I was never there;
And, therefore, Ile proceed again to ſhow
What, my *Experiments* are here below.
Reſtraint, from me, hath totally ſhut out
That frivelous, and that offenſive *Rout*,
Which interrupts my *Muſings* with diſcourſe
That's either wholly vain, or ſomewhat worſe:
For, to nought elſe, it for the moſt part tends
But fruitleſs complements, or graceleſs ends;
And, what among us, is at meetings blown,
Wrongs other mens affairs, or elſe our own,
Whereas, our words whilſt here we are together,
Tend to the edifying of each other,
In *Faith* or *Manners*; or elſe, to improve
That *Hope*, that *Meekneſs*, *Conſtancy* and *Love*
Which may enable, patiently to bear
Thoſe Burthens, wherewith we oppreſſed are:
And, when our *Bodies* are aſunder gone,
We never leave each other quite alone;
For, we (ev'n when corporeally apart)
Are preſent, both in *Spirit* and in *Heart*.
Though this *Fraternity* did often minde me,
Till my *Impriſonment* they could not finde me,

Nor did I know their perſons. Thou, therefore
Oh *fooliſh world*, to my content add'ſt more
By my *Reſtraint*, than if to me were given
All carnal Freedoms on this ſide of Heaven;
And, if this be the great'ſt harms thou canſt do,
Prethee, let every ſpight thou doſt be two.
But, all the comforts which beſt friends afford,
(As they are men) may prove like *Jonah's* Gourd,
For, as next morning, that, did wither quite
Which G O D did cauſe to ſpring up in one night,
So, when the *Sun* burns, or a *ſharp wind* blows,
This may as quickly fade, as it aroſe:
For, Death or Injuries, do every day
Take thoſe mens lives, or, their eſtates away
Who are moſt charitable, and, of bread
They may have need, by whom I have been fed,
For, unto all men underneath the Sun
That may betide which doth befall to one.
Not therefore, upon thoſe things which G O D ſends,
But, on *himſelf* alone, my ſoul depends:
Here, all my confidence, *vain world*, is place't,
Or elſe I might be ruined at laſt;
And all my preſent hopes, as vain would be,
As if I had repos'd my truſt in thee.
By this *Reſtriction*, not a few temptations
Will be repelled; many deviations
Of mine prevented; duties better done;
Things which have been forgot, more thought upon;
It peradventure may prepare me too,
For what I'm yet to *ſuffer* and to *do*,
Much better than that *Freedom* did, or could,
Which, by the *Common Tenure* I did hold:
And who knows, but ſome corporal miſ-hap
I may or did by this Reſtraint eſcape,

Which

Which might have elſe befell me when together
The people throng'd and trod upon each other.
Which, though no more but ſhunning ſo much
As breaking of a *neck*, a *legg*, or *arm*, (harm,
Were conſiderable, and ten to one
Such miſ-adventures daily fall upon (them,
Some perſons unconfin'd, when they leaſt dread
Becauſe, where dangers are, they little heed them.
Scap'd I no more here, than that flaviſh load
Of *Complementings*, wherewithall abroad
Men tire themſelves, and others; that, alone
Sufficient were, if well conſider'd on,
To make amends for all the ſufferings
Which my confinement now upon me brings.
For, as to pay this *life*, I am a debter
To *Nature*, and then hope to have a better,
My *Wants*, *Reſtraints*, and *Poverty* do leſs
Afflict my *Body*, by all that diſtreſs
Now laid upon it, than my ſoul hath been
To *hear* and *ſee*, what I have *heard* and *ſeen*,
Whileſt I had liberty abroad to go,
And hear and ſee, what many *ſay* and *do*:
With what diſſembling *Complements*, *Careſſes*,
Affected *Speeches*, *flattering Addreſſes*,
And falſe *Pretendings*, men of ev'ry ſort
Do cheat, fool, claw, and one another court,
As if they did *Realities* intend
When, in meer *Nullities*, at laſt they end.
How, *Letters*, *Promiſes*, *Vows*, *Declarations*,
Orders, *Oaths*, *Covenants*, and *Proteſtations*
Annihilated are, and turn to ſmoak
Or ſtinks, which rather poiſon us, and choak
Than truly nouriſh; and how they go on
In acting ſtill, ſuch things as they have done

Who

Who are deſtroyed; and yet, nere the leſs,
Dream they purſue the waies of *Happineſs*.
I am, as well pleas'd, with my ſad condition,
As others, with what they have in fruition,
And, if deſire a longer life I could,
For nothing elſe the ſame deſire I ſhould,
Except it were that I might live to ſee
What G O D will do, and what their end will be.
Frequent I cannot, with conveniency
(As lately, when I had my Liberty,
I might have done) the *Publick Congregation*;
But, I, upon G O D's *Word*, by meditation,
(To exerciſe my ſelf) may ſet apart
The time they dedicate; and both my heart
And my beſt *Faculties*, employ that day,
In preaching ſomewhat to the world *my way*
Which will advance G O D's glory, and improve
My Brethren in good life, hope, faith, and love:
Or, that prepare, which thereunto may tend,
When *Daies* and *Times*, with me will have an end:
And, G O D (I know) confines not *Saving Graces*
To ordinary *Means*, *Forms*, *Times*, or *Places*,
Nor is diſpleaſed when his ſervices
Endeavour'd are, without contentiouſneſs,
As we are able, and with upright heart,
Though of our duties we may fail in part.
Some other *Notions*, which in this eſtate
Are apprehended, I might now relate,
Which further may illuſtrate thoſe miſ-haps
That man by an *Impriſonment* eſcapes
But, they are Trifles to what I poſſeſs,
In my conſtrained *Solitarineſs*.
For, though it be not what I might have choſe
(Had I been left unto mine own diſpoſe)

It

It proves much better: and for that reſpect
What I moſt naturally do affect
I dare not abſolutely to requeſt,
(Much leſs make choice of) but to him that beſt
Knows what's beſt for me, wholly have reſign'd
Both mine own *ſelf*, and things of ev'ry kind.
'Tis he, who hath aſſign'd this lot, and all
What ere it be, which thereby doth befall;
And, this Reſtraint, not only makes him dearer
To me, but alſo, to *him*, draws me nearer,
So that the more my troubles do increaſe,
The nearer unto him is my acceſs.
He, fortifies my confidence in him,
And heartens me, the *World* thus to contemn,
As boldly as if doubtleſs cauſe there were
For her to fear me, more than I fear her.
I have my fears, but they are nothing elſe
Save what *Perdues* and *Scouts*, and *Centinels*
Are to an *Army*: they do not diſ-heart
A valiant *Souldier*; though they make him ſtart
At firſt *Alarm*; but cauſe him to prepare
For thoſe aſſaults, which nigh approaching are.
When I am judged, in an undone-caſe,
Becauſe, confin'd, in wants, and in diſtreſs;
When all my outward Comforters are gone,
And, I lie muſing on my bed alone
Of what I knew before, or heard that day;
Of what my *Friends* fear, and my *Foes* do ſay;
What men they are, who ſeem with me offended,
What is already *done*, and what *intended*;
Sometimes a little ſhuddring doth begin,
As if a panick-fear were breaking in,
Which he marks, ere to me it doth appear
Forthwith, ſteps down betwixt me and that fear
Supplies

Supplies defects, expelleth doubts and ſadneſs,
Repleniſheth my heart with ſober gladneſs,
About me ſets his *Angels*, watch to keep,
And (as to his beloved) gives me ſleep.
Theſe things conſidered, *Priſons* and *Reſtraints*
(Which have been long, the portion of the *Saints*)
Are not alone things little to be fear'd,
But alſo many times to be preferr'd
Before thoſe *Liberties*, and all thoſe things
That can be found in Palaces of Kings;
What ere their flatterers are pleas'd to ſay,
By fruitleſs hopes, to drive their fears away.
For, more are there endanger'd, more deſtroy'd:
There, many times, is leſs content enjoy'd,
Leſs outward ſafety, and a great deal leſs
Of what conduceth to true happineſs,
Than in a *Priſon:* And who ere well heeds
What, there is done, and what thereon ſucceeds
Will finde cauſe, their condition to bewail
Sometimes, much more, than his that's in a Gaol.
For, errors flowing from *Proſperity*
Indanger more, becauſe unſeen they lie.
Men may by their Afflictions be prepar'd
For whatſoere can follow afterward,
And are oft fitted by a lingring grief,
For future happineſs in death or life:
But, while corrupted by exceſſive Treaſures,
Befool'd with honours, and bewitch'd with plea-
The cauſe of *ſelf-deſtruction* ſtill they nouriſh; (ſures,
They grow as brutiſh as the beaſts that periſh;
And, daily ſo beſotted, by degrees
That, ſenſe of their *humanity* they leeſe; (ter,)
So long dream, they are GOD's (or ſomewhat grea-
Till they are *Devils*, or but little better;

And

And ſuddenly, when they think all goes well,
Sink from ſuppoſed *Happineſs* to HELL.
Moſt men, *(* yea very many of the beſt*)*
Their *Talents*, till they Palm-like down are preſt,
Improve not; nor their Duties truly do,
Till by Afflictions they are whipt thereto.
A *Priſon*, was long time the School, wherein
Chaſt *Joſeph* thoſe progreſſions did begin,
Which, him forth from obſcurity did bring
To be the ſecond perſon to a *King*.
Jonas was not obedient to GOD'S *Call*
Till he, both by a *Storm*, and by a *Whale*,
Was diſciplin'd: And, if I had a thought
My duties were performed as they ought
In any thing, affirmed it ſhould be
That, thereto my Afflictions fitted me:
For, ſuch like *Simples*, as I am, require
To make them yield forth Oyl, the *Preſs*, or *Fire*,
My *Flinty-nature* gives not out one ſpark
To light my ſelf, or others in the dark,
Till knockt with *Steel*. This knowledge I have gain'd
Of mine own temper, and it is unfain'd.
To be *impriſon'd*, *ſlander'd*, or made *poor*,
Shall therefore, henceforth, frighten me no more,
Nor make me, whilſt I live aſham'd of either
Of thoſe three *Lots*, nor of them altogether.
Prieſts, *Prophets*, *Kings* and *Saints*, yea (whilſt abode
He made on earth) the glorious Son of GOD
Was pleaſed to ſubmit to all of them
(But to the latter two in an extream)
And, with ſuch Company, Ile undergo
My ſhare, and think, I'm thereby honour'd too.
To this effect, much more might here be ſaid,
But, this will be ſufficient, if well weigh'd,
Which

Which, I ſuſpect; for, very few men heed,
Or mind, long, what they *hear*, or what they *read.*

SLANDER is more Beneficiall than PRAISE.

WHo, can expreſs the pain of being ſtung
With ſuch a *fiery Serpent* as the *TONGUE*?
Or, what can cure it, but his being ey'd,
Whom, once, the *Brazen Serpent* typifi'd?
'Tis far more ſharp than Arrows, Darts or Spears;
Down to the heart, it pierces through the ears;
Not only wounds, but frighteth alſo more
Than murthring *Canons*, when they loudeſt roar;
Afflicteth us, whilſt here we draw our breath,
And, *Gangreeve-like*, ſo ſpreadeth after death
(Ev'n to poſterity upon our *Names*)
That it deſtroys the life of *honeſt Fames.*
This fury *SLANDER*, hath been quarter'd long,
In *Rotten-Row*, and *Hart-ſtreet*, at the *Tongue*;
Her *Magazeens* and *Forges* are all there,
The *Shop* at which ſhe vents them, is the *Ear*,
In ev'ry Town and City; and no places
Or perſons, her aſperſions and diſgraces
Can long avoid: For, ev'ry where ſhe ſcatters
That ſhot wherewith the Forts of *Fame* ſhe batters.
So venemous it is, that every touch
Proves mortal, or indangers very much,
And nothing ſhooteth more impoyſoned pellets,
Except it be the flatteries of *Prelates.*
I muſt confeſs, that many years ago
I therewith have been often wounded ſo
That,

That, very well, content I could have been
To lye down, where I might no more be ſeen ;
And, my ſtupidity is not, yet, ſuch
As not to feel indignities as much
As any man : But, I have learned how
To change my *Sickneſſes* to *Phyſick*, now :
And when the world intendeth me a ſhame
By retroverſion to convert the ſame
To that, which from beſpattrings purifies,
And makes me both her *Blame* and *Praiſe* deſpiſe,
No more diſpleaſ'd, or pleaſed therewithall
Than if a *whibling Cur*, ſhould fawn or bawl.
For, unto thoſe Oppreſſions, heretofore
And now lay'd on me, whatſoever more
The world ſhall add ; though they a while oppreſs,
Will, ſhortly, make them, not alone much leſs
But, alſo none at all ; and wheel about
Upon her ſelf, as ſoon as my Turn's out.
Praiſe, is a pleaſing thing, to fleſh and blood,
Yet, often doth it much more harm than good ;
Puffs up with Pride, ore-weening and vain glory.
Or, with affection to things tranſitory
Beyond a ſafe *Mean* ; and makes men ſuppoſe
Themſelves to be, what ev'ry neighbour knows
They are not ; yea, what they themſelves do ſee
They neither are, nor poſſibly can be.
Whereas, to be without a cauſe deſpiſ'd,
Diſpraiſ'd, reproach'd, ſcoft, jeer'd and ſcandaliz'd,
An undue ſelf-opinion doth remove
True Meekneſs and Humility improve ;
Brings Conſtancy and Patience to their tryal,
And, at the laſt, to ſuch a *Self-denial*,
As in the cloſe will more contentment give us
Than all, whereof a *Slander* can deprive us.

The

The *flatteries* of his *Lords*, made *Joaſh* ſtumble,
Reviling ſpeeches, made King *David* humble,
Good men, by *praiſes*, oft, are evil made,
But, by *Reproaches* harm they never had.
The *World*, which beſt is pleaſ'd with her own
For that falſe titulary honor ſcrabbles, (*baubles*
Which is compoſ'd of aiery Attributes,
Or, which opinion only conſtitutes:
And, all her happineſs, dependant ſeems
On vulgar approbations and eſteems,
Which are, indeed, her *Portion*: but, to thoſe,
Who can look both beyond, and through the *Shows*,
That ſuch *Toies* make, nought therein doth appear
To merit their deſire, love, hate or fear:
And, therefore, they reſpect them, (come, or go)
As Reaſon them obliges thereunto,
Or, as things, which (if grace divine be granted)
Indifferently, may be poſſeſt or wanted; (them,
Make ſuch uſe as they ſerve to, whilſt they have
And yield them, when reſum'd, to thoſe who gave
For, had *external honours* in this place, (them.
Been truly more eſſential than *diſgrace*,
To *happineſs eternal*; CHRIST had waved
The ſcandals of the *Croſs*; we had been ſaved
And ſanctifi'd ſhould be without thoſe troubles,
Scorns and reproaches, which the world now
And may redouble: yea, in vain had he (doubles
A promiſe made, that they ſhould bleſſed be
Who in his ſufferings do with him partake,
And are reproach'd and ſlander'd for his ſake.
Theſe things conſider'd, I am at full reſt;
Slanders infringe not my chief intereſt.
Good or *Ill words* will me no more concern
When I am dead, than when I was unborn.

And,

And, whilſt I live, (as is inferr'd before)
They harm a little, and they profit more.
If *Scandals* neither mend nor mar my health,
Increaſe not troubles, nor decreaſe my wealth,
Save in opinion onely; all thoſe loſſes
Are cur'd, if my vote, that opinion croſſes.
And (prate who liſt) I will as merry bee
As is a P*ye* upon a Cherry-tree.
P*raiſe*, or *diſpraiſes*, if ſo be my heart
Aſſures, that neither of them by deſert
To mee belongs, my own P*hanatick brain*
Is cauſe of all, whereof I do complain,
Or take delight in: *praiſe*, *blame*, *bleſs*, or *curſe*,
I am no whit the better, or the worſe;
And, all men are as much concern'd as I
In what's then ſpoken, be it *Truth*, or *Lye*.
If of a hundred *Crimes I* guilty were,
All which, as evidently did appear,
As in a cloudleſs day, the *Sun* at noon;
The world, but as the ſpots within the *Moon*,
Would look upon them, if, for my defence
I have a *face* well braz'd with impudence;
An Oily *Tongue*, a *Crocodiles* moiſt eye,
Can finde great *Friends*, bribe, flatter, fawn and lye,
Ore-awe my neighbours, or, my ſelf expreſs
A friend to them, in their licentiouſneſſe.
But, were *I*, both in *words* and *deeds*, as free
From juſt reproof, as mortal man may be,
Had *I*, but one great neighbour, who envies
All men ſuppoſ'd more honeſt, or more wiſe,
Than hee is thought; therewith a neighbourhood,
Which take delight in nothing that is good;
Abhorring all, as their injurious foes,
Who, them, in their unrighteous waies oppoſe;
Or, if *I* be conſtrained to have dealing,
With ſuch, by ſome relation, or nigh dwelling,

Who think, there's nothing rational or juſt,
But, what tends to their *profit*, or their *luſt*;
It is impoſſible to ſcape the wrongs
Of wicked hands, or of malicious tongues:
And, therefore, he, with whom it thus doth fare
Muſt ſtudy *patience*, how his lot to bear;
And in this caſe, can look for no defence
But from GODS Juſtice, and his *Innocence*,
Which is ſufficient unto them that know
What conſolations from thoſe fountains flow.
What, is there to be fear'd in *Slandrous Tales*,
Whether, they ſhall be either true or falſe?
A *falſe Report* more miſchieves thoſe who ſpread it,
Than harmeth me. If it impairs my credit,
I may recover it again ere long,
And alſo peradventure, by that wrong
Improve ſome *Vertue*, or abate ſome *Pride*,
Within my ſelf till that time, uneſpy'd.
Although hard words, give harder knocks than ſtones,
And crack our *Credits*, yet, they break no *Bones*;
And, if unjuſtly thrown, by ſpightful fingers,
They prove moſt miſchievous unto their flingers.
One fault which *Conſcience* findes, afflicts me more
Than twenty ſlanders, yea than twenty ſcore:
So long as that lyes quietly in me,
I ſhall not care who my *Accuſers* be;
And, when that ſhall accuſe me (as ſometime
It doth) I ſue out an Appeal to him
Who ſtraight acquits me; elſe I muſt confeſs
I ſhould as much fear mine own *Righteouſneſs*
As all my *Sins*; for, I eſteem them both
Alike impure, and as a menſtruous cloath.
If I am juſtly blam'd for things miſdone,
Or, for faults wherein I am going on,
It doth by bringing on me ſhame of face,
Repentance bring, and to that ſtate of Grace

From

From which I falling was; and ſtay the courſe
Which might have drawn me on from bad to worſe,
Until, that by habituated ſin,
Endleſs Impenitency had broke in:
Much more, therefore, to theſe I am a debter
Who ſpeak ill, than to thoſe men who ſpeak better
Than I deſerve: And, though that in their ends
They differ, they may be as uſeful friends
Who ſpeak of me opprobriouſly, ſometimes,
As they, who praiſe me, or excuſe my crimes.
For, I have long obſerv'd that all *Relations*,
Nigh or far off (what ever Obligations
Have nearly joyned them, or whatſoere
Their *Quarrels*, *Bonds*, or *Diſobligements* are)
Be (for the moſt part) either friends or foes,
But, as a proſp'rous, or a croſs wind blows;
Or, as their inter'ſt or Expectancy
May be ſecur'd, or doth at hazzard lye.
The *Love* or *Hatred*, which I finde in them,
Differs but in the *Meaſure*, or the *Time*,
Or, in th'*Occaſions*, which have them inclin'd,
To friendlineſs, or elſe to be unkinde.
They frown or ſmile, they praiſe, or they diſgrace,
Deſtroy and ſave, and ſtab, or elſe imbrace,
Even as the fit which comes upon them, takes them,
And either pleaſed, or diſpleaſed makes them.
Such will their words and deeds be then to thee,
What ere thou art to them, or they to thee.
As bitter Language, I have heard 'twixt thoſe
That were dear Lovers, as 'twixt greateſt Foes,
Yea, and more bitter too, in ſome reſpects
Conſidering their *Cauſes* and *Effects*.
A *Foes* Revilings very ſharp appear,
But, when our *Friends* exaſperated are
With, or *without Cauſe given of offence*,
There is between them greater difference

(Or at the leaſt, but very little leſs)
*T*han taſted is between the bitterneſs
Of unpeel'd *Wallnut-kernels*, and *ſtrong Gall*,
VVhen with our tongues diſtinguiſh them we ſhall.
Moreover, *I* have ſometimes alſo ſeen
*T*hat, they, who have unto each other been
Moſt miſchievous, ſo reconcil'd together
(*T*hough little vertue hath appear'd in either)
So kind in *words* and *deeds*, for outward ends,
*A*nd, ſo ingaged mutually as friends
*I*n their Concernments, as if they had never
At variance been ; but, hearty friends for ever.
VVhich, when *I* mind, *I* neither pleaſure have
In *Praiſes*, nor do ſlanders me bereave
Of much content, from whom ſoe're they come ,
So long as I finde *Innocence* at home ;
Nor, in my own reſpect at any time,
So griev'd am I, as otherwhile for them
VVho have miſ-cenſur'd me ; becauſe I know
From what diſtempers uſually they flow ;
And that the ſob'reſt and the wiſeſt men
Have ſome *Deliriums* on them now and then.
Exception is not alwayes to be took
By what ſhall by a *Friend* or *Foe* be ſpoke :
For, men in paſſion, whether they appear.
Pleas'd or diſpleas'd, ſpeak few things as they are,
Nor alwayes as they think, but, rather ſay
That, which the paſſion bearing then chief ſway
Tranſports them to ; although a wound it give
To their own ſouls, which pains them whilſt they live.
But, *Friends* and *Foes*, both *good and ill report*,
And all terreſtrial things of every ſort,
VVill ſhortly have an end (with me at leaſt.)
The worſt, as well as that whereof the beſt
Eſteem I had, will into *nothing* fly :
My *Slanders*, and my *Slanderers* will dye.

At

At preſent, therefore them no more I dread
Than if I ſaw they were already dead ;
And, that which dead or living, ſhall to me
Befall, will equally forgotten be.
By living, I, their ſcandals may out-live,
And good proofs of my innocency give.
VVhen I am dead, what ever men ſhall pleaſe
To ſpeak or do, it cannot me diſeaſe :
And, they who after death do men defame,
Or ſhall expoſe their bodies unto ſhame,
Bring that diſhonour which they did intend
To others, on themſelves, at latter end :
Yea, make ſome queſtion, and ſuſpect their merits ;
Repute them perſons of ignoble ſpirits ;
And, what they hoped ſhould confirm their peace,
Their terrours and their dangers will increaſe.
Slanders (though poyſon in themſelves) have been
To me a precious *Antidote* for ſin,
Preventing, not a few times more than one,
That, wherein elſe perhaps I had miſ-done,
*(*And I, thereby, effects like his have found
Who had a *Sickneſs* cured by a *wound)*
Whereas, contrariwiſe, a vain *Applauſe*
Of ſins or follies, are a frequent cauſe.
I well remember, that, when I was young
(And in both kinds an Object of the *Tongue*,
As now I am) I reaped, many wayes,
By *Slanders*, much more profit than by *Praiſe*.
For, *Praiſes* made me ſometimes over-ween,
And (as if no defects in me had been)
Neglect the means, that, ſupplements might add
To what, I more in *Show*, than *Subſtance* had.
*I*t, likewiſe, me to envy did expoſe,
From which great diſadvantages aroſe,
And ſcandals, without cauſe : But *Grace divine*
Croſs'd thereby, what the *Devil* did deſign :

For, *Defamation*, ſo ſoon was begun,
That, what it charg'd me with, was never done.
That, ſin prevented was, and many more
By ſending of the *Scandal* forth before
The *Crime* was acted; So, into a *Bleſſing*
A *Curſe* was turn'd, which merits this confeſſing;
And alſo, me obliges, all my dayes,
On all occaſions, to give GOD the praiſe;
For, if, perhaps it had over-flowed then,
The ſtream had never kept his bounds again.
The ſcoffs and jeers, caſt on me by the Rimes
Of ſome reputed *Poets* in theſe times
Have been my great advantage: for, th'eſteem
Which in my youthful dayes I had of them
Had elſe perhaps, from my ſimplicity
Drawn me, by their familiarity
To thoſe affected *Vanities* with which
They have infected fools, and claw'd their itch.
Were I but as ambitious of that name
A POET, as they are, and think I am,
It might a little vex me, when I hear
How often, in their *Pamphlets* me they jear,
Becauſe, Truth ſeaſonably I convey
To ſuch as need it, in a homely way,
Beſt pleaſing unto thoſe who do not care
To crack hard *ſhells* in which no *kernels* are;
Or for *ſtrong Lines*, in which is little found,
Save an affected phraſe, and empty ſound.
But, I do read them with a ſmiling pitty
To finde them to be wicked, who are witty.
At their *Detractions*, I do not repine;
Their *Poems* I eſteem as they do mine:
Their *Cenſures*, I with ſleighting overpaſs,
Who, like *words* without *ſenſe*, *wit* without *grace*;
And, better am contented, without cauſe
To hear their *miſ-reports*, than their *Applauſe*.

As

As alſo, that, they ſhould by *Pantaloons*
Admired be, and honour'd by *Buffoons.*
Yea, as *Job* ſaid, ſhould they a *Book* compile
Againſt me (as they may, and did erewhile)
I would receive it, on my ſhoulders bear it,
And as a Crown, upon my head would wear it.
My fearleſneſs of SLANDERS doth not flow
From Ignorance, which hinders me to know
How, I am ſcandaliz'd: for it appears
In Print, and I have heard it through both ears.
I daily hear what ignominious lyes
Detraction, to defame me doth deviſe.
I know, whence they proceed; whereto they tend,
In what likewiſe they poſſibly may end:
And it would ſtagger and affright me too,
Unleſs I knew the worſt, all this could do
For, they, who Idolize the *Prelacy*
Impute to me no leſs than *Blaſphemy*,
And *Sacriledge:* And, I may well expect
That, when their hopes have taken full effect,
Though they with me at preſent, do but dandle,
They then will curſe me with *Bell*, *Book* and *Candle.*
How ever, for their perſons I will pray:
For, malice hath not mov'd me to gain-ſay
Their *Prelacy*; nor hope to get again
What they uſurp, and doth to me pertain:
But, meerly conſcientiouſneſs of that
Which in my place I vow'd to vindicate.
Some, call me *Traytor* too; but well I wot,
They do not ſo beleeve, or know me not.
I never did betray my truſt to any,
Though I my ſelf have been betray'd by many.
With Traytors I have numbred beenf orone,
And ſerv'd their ends, yet I my ſelf was none:
For, if like *Abſolom* they did pretend
To *Sacrifice*, and had another end,

I went on in ſimplicity of heart,
And did not from my Principles depart.
If they intended, or committed *Treaſon*,
I wronged not my *Conſcience*, or my *Reaſon*
By ought miſ-done, except it were, perchance,
Through *over-ſight*, or elſe through *Ignorance*;
For which, the *Plagues now Epidemical*,
To me, as unto other men befall.
I never was in any factious Plot,
Nor likely ſeems it, by what I have got,
That, with them in their Actings, *I* was one
VVho, thriv'd by thoſe deſigns they carried on;
Though being ſubject to the preſent Law,
I now do ſuffer, like *Jack Fletchers* Daw.
But, howſoere, I ſeem to merit blame
None, to the King, are truer than *I* am.
Yet, if in *Fame*, we credit may repoſe,
I am deſigned to be one of thoſe,
VVho ſhall not be vouchſaf'd that *Common grace*,
VVhich at his *Coronation* granted was.
GOD's will be done: Perhaps, the King well knows
I need not, what on others he beſtows;
Or, to me, ſingly, will his favour ſhow,
That *I* his Magnanimity may know;
And, that he will more gracious be to thoſe
VVho, him did not maliciouſly oppoſe,
Than they, whom *I* did ſerve, were to their friends,
Becauſe they did not ſerve them, to their ends.
But, if *Report* hath not divulg'd a *Lye*,
VVhat, can *I* loſe, or others get thereby?
My whole eſtate, already is bereft,
And, what will there be found, where's nothing left?
My life, you'l ſay; Alas! that's little worth,
*I*t hath been waſting, ever ſince my birth;
And (when it was at beſt) too poor a thing,
To ſatisfie the *Vengeance* of a King.

*I*t

It will to moſt men ſeem ridiculous,
To hear a *Lion Rampant*, kill'd a *Mouſe*,
Or, ſee an Eagle ſtoop down from on high,
To truſſe a *Titmouſe*, or a Butterfly.
The dread of ſuch a loſs will not come neer me,
For, *Age* will ſhortly kill me, though he ſpare me;
And, when there's no conveniency of living,
Life, neither is worth *asking* or the *giving*.

But GOD's intentions, and the hearts of *Kings*,
Are ſuch inſcrutable and hidden things,
That, none can ſearch their bottomes; then much leſs
Can they be fathom'd by maliciouſneſs.
Their wayes of working their own pleaſures out,
Are, many times, by wheeling round about,
By croſs and counter-actings, and by thoſe
Which ſeem'd their own *Deſignments* to oppoſe.
The faithfull'ſt men, they do expoſe oft-times
To hazzards; or with ſuch as are for crimes
Condemn'd, they number them; or, prove them by
Deſertions, diſ-reſpects, and *Poverty*;
And, frequently, do fit them for thoſe places
Wherein they beſt may ſerve them, by diſgraces;
But principally, at thoſe times, wherein,
Hypocriſie, becomes the *Reigning-ſin*.

More things I might inſert, which have relations
In this kinde, to my own prevarications,
And, to th'Improvements, which have oft enſu'd
By *Scandals*, which I then would have eſchew'd.
But, my *Experiments* will work on none,
VVho cannot by their own, be wrought upon.
Conſider therefore all ye unto whom
*T*his *Writing*, by GOD's providence doth come,
VVhat, in your ſelves and others, you have heeded,
VVhich hath from *Slanders*, and from Praiſe proceeded;
And, you ſhall finde more by the laſt undone
*T*han by the former, at leaſt, ten to one.

Ac-

According to our *Proverb*, the Bell clinketh
Juſt ſo, as in his fancy, the fool thinketh
And, they who flattring praiſes love to hear,
Immediately, ſuch to themſelves appear,
As repreſented by their *Paraſite*,
Though no more like than Black-ſwans are to white.
Such *Panegyricks* I have ſometime ſeen
That, hard to be reſolved, it had been,
By him, whoſe judgement you therein ſhould crave,
Whether, the *Panegyriſt* were more *knave*
Than he was *Fool*, for whom, the ſame was made:
But, of their equal *Impudence* I had
No doubt at all, when wiſtly I had heeded
What one *gave*, tother *took*, and what *ſucceeded*.
For, I have oftentimes obſerv'd, thereby,
Good Men deprav'd; *Great Men*, to Tyranny
Incouraged; That, which is due to men
By Natures Law, at firſt, they ſeize and then
Thoſe Attributes, at laſt, intrude upon
That ought to be aſcrib'd to GOD alone.
Which evidences, that, *Immodeſt Praiſe*
Is worſe than *Slander*, and a ground-work layes,
Whereon a ſuperſtructure may be built,
To ſink the Builders, down to ſhame and guilt.
SLANDERS, and *Perſecutions* of the *Tongue*
A portion likewiſe is, which doth belong
Unto the *Saints*; and ſanctifi'd they are
By him, with whom, an individual ſhare
Each muſt expect; we, do but only ſup
At brim, he drunk the bottome of the Cup:
We altogether merited the blame,
He underwent the ſorrow and the ſhame.
Falſe witneſſes againſt him were ſuborn'd;
His Glory was to his diſhonour turn'd;
His neareſt friends forſook him, and forſwore him,
His foes preferr'd a Murtherer before him;

His

His Innocency not alone reproaching,
But, likewiſe moſt injuriouſly incroaching
Upon his righteous perſon, him purſu'd
Till by a ſhameful death, he death ſubdu'd,
And breaking from the grave, to Heav'n aſcended,
By Angels to Immortal Life attended;
Where, now inthron'd, he Thrones prepared hath
For all, who follow him in that rough path;
And every ſlander, ſcorn, reproach and ſhame,
He ſuffr'd here, adds glory to his *Name.*

This is the way, and hath been ever ſince,
Through which all men muſt paſs, who go from hence
To that *Eternity*, where ſhall be worn
The Robes of *honour*, when the Rags of ſcorn
Shall off be thrown. On him I fix mine eyes,
And, that, will me enable to deſpiſe
Terreſtrial ſhame and honour: That, makes all
My troubles, when at greateſt, ſeem but ſmall.
That, makes me, whilſt my *Body* is confin'd,
Take pleaſure, in the freedomes of the *Minde*;
Not dreading preſent, or enſuing wrongs,
Of wicked hands, or of malicious tongues.
This *Paradox*, it helps me to maintain,
That, where the Grace of GOD is not in vain,
More profit, bittereſt reproach affords,
Than all the worlds *Applauſes*, and *fair words.*

Poverty is more profitable than Riches.

ANother *Black-Guard* hath beleagur'd me,
That, ſeems to be the worſt of all the three
For, therewith, whoſoever hath to do,
Still is in danger of theſe other two,

Im-

Impriſonment and *Slander*, who attend
On *Poverty* unto her latter end.
Yet, whatſoever in her ſelf ſhe ſeem,
She merits not a total diſ-eſteem:
For, 'tis an inſtrument of good and evil,
Oft-times imploy'd againſt us by the *Devil*,
And, oft by GOD himſelf, to ſuch effects
As may prevent the miſchief he projects,
By tempting to thoſe manifold abuſes
Which *Riches* being miſ-employ'd produces.
There are two ſorts of *Poverty*, that ſpring
From diffring Roots; effects they likewiſe bring
Both diffring and alike: for, providence
Maugre all humane wit and diligence,
Makes many poor, and all their induſtries
Rendreth ſucceſſeleſs by *Contingencies*,
VVhich no man can fore-ſee, or wholly ſhun
VVho ſhall be thereby outwardly undone.
This *Poverty*, afflicts, at firſt, as much
As any, but, diſparages not ſuch
As bear it well; and though it grieveth many,
(Except by their own fault) deſtroyes not any.
The other ſort, is ſordid, vile, and baſe,
Yet, draws her *Pedigree*, from ſuch a Race,
As doth in *Country*, *City*, and in *Court*,
Still bear an extraordinary port:
For, by the Fathers, or the Mothers ſide,
It ſprung from *Prodigality* or *Pride*,
Or, from *Improvidence* or *Idleneſs*,
And, is indeed, near kin to all *Exceſs*,
Though her *Alliance*, theſe, now ſcorn and wave,
Becauſe, that ſhe is ragged, and they brave.
She, at this preſent time, both againſt me
And others is employ'd: But, though ſhe be
Made uſe of by the *world*; yet, I well know
The *World it ſelf* abhors her as a foe,

And

And, with a ſlaviſh dreadfulneſs doth fear her,
On whatſoere occaſion, ſhee comes near her.
Yea, till this *Bug-bear*, was more known to mee,
I, dreaded her almoſt as much as ſhee,
And, did the beſt I could, to keep her from
That *nearneſs* whereunto ſhe now is come.
For, he that would diſgrace, and bring us to
That *State*, which queſtionleſs might us undo,
Let him but juſtly ſay that wee are *poor*,
And, to deſtroy us, hee need ſay no more.
VVhereas diſgrac'd thereby we ſhall be much
If, we continue to be very rich
Of whatſoever crime or crimes, we ſtand
Convicted by the known *Laws*, of this Land.
For, *VVealth* cannot alone our P*ardons* buy
And blot out every former Infamy;
But, in a ſhort time alſo, make us capable
Of *Truſts* or *places* that be honourable;
Yea, though they be thoſe *places* which diſpence
To all the people, *Law* and *Conſcience*;
And marry *Ladies* (neither nor poor, nor painted)
As if our bloods had with no crimes been tainted.
But, to be *poor*, implieth every whit,
As if we had nor *honeſty*, nor wit,
And, every thing, which ſince our lives begun,
VVee *honeſtly*, nor *prudently* have done,
Shall ſo traduced be as if that nought
Had e're by us, been *well done*, *ſpoke*, or *thought.*
There, where we have been kindly entertain'd,
A civil uſage, hardly ſhall be daign'd.
There, where we have been honour'd in times paſt,
Neighbours and *Kinſmen* will their doors make faſt;
Our old familiars will our perſons ſhun,
Like Rats, our Servants from the houſe will run,
Which, then will be a place of deſolation,
And few thenceforth approach our habitation,

But,

But, *Serjeants*, *Shreeves*, or *Bayliffs* (beaſts of prey)
That little, which is left, to fetch away:
And, when there doth remain nor ſticks nor ſtones,
Dead or alive, they'l take our *Fleſh* and *Bones*.
If all I ſhould expreſſe, that might be ſaid
In this kind, you would think mee ſtill afraid
Of *Poverty*; and, that which I ſhould ſpeak,
In ſome, perhaps, would ſuch impreſſions make
That, they with difficulty would beleeve
What benefits I now thereby receive:
Forbearing therefore, that which I might add
I'le tell what profits may thereby be had;
That, others (who can think I do not lye)
May be no more afraid thereof than I:
That, alſo, they who thereby grieved are,
May in my Conſolations have a ſhare,
To bear thoſe burthens without diſcontent,
Which are now on them, or ſeem imminent:
For, little I will mention which was brought
By *reading*, or by *hearſay* to my thought;
But, that *Philoſophy*, which *Reaſon* teaches,
(*Experience* hath confirm'd, and GOD's *Grace*
Unto my heart; that, it may sympathize (preaches)
With their hearts, who the ſame ſhall not deſpiſe:
Which, though expreſt in language rude and plain,
Will, peradventure, to good uſe remain,
When they, who of their *Elegancies* boaſt,
Are, with their *Kickſhaws*, in oblivion loſt.
When moſt are alſo, quite forgot, whom they
Now dream, ſhall by their *Poems*, live for aye:
And, when, that, which they deſpicable deem,
VVith *wiſe*, and *honeſt men*, ſhall finde eſteem.
In my *Reſtraint*, I therefore, do not whine;
At my *Reproaches*, I do not repine,
Nor murmure at my *loſſes*; nor want ſenſe
Of what is in them, which may give offence.

My

My *ſeeming-friends*, I muſt confeſs, are fewer,
But, they whom now God gives mee are much truer;
For, theſe that now I have, I finde more willing
To *give* a pound, than thoſe to *pay* a ſhilling.
Yet, ſome of theſe are ſo poor, that, I'm fain
Them, from their free *Donations* to reſtrain,
Becauſe, that of my *Sufferings* they are grown
More ſenſible, than they are of their own.
And this, an *evidence* of that doth give,
VVhich pleaſeth better than what I *receive*;
Since it demonſtrates, GOD, hath in this *Nation*
A people, capable of his *compaſſion.*

I am not ignorant how much diſgrace
Is thrown on *Poverty*, nor in what baſe
Account they are, who, thereby are conſtrain'd
Meerly, by *Charity*, to bee maintain'd:
Yet nought aſhamed am of that eſtate
VVhich moſt ſo ſcorn, and ſo abominate.
For, without loſs of *honour*, men of merit,
This *Portion* very many times inherit.
Great *Conſuls*, and renowned *Generals*
(In ſuch an exigent as oft befalls
To very many thouſands in this *Nation)*
Have had relief without diſ-reputation
By *Common Charity*: and, *Antient Story*
Hath kept memorials of it to their glory.
But, I refer that which I might expreſs
(To take this *Blur* off) to another place.

To have *ſubſiſtance* by meer *Charity*
Is, to ſubſiſt by GOD, immediately,
And, they are wicked, or, vain fools, at leaſt,
By whom thoſe *Exhibitions* are diſgrac't.
For, very many of GOD's favourites
Have been oft, thereby, from the worlds deſpights
Preſerv'd: yea, to the *World*, it would appear
If ſhee would heed it, that, her *Minions* are

Expoſ'd

Expoſ'd to ſuch a *Lot*, and (without ſhame)
Have been by *Alms* preſerved as I am:
And, not in thoſe neceſſities alone,
VVhich by miſ-accidents are undergone,
Are they reliev'd; but, very many be
Thereby likewiſe upheld, in that degree,
VVhich much is honour'd; yea, ev'n to Exceſſe,
In outward ſplendor, and vain pompeouſneſſe.
For, this way, not alone are Monks and Friers
Maintained, with their Abbots and their Priors,
But, even the great *Prelates*, all their lives,
By *Charities* abuſed *Donatives*;
And, yet as loftily advance their creſt
As if they had been Barons born, at leaſt,
Precedency uſurping upon thoſe,
By whom, they from obſcurity aroſe.
By moſt men, *Poverty* is thought ſo baſe,
That, they repute it for the great'ſt diſgrace
VVhich can betide them, by what way ſoever
It comes; or howſoere they ſhall indeavour
To keep it off; and think it not their leaſt
Diſhonour, when enforced to ſubſiſt
By *Charity*, although it ſhall be uſed
VVith thankfulneſs, and in no wiſe abuſed.
And, many ſeek to turn it to my ſhame
That I now brought to this condition am.
Yet, what's to mee befallen worſe or more
Than to *good*, *wiſe*, and *great men* heretofore?
Renowned P*rinces* in preceding ages,
Have fought, and had Supplies and Patronages,
From *Forein Kings* and *States*, in their diſtreſſes
VVithout reprocah: yea, he that now poſſeſſes
Theſe three great *Kingdomes* was by indigence
Conſtrained (not a very long time ſince)

By

By *Charity*, to be both cloath'd and fed;
To ſlake his hunger with a poor mans bread,
And, to accept it, not alone from thoſe
Who were his *friends*, but alſo from his *foes*,
(Whoſe gifts were baits, whoſe Table was a ſnare,
And, of whom, if hee do not well beware,
More miſchief, and, diſhonour will be done him
Than by the *Poverty* then brought upon him.)
Some other perſons alſo, of great birth, (earth
From place to place have wandr'd through the
Maintain'd by the Charity alone,
Sometime by many, and ſometimes by one;
And other while, have ſeem'd ſo left by all,
That they into great poverty did fall.
Yet n'eretheleſs, whilſt they have Preſervation
Retain ſtill in the world ſome Reputation.
They are meer fools, or worſe, who do beleeve
That, more diſgrace, than theſe I can receive
From ſuch an *In-come*: for (by what I gather
From thence) it is a *real honour* rather,
That, GOD ſupplieth (as it were) from Heaven,
When earthly *wealth* and *honours* are bereaven.
When *Iſrael* had been Captiv'd ſev'nty year,
Hee made, even thoſe, by whom inſlav'd they were
Them, from their tedious thraldome to redeem,
VVhen there was none to help or pity them.
It was their honour, that their preſervation
Should be vouchſafed, ſo to admiration,
That *Nations* all, might in all times to come,
By heeding it, conſider well, from whom
They muſt in ſuch like caſes aid expect;
And, that, though by a long delay'd effect
They ſeem forgot, and outward hopes quite paſt,
There will bee a *Deliverer* at laſt,

By whom, thoſe wants for which they have been
Shall, to their honour, certainly be turn'd. (ſcorn'd
What is it more to my Diſ-reputation
That GOD provideth for my preſervation
By *Charity*, than 'tis diſgrace to thoſe
Who their Eſtates by *Fire* or *Water* loſe
And, thereupon the State vouchſafes a *Breef*,
Whereby to ask, and to receive releef?
Nay, what ſupply can be ſo honourable
As that, which from hearts, by hands charitable
Is raiſed and conferr'd, (unaskt, unſought)
By them, of whom I never heard, or thought?
This way (which without ſhame I do confeſs)
GOD hath vouchſaf'd releef in my diſtreſs,
To mee, as hee to men in like eſtate,
Hath done in former times, and now of late.
E're while at *Piedmont* in their perſecutions
Our Brethren hee reliev'd by contributions;
And, ſhould I think it my diſgrace can be
That, hee doth for my family and mee
Provide, as for a *Nation?* I beleeve
It blame deſerv'd, if ſo I ſhould conceive.
Though I had ask'd; what without asking came,
None could impute it juſtly to my blame
All things conſider'd: for, a *Publick Score*,
Demonſtrates, that this *Nation* owes mee more
Than Food and Rayment; and that, in the fine
My *Want*, will more be their diſgrace than mine.
My *beggarly condition*, is a Portion
More noble, than *Wealth* gotten by Extortion,
Bribes, projects, and thoſe cheats whereby ſome bee
Advanced to great wealth, and high degree,
Thought honourable: yea Benevolences,
And forced Loans, which otherwhile by Princes
Exacted

Exacted be, much more diſgraceful are
Than what my *Benefactors* do confer;
For, at my need, it giveth mee releef,
And, to the *Givers*, is no wrong or grief.
I hear that is diſgracefully objected
VVhich by my *Poverty* is now effected:
My houſe, they ſay, is deſolate become,
And, I confin'd am to a ſingle room;
My wife is of her Dowry quite deſpoil'd;
I cannot give the portion of a childe
To Son or Daughter, which a while ago
I offred, and was able to beſtow:
And, that, where lately we had good reſpect
Scoffs, flouts and jeers, are added to neglect;
And, though theſe hardſhips poſſibly I may
VVith patience bear, yet, certainly, ſay they,
Theſe his *Relations* cannot: yes, they can
And have done, ever ſince the ſtorm began:
For, we fore-ſaw it, and we did prepare
A ſtock of Patience, thoſe events to bear.
My *Spouſe* is CHRIST's Spouſe, by a *Law Divine*,
More his, than ſhe by *Humane Law* is mine.
Our *Children* (though the world uſurps a power
O're them) are likewiſe, much more his than our;
*A*nd, of her ſcorn, though ſhe an Object makes them
He neither helpleſs leaves them, or forſakes them.
He made this *Globe*, with all that therein is;
All things that are in Heav'n and Earth are his;
VVe know it, and therefore do not deſpair
That here on Earth; our loſs hee will repair,
Or, give us better *Portions*, where, they never
Shall be impair'd, but injoy'd for ever.
Yea, I am confident, that, if it may
But add unto GOD's glory any way,

Or, make for their Advancement in that path
VVhich, to *Eternity*, a tendance hath,
He'l either keep them *Virgins* to attend
The LAMB, when he brings *Babel* to an end,
Or, marry them ere long, without my coſt,
And, give them better *Portions* than they loſt,
Or, at the worſt, they ſhall content be made
VVith (be it more or leſs) what may be had.
This, without wavering, beleeve I do,
And, others will perhaps, beleeve it too,
VVhen they conſider Marriages in Heaven
By GOD himſelf are made, and Portions given,
In *Love* and *Vertue*, without prepoſſeſſing
Of any other *Medium*, but his bleſſing.
Wealth, in it ſelf, is neither good nor bad,
Nor *Poverty*, nor *takes from*, nor doth *add*
To *Happineſs Eſſential*, but, as they
Are ſanctifi'd, and as our games wee play:
And, of the two, in that, leaſt danger lies,
VVhich we moſt ſeek to ſhun, and moſt deſpiſe.
Wealth, makes men waſteful, diſſolute and lazy,
In manners rude, in *Mind* and *Body* crazy;
Makes *bold-men* cowards, *Free-men* doth inſlave;
Many, to loſe themſelves, their wealth to ſave.
It ſo befools them, that Aſſe-like, ſome bear
Their golden-load, till, meat for worms they are,
Enjoying no more profit by their Treaſure,
Save meerly, an imaginary pleaſure
VVhilſt here they live; and, as if hope it gave
It would be uſeful to them in the grave
They hugg it, hoard it, and do lock it faſt,
(As long as living breath in them doth laſt)
Not ſenſible of any detriment
VVhich they do thereby cauſe, or might prevent.
And,

And, I beleeve, three Families, for one,
That thereby thrive, by *Riches* are undone,
Through thoſe debauchments whereto they allure,
Till, ſoul or bodies ruine, they procure.
Contrariwiſe, deſpiſed *Poverty*,
Incites to courage, and to induſtry,
Breaks thraldoms Yoaks; cures often, thoſe diſeaſes
VVhich *Luxury* ingenders, or increaſes;
For, 'tis an Antidote againſt the *Gout*,
And helps to purge all thoſe ill humours out,
That, ſend men to their graves, by an exceſs
Either in gluttony, or drunkenneſs.
Exorbitant deſires it doth reſtrain,
An empty belly makes a witful brain:
A croſſeleſs purſe, to him ſmall danger brings
VVho bears it; for, *before the Theef hee ſings.*
And, when he dies, that which makes thoſe men ſad,
VVho, whilſt they liv'd, things in abundance had,
Afflicts not him that's poor; for he's depriv'd
Of nought, but what oppreſt him whilſt he liv'd.
A very poor man alſo, ſcapes their fates,
VVho are *belov'd*, or *hang'd* for their *Eſtates*,
And, ſome at this time, (*I beleeve*) will judge
The laſt of theſe, to be a *priviledge.*
Though many, not a little do rejoyce
In that rude, loud, and everlaſting noiſe
VVhich, in moſt rich mens houſes you ſhall hear,
VVhere every Room is made a *thorow-fare*;
Or, where, ſo many *ſervants* help to do
Their works, as make *one Buſ'neſs*, more than *two*;
VVhere, for each man who faithfully obeyes him,
*T*he Maſter feeds another, who betrayes him
And, thrice as many, who, by night or day
Do ſteal, perhaps, or ſpoil, or waſte away

More (oftentimes) than would the charges bear
Of paying twice their wages, for that year:
Though many like this; 'tis to me an eaſe
That *Poverty* hath freed me quite from theſe.
I, now, finde much more joy, than in much pelf,
That, I have learned how to ſerve my ſelf;
To bruſh my Cloak, my garments to unlooſe,
Put on and off, my ſtockings and my ſhooes,
And, that, without my *Servants*, I can bee
As well content, as they are without mee;
I know both how to want, and to abound;
And much more pleaſure, I, in this have found,
Than in choyce meats, that in a time of need,
On bread alone, I ſavourly can feed,
Or; on as ſcanty, and as homely fare
(In my old age) as men that pooreſt are:
Yet, be both more in health, and no leſſe able,
Than when GOD gave a fully furniſh'd table,
With meat ſo well cook't, that it did invite
At every meal, a *double-Appetite.*
And, I, whoſe worſt apparel uſ'd to be
As good as any mans of my degree,
Can in thoſe garments, without ſhame, appear
Which, I, but lately was aſham'd to wear;
Unto which confidence, till want had brought mee,
Philoſophy, that leſſon never taught mee.
I, muſt likewiſe, ingenuouſly confeſs
That, my diſtractions have been ten times leſs
Since I had nothing left, than whil'ſt I had
VVhat, in opinion, mee a *rich man* made:
And, this is gain'd by loſing what is gone,
That, now, 'twixt having *Wealth*, and having *none*,
I know the difference to be ſo ſmall,
That, upon neither of them, dote I ſhall:

For,

For, as much *certainty*, I do perceive
In that *uncertainty*, at which I live
As is in any temporal eſtate
Of *Goods* or *Lands* (eſpecially of late)
Now, therefore, I deſire not to be *Rich*,
Or to be *Poor*, becauſe (not knowing which
Will beſt advantage mee) I to his pleaſure
Have left it, who, knows what *Eſtate*, and *Meaſure*
Of *Wealth* and P*overty*, beſt fit mee ſhall
To do that, whereto hee vouchſafes a *Call.*
I neither *Wealth* nor *Poverty* will chuſe;
Nor, which ſoere he gives will I refuſe.
But, moſt men would have ſomewhat of their own,
As if ſupplies by *Charity* beſtown,
Would ſooner fail them; yea, although their Father
Well cloaths and feeds them, they deſire much rather
To finger their whole *Portion*, that they might
Purſue their own deſires, out of his ſight.
Some other, altogether do rely
On their own prudence, and ſelf-induſtry,
And, of *Contingencies*, are ſo afraid
That, thus within themſelves their hearts have ſaid;
We poſſibly, into ſuch wants may fall,
And, ſo deſerted likewiſe be of all
By whom we have been harbour'd, cloath'd and fed,
(Some of them being ruin'd, and ſome dead)
That, unleſs wee can ſome *Reſerve* provide,
Whereby, what e're haps, wee may be ſupply'd,
Wee may become exceeding miſerable;
Eſpecially, if us to diſ-enable,
Old Age, *Reſtraint*, and Sickneſs ſhould increaſe,
And, to *Neceſſities*, add *Helpleſsneſs.*
Should this befall (as poſſibly it may)
Our *Poverty* would be too great, they'l ſay,

VVith patience to be born: Alas! *poor men,*
I'le grant all this may happen: but, what then?
Did ever you yet know, or ſee, or hear,
That Lands or goods freed any from this fear?
If not, how can you hope to bring to paſs
That, which by no man, yet effected was?
Have you not ſtill a GOD? and, is not hee,
A Refuge, though all other failing be?
Your *Truſt* was never plac'd on him alone,
If him, you cannot truſt, when all is gone.
VVhile ſomewhat's left, whereby ſubſiſt we may,
As David ſaid, wee boaſt of him all day,
But, bee aſſur'd, that e're from hence yee go,
Hee'l make proof, whether it be thus or no.
Him, and our *own Cauſe,* wee do much miſtake,
VVhen 'tis at *beſt,* the ſame at *worſt,* wee make,
And, ſo much on his *Gifts* our hearts are ſet,
That, him, who did beſtow them, we forget.
To GOD, *be therefore, praiſe, who, by this trial*
Gives mee both *proof* and *means* of *Self-denial.*

I, am as worthleſs as the worſt of you,
I, nothing know by mine own merits due,
But, that which now I ſuffer, and much worſe,
(The wages of an everlaſting curſe)
My frailties are as great, my ſins as many
As yours; worſe than my ſelf I know not any,
Though ſome ſo ſeem: and, yet, GOD's promiſes
Make way through all theſe diſadvantages,
So well to know *him,* that I do beleeve
My truſt in him, hee never will deceive;
And, that it would for my advantage be
If all that may be fear'd, ſhould fall on mee.
VVere that *condition* (as it may bee) mine,
I, then, ſhould have no more cauſe to repine

Than

Than any other man, who to the doom
Of *Death* ſubmitteth, when his time is come:
For, he who feels this day nor want nor ſorrow,
May be in worſe eſtate than I to morrow.
So long, as I, have any *work* to do,
I ſhall have what is needfull thereunto.
And when 'tis at an end, no matter whether
The ſtroke of Death ſhall be received, either
By Axe or Halter, (ſo I merit not,
What is by Law the Malefactors Lot.)
Or, *ſtarving*, or, by one of thoſe diſeaſes
Which, ordinarily, the body ceizes. (breath
For, that ſhame, which men fear, whilſt they have
By ſuffring, what they count a ſhameful death
Is ſhar'd among mankind, and every one
Bears part thereof with mee, when I am gone.
And, whilſt I live, what e're can ſuffred be,
May fall as well to any, as to mee.
Upon my *death-bed*, or, upon a Rack,
When fleſh and bones, and all my ſinews crack,
I may be therewithall, as blithe and frolick,
As, when a *burning Feaver*, or, the *Collick*
Age, or *Conſumptions*, or the *Peſtilence*
Shall be the means to carry mee from hence.
The pains of theſe, are oftentimes as ſtrong,
They do continue ev'ry whit, as long;
And, at a *Rich mans* door, a *Lazar* dies
Sometimes as eaſily, as he that lyes
Upon a bed of Down, and who till death
All neceſſaries in abundance hath.
This, being well obſerv'd, it may appear
That, we are fooled with falſe hope, or fear,
When we ſhall dream to be ſecured more
From all events, by being *rich*, than poor,

Or,

Or, that, there any ſtate on earth can be,
VVhich may not have the ſame *Cataſtrophe.*
VVhen GOD vouchſafes to make mens *Poverties*
To glorifie him, he doth ſend ſupplies,
Ev'n by unlikely means; and makes that nouriſh
VVhereby, they, who are fed with dainties periſh.
Them, on whom *Tyrants* no compaſſion have,
He, in the fiery furnaces can ſave;
When they are caſt into a Lions den,
He maketh beaſts more merciful than men.
He, (when to manifeſt his Power Divine
It pleaſeth him) turns *Water* into *Wine*
Which, at a poor mans wedding once was done
More to his honour, than when *Conduits* run
With Sack and Claret; which magnificence
Adds honour to the marriage of a *Prince.*
He, when men hungring after *Righteouſneſs*
Wait on him in a hungry *Wilderneſs,*
Feeds thouſands with a few loaves, and two fiſhes,
As full, as if they had ten thouſand diſhes.
The bottome of a *Barrel,* and a *Cruſe*
Shall Meal and Oyl ſufficiently produce,
To keep a family in time of *Dearth,*
Until he ſends a *Plenty* upon earth.
He, when the *Creditor,* for payment asks
(With rigor) doth fill many empty Casks,
Out of one pot of Oyle, until there be
A competence, to ſet the *Debter* free,
And, for his livelihood, in time to come.
Yea, by devourers, he doth nouriſh ſome:
For, daily, that *Elias* might be fed
The *Ravens* brought unto him fleſh and bread.
This hath been; and ſome things I can aver
Of this kind, in mine own particular.

Once,

Once, twice, nay, oftner I have been diſtreſt
As, I now am ; and three times at the leaſt,
Have had repair vouchſafed mee by GOD,
In ſuch an extraordinary mode,
That, many did admire, at my ſupply ;
As very well they might ; for, ſo did I.
And, when it ſeaſonably may be ſhown,
The manner of it will perhaps be known.
At, this time, that, which many did ſuppoſe
Would mee, ere now, have ruin'd ; on my foes
Hath caſt a bridle, and will keep mee from
What they intend, until my hour is come ;
And, peradventure, then, reſtrain them too,
From acting all, that they intend to do.
That, which both my *Eſtate* and *Reputation*
Should have deſtroyed, is my preſervation
Another away ; and an advantage brings,
In better and more profitable things.
For, *Slanders*, gain mee credit ; that, doth glad mee
Which was intended to deject and ſad mee ;
That, which purſued, is, to make mee poor
Makes my wants leſs, and my contentments more.
And, as if GOD had purpoſ'd to beſtow
A *ſign* upon mee, plainly to fore-ſhow
That, thoſe Afflictions, and abhorred places,
Which add to others, *torments* and *diſgraces*,
Should comfort mee, when *common comforts* fail,
NEWGATE, ſuppoſ'd an ignomineous *Jaile*
To mee, hath (as it were a *Patroneſs*)
Contributed releef in my diſtreſs,
Perhaps, from ſome of them, whoſe preſſures were
Either as great, or greater, than, mine are :
Which (as I am obliged) to GOD's praiſe
I do, and ſhall acknowledge all my daies

To

To be an action, which doth ſignifie
A greater *Mercy*, than that bare ſupply ;
For, it informs, and well aſſureth mee
A *Priſon*, ſhall no dammage bring to mee,
And, that thoſe places, which, make many poor,
Will make mee richer than I was before.
Theſe things, I thus expreſs, that others may
Perſwaded be, I do not write or ſay
What I have read or heard, or whereof I
Have no more in mee, ſave the *Theory* ;
And, knowing, this, which into words I ſpin
Flows forth from what is really, within,
And, by experience learn'd, it might effect
That operation which I do expect.

Moſt men, ſuppoſe them ſigns they are beloved
Of GOD, and all their waies by him approved,
(How negligent ſoe're of his commands)
When outward things do proſper in their hands.
They count them marks of his *eſpecial Grace*
If their Cows caſts not Calf ; if he doth bleſs
Their Oxen ; if their flocks of Sheep increaſe ;
If none doth in their perſons them oppreſs ;
If their new-purchaſ'd Titles be made good ;
If, by their Trades and Rents, they to their *Brood*
May leave great Portions ; if, they may at *Court*
Finde favour ; and, if bleſſings of this ſort
Be multiply'd upon them, they ſuppoſe
God is their *Friend*, and foe unto their foes.
Indeed, theſe, bleſſings are ; But ſigns to mee
Of GOD's eſpecial Grace, theſe, rather be ;
That, when of Land and Goods I am bereft,
And, no external comfort ſeemeth left,
I can depend on him, and be more glad,
In his love, than in all that e're I had :

That,

That, I am freely juſtifi'd by him
In that, for which the world doth mee condemn :
That, I perceive, he deigneth mee releef,
By that, which uſually augmenteth grief ;
And, that, when moſt inrag'd oppreſſors are,
Of their diſpleaſure, I am leaſt in fear :
That, things which threaten troubles to prolong
(Till they are helpleſs) make my faith more ſtrong,
My fear as little, whilſt the *Fight* doth laſt,
As at the *Triumph*, when all danger's paſt ;
And, that, their waies, who do moſt malice mee,
Neither the waies of GOD, or good men be.

Theſe things, are of GOD's *love* a truer ſign
Than an increaſe of Corn, of Oyl and Wine,
And, I do ſmile to think, how like *poor ſlaves*
They will e're long, ſneak down into their graves,
Who, make falſe boaſt of GOD, when they with
Shall know, that, by their ſpight I better'd am. (ſhame
And, when my *Country* hears the next Age tell
How, mee they uſ'd, who alwaies lov'd it well ;
What, better men have ſuffer'd ; what, in vain
Was *ſaid* ; what *done*, *undone*, and *done again* ;
How, *Truth's* bely'd ; how *Lies* upheld for *Truth* ;
How much the *heart* diſſented from the *mouth* ;
Their *Deeds* from what they ſeem to think and ſay ;
And, how, at *faſt* and *looſe*, we now do play ;
It will be thought, perhaps, this *Generation*
Had loſt *Faith*, *Reaſon*, *Juſtice*, and *Compaſſion*,
And, they, who ſhall by ſtrict examination,
Search out the cauſe of this prevarication
Will finde an hypocritical Devotion
Sprung from the love of *Riches* and *Promotion*,
(Diſ-robing Piety of her plain *Dreſſe*,
To be diſ-figur'd with that pompouſneſs

Which

Which is affected by the *Man of Sin*)
Of all that is amiſs, chief cauſe hath been.
I muſt not ſcribble all that might be pend
Upon this *Subject*, leſt I more offend
Than profit, or, leſt, for want of ſpeed,
Be hindred, in my purpoſe to proceed.
But, one more *Argument*, I'le therefore add
Whereby, it out of queſtion may be made,
That, to be very *Rich*, indangers more
A *real Happineſs*, than to be *poor*;
And, prov'd it ſhall be by a *Demonſtration*,
That, will admit no future confutation.
Becauſe, it ſhews that *Wealth* hath not alone
More hurt to many ſingle perſons done
Than *Poverty*, but, alſo to the Race
Of all *mankind*; and unto GOD's *Free-Grace*
Injurious been; diſhonour brought to CHRIST,
And, ſet up his oppoſers Intereſt.
Obſerve it, for, I, nothing will alledge
But, that, whereof, the meaneſt wit may judge.
I need not tell you, wee more eaſily
May drive a *Camel* through a needles eye,
Or, thread it with a *Cable*, than, to heaven
Rich men aſcend, or thither may be driven.
For, moſt have heard, he ſpake to that effect
Whoſe judgement none have reaſon to ſuſpect;
Yet, I will ſhew to you what way he went,
And how, by his example to prevent
That difficulty; For, he did not ſay,
One thing to us, and walk another way
As many do, and did, who would be thought
To follow him, and teach us what he taught.
In plain expreſſion I will let you ſee
Who, thoſe *Impoſtors* and *Apoſtates* be

Who

Who ſpeak ſometimes his *words*, and do profeſs
His *Truth*, yet are in practice nothing leſs.
CHRIST, knowing well, that, *Avarice, Ambition,*
Wealth and *Preferments* ripen to perdition,
And, that, they ſo inſenſibly deprave
The beſt and wiſeſt men, if way they give
To their Allurements; that, although he were
The Son of GOD, and needed not to fear
The frailties of his fleſh, he, to the Law
Conformed, and preſerved it in awe
By true obedience; mortifi'd that nature
Which he aſſumed from the *Humane-creature*,
Both by an unconſtrain'd *Humility*,
And, by a *voluntary Poverty*:
And, did for our example, and our ſake
Forbear, of things indifferent to partake,
Leſt, we, who know not how aright to uſe
Our *Liberty*, things lawful might abuſe
By taking that for *food*, which was provided
For Phyſick rather, when a *Cure* we needed.
When, firſt, from Heav'n he came (though Lord of all
In Heav'n and Earth he was) within a *ſtall*
He took up his firſt *Lodging*; paſſed on
Throughout his *Childe-hood*, as he had begun;
And, to the world, no better did appear
Than Son to *Joſeph*, a poor Carpenter.
When to mans age he came (for ought we know)
He liv'd by labour, as ſuch poor men do.
And, when he did begin to manifeſt
Himſelf to be *the Saviour* JESUS CHRIST,
His Royalty was furniſh'd out no more
With *Earthly Riches*, than it was before;
He had nor Lands, nor Goods, to finde him bread,
Nor any Houſe, wherein to reſt his head.

He

He had, for what was needful, no ſupplies
But, pious men and womens Charities.
Poor deſpicable *Fiſher-men* (or ſuch)
And, thoſe, who neither Noble were, nor Rich
He choſe for his *Diſciples*; and when theſe
He ſent abroad on his Ambaſſages,
They were forbidden either to take care
Wherewith they might be fed, or what to wear,
Or, mony to provide for their expence,
But, leave thoſe things unto GOD's providence.
To them his Goſpel-principles he gave,
And, taught them how themſelves they ſhould be-
In their *Diſcipleſhip*, both where neglect (have
They found, and alſo where they had reſpect.
He them injoyned, to be meek and humble,
And, as the likeli'ſt block to make them ſtumble
Warn'd, to *Precedency*, not to aſpire,
Or any *Lordly Attributes* deſire:
For, his *Diſciples* in their low'ſt condition
Began to be infected with *Ambition*.
The Sons of *Zebede*, when they were poor,
Were tainted therewithall; And, how much more
It doth deprave men when they wealthy grow
CHRIST did fore-ſee, and we have liv'd to know
By that, wherein the *Prelacy* hath varied
From his Example; and, by him who carried
The *Bag* in his time, we have learned too,
What *Avarice* may make a *Biſhop* do.
Moreover, when by publick Acclamation
CHRIST had a viſible inauguration
Into that *Kingdome*, whereto he was born,
No rich or Royal Robes by him were worn;
Nor ſought he to be honour'd with ſuch things
As are affected by terreſtrial Kings,

But,

But, meekly, through *Jeruſalem* did paſs
Not on a barbed Steed, but, on an Aſſe,
(Which none had backt before) & which nor Pad,
Nor ſaddle, trappings, or a foot-cloth had,
Save what the people on his back had thrown,
And, to that purpoſe taken from their own.
When he was crown'd, no golden *Crown* he wore
Lin'd with ſoft Fur, but, one much worſe than poor:
A *Wreath of Thorns*, he wore upon his head;
He, had no better *Scepter* than a *Reed*;
A Purple Robe, was caſt on him in ſcorn,
To be at that ſad *Coronation* worn.
For him, there was prepar'd no other *Throne*,
Except a *Croſs*, to be advanc'd upon.
Nor *Fun'ral Rites*, nor *Monument*, nor *Grave*,
Had he when dead, but, what ſome lent or gave.
Thus, poorly was his *Kingdome* here begun;
Thus, his *Affairs of State* were carried on.
So long, as he a life on earth retaind,
Like no terreſtriall *Monarch*, here he reign'd;
But, glorifi'd his *Kingdom* in this mode:
And, when that he aſcended up to GOD,
Hee, by his *Holy Spirit*, ſo did minde,
(And ſo inſpire thoſe whom he left behinde)
To propagate the fame, that they purſu'd
The Diſcipline and *Paterne*, which he ſhew'd.
From SATANS *Kingdoms*, to diſtinguiſh it
He added whatſoever did befit
A Righteous *Government*, in every thing
Which might advance the Throne of ſuch a King,
Without thoſe *Baubles* which do more oppreſs
Their *Subjects*, than promote the *Common Peace.*
To this end, and preſerve with purity
The *Church* and *Saints* in their integrity,

They left behinde them precepts, counſels, cautions,
And, many (not ambiguous) declarations,
Both to inform us of the mind of CHRIST,
And, of the wiles of that great *Antichriſt*
Which was to come, and ſhould foundations lay
To ſet a *Kingdome* up, *another way*;
That, might (if poſſible) be thought to be
CHRIST's *Kingdome*, as now thouſands live to ſee
The world reputes what they erected have,
And, with her Ornaments, made rich and brave.
Moreover, that CHRIST's *Vineyard* and *Cornfield*,
Might fruits both nouriſhing and pleaſant yeeld,
No needful diligence, at firſt was wanting,
In digging, dreſſing, ſowing, or in planting;
Or, ſo to beautifie it, that none might
Deſpiſe it, or not therein take delight.
And, that, none ſhould by Pride, or Avarice
Intrude upon their *Brethrens* Legacies,
They, truly, his *Laſt Tſtament* recorded;
The ſame into a *Goſpel-Law* they worded,
Which hath ſufficiency, without additions
By *humane policies*, or new Traditions,
To conſtitute his *Kingdome*, and prevent
Prevarications, by miſ-government.
To bar out *Innovations*, they by *Deed*
Confirmed, what they had in *words* decreed.
From no true principles of Faith they ſwerved,
Devotions reverence they well preſerved,
Without new-fangles, and thoſe trincketings,
Which *Superſtition* to adorn it brings.
The *Sacrament* (by which the death of *Chriſt*
Should be remembred) they made not the *Teſt*
Of things, no way relating to that end,
For which, that *Myſtery* he did intend,

Or,

Or, rendring, what ſhould be by his intention,
The *Band of Love*, a means to breed *diſſention*:
Nor was the *Bread*, or *Wine*, then Idoliz'd;
But, that *Love-feaſt*, was duly ſolemniz'd,
In decency, without vain pomp of State;
Altars, Court-cubbord like, beſet with *Plate*;
Waxe-lights at noon, in *Silver-Candleſticks*,
Or, any other of thoſe needleſs tricks,
Which were firſt introduced, in thoſe daies
When *Wooden-Prieſts*, got ſilver *Chalices*,
They uſ'd no ſuperſtitious Adorations,
Cringings, ridiculous geſticulations,
Or mimick Actions: nor theſe, or thoſe, *poſtures*
Of *Body*; neither *places*, *times*, or *veſtures*,
Were ſo eſſential made, or neceſſary
To *holy Duties*, that, none ought to vary
From thoſe *Formalities:* nor, *painted walls*,
Nor *Pictures* had they, *Surplices*, nor *Palls*,
Chimers, *hoods*, *Rochets*, nor rich *Copes*, nor *Tippets*,
Nor was their *Service* cut out into ſippets,
For, ſuch toyes (then unknown) did not begin
Till *Antichriſt* aroſe and brought them in;
And, till with *Wealth* and *Dignities* inricht
The *Presbyters*, and *Biſhops* were bewitcht.
To have prevented this (as I have ſaid)
A good *Foundation* CHRIST himſelf had laid,
And, at the firſt, that *Structure* was begun,
Which, he intended ſhould be built thereon.
Such as were then, by ſacred Ordination,
Call'd *Biſhops*, watchful were, and took occaſion
From ev'ry ſlip, to travel, preach, and write,
That, errours and miſ-deeds prevent they might.
As ſoon as *Demas* and *Diotrephes*,
With ſuch like, were obſerved in their daies

To innovate, and labour to begin
That *Prelacy* which, afterward crept in,
They ſo oppoſ'd it, that, till from his chain,
The Devil (then confin'd) was loos'd again,
None could ſet up what a faction begun,
Though many were then working thereupon ;
For, CHRIST's *Apoſtles*, and their true ſucceſſors
(In ſpight of *Innovators*, of *Oppreſſors*
And *Hereticks*) by that ſimplicity
Of *Truth*, which was profeſt in *Poverty*,
Did ſo diſtinguiſh it, from what by thoſe
Advanc'd would be, when *Antichriſt* aroſe,
That, they inviolate maintaind thereby
Her honour, and her native purity,
Without that carnal Pomp, and coſtly Pride
With w^ch^, the STRUMPET, now ſeems glorifi'd.
And wherewith, ſhee hath half the word inchanted,
Since *Heatheniſh Deities*, were firſt ſupplanted.
That *Miracle*, was wrought by GOD, through
Whoſe *Poverty* the world did then contemn : (them
Ev'n when their *Worſhippers* were in full power,
And, when inrag'd at height, ſought to devour
Their ſcorn'd *Oppoſers*, they withall that odds
Were not then able to ſupport their Gods.
But, when the *Saints* were as diſtreſt and poor,
As they, who ſeek their bread from door to door,
When, they broke through a tenfold *perſecution*,
To put their *Maſters* will in execution ;
When in deſpiſed habits through each *Nation*
They preach'd the bleſſed means of our ſalvation ;
Were counted *Fools*, and as much diſ-eſteem'd
As any, who are now *Phanaticks* deem'd ;
When, they had neither *Academick Halls*,
Schools, *Colledges*, or ſumptuous *Cathedrals*,

Nor

Nor *Univerſities*, nor *Deans*, nor *Doctors*,
Prebends, *Archdeacons*, *Chancellours* or *Proctors*,
Nor *Rents*, nor *Tythes*, nor *Penſions*, nor *Oblations*,
Excepting onely good mens *free-donations* ;
When they, nor *Biſhops* had, nor *Presbyters*,
Save, ſuch as *holy Scripture* characters,
(Who claimed no *Precedence*, or *Submiſſion*,
From thoſe, authoriz'd by the ſame *Commiſſion* ;
When, they were meek and lowly, in their places,
Poor in their *Temporalties*, and rich in *Graces* ;
When, they (as neceſſary to ſalvation)
On no man, did impoſe an Obſervation
Of *daies*, *times*, *forms*, or *Ceremonious Rite*,
But, as to edifying, tend it might ;
And, left them to be practiſ'd, or omitted,
As, either they might, or might not be fitted
To *holy Duties*, without juſt offences,
To other mens, or their own conſciences :
(In which *caſe*, none that hath Sobriety,
Will bar another of his *Liberty*.)
When *Paſtors* medled not at all, or little,
With *Soveraigns*, whether *they themſelves*, or *Title*
Were *good* or *bad* ; excepting in thoſe caſes
Which did concern the duties of their places ;
But, in the fear of GOD, obedient were
To that *Power*, which did viſibly appear
Impowered to protect them (whilſt it ſtood
With that obedience, which they owe to GOD ;
And, did by ſuffring, render ſatisfaction,
For what they dared not perform in action.)
When, *Emperours* nor *Kings* did them eſteem,
Nor *flatter'd* were, or *fawn'd* upon, by them ;
Ev'n then by theſe, mens *Doctrines* and *Examples*,
Were all the *Gentiles* great and glorious *Temples*

Throughout the world deſtroy'd: their *Superſtitions*
(From which *New Rome* retrived her *Traditions*)
Were then by thoſe expell'd: Their *Oracles*,
Then ſilenc'd were; Their jugling *Miracles*
Were prov'd *Impoſtures:* Then, the *Sophiſtries*
Of thoſe whom former ages thought moſt wiſe,
Were found but fallacies; their *wiſdome* folly;
Unſound their *Manners*, their *beleef* unholy;
Their books of *Curious Arts*, whereby great fame
They had acquir'd, were caſt into the flame;
And, then, their *Flamins*, and *Archflamins* too,
(Who domineered as the Prelates do)
Were (as theſe, in the time appointed ſhall)
Brought to thoſe *dooms*, which on *Impoſtors* fall.
The *Worſhip* alſo, wherewithall the *Jews*,
The *worlds* credulity ſought to abuſe,
As well as her *Philoſophy*, was foil'd
At their own *weapons*; of that glory ſpoil'd
Whereof they boaſted; and all this was done,
Without the *Outward Pomp*, now doted on.
And, if the *Prelates*, can with all the glory,
Which they have gotten by things Tranſitory,
And, by the help of all the Kings on earth,
To ſuch another *Miracle* give birth,
Ile think, that they as great Impoſtors are,
As *Jannes*, and as *Jambres* long ſince, were;
Yet, ſtill beleeve, that, maugre all their power,
The *Rods* of theſe, will their *charm'd Rods* devour.
That, which the *Prelates* take to be a *ſign*
Of *Sanctity*, the moſt becoming *ſhrine*
Of ſacred *Piety*, and true *Devotion*,
I mean, that *Pomp*, whereby (for ſelf promotion)
They ſeek to trim and paint it, forth hath brought
(Compar'd to this) not any thing worth ought

But

But meer contempt: for, by the zeal of thoſe,
Who, made ſuch poor, and deſpicable ſhows,
More honour to the *Church* of *Chriſt* is done,
Than all their *wealth* and *honours*, have thereon
Conferr'd, in more than fifteen hundred years,
By all their great and potent *Favourers.*
They, whom the *Churches Poverty* brought forth,
Though *poor externally*, had *inward worth*;
Good life was practiſ'd, ſacred *Truth* profeſt
Religion, with ſincerity imbrac't,
In her poor *Dreſs*, by many an *humble Saint*,
Without the fucus of a *Whoriſh paint*;
And, till men leaving their plain ſober way,
Sought by external *wealth*, to make her gay,
The *Church*, in Piety, did ſtill increaſe
Though outward *perſecutions* did not ceaſe.
But, what hath followed ſince her *Poverties*,
Are chang'd for temporal *wealth* and *dignities*?
Since *Princely Prelates* fought for carnal things,
Had learn'd to flatter *Emperours* and *Kings*,
And, cheat them with a *ſeeming Loyalty*,
Made credible by *fained Piety*?
Since they, an *Ambodexters* part could play,
Had got *two Maſters*, and a *double pay*,
Topt *wreathes Imperial* with a *Triple crown*,
Made *Rebels* Martyrs, trod *Allegiance* down
And, had on ſo much *wealth* and *honour* ceaſ'd,
That they could turn the *ſcale* w^ch^ way they pleaſ'd,
What, hath e're ſince that time, proceeded thence
But, products of Deſtructive conſequence?
And thoſe *Confuſions*, for which (withont ſhame)
Some, to the *Saints* of GOD, impute the blame,
As heretofore, the *Heathen Tyrants* did
To them, whoſe blood they innocently ſhed?

And, though that in their *publick declamations*,
(As alſo, in their private exultations)
The *Prelates*, to a joy tranſported ſeem,
Like (as they ſay themſelves) men in a dream,
To ſee that *Wealth*, and *Pomp* reſtor'd again,
Whereof, ſmall hope they did erewhile retain;
Though, of a golden *Hierarchie* dreaming,
They (ſtill the *Poverty* of CHRIST blaſpheming)
Do think, the *Angels* are as glad as they
Of that, wherein they triumph at this day;
And, ſay (which I conceive to be a lye)
That, they, could well content have been to dye,
The next day after they reſtor'd had been
To that condition, which they now are in;
Yet, I beleeve, it will not, in the cloze,
Make them ſo happy, as they now ſuppoſe;
Or, give much cauſe unto this *Generation*,
To be well pleaſed in their reſtauration.

For, to theſe *Nations*, or unto our *King*,
What, can I think, theſe *golden Calves* will bring
Save, at the laſt, what followed upon that,
Which *Jeroboams* policy of State
Produc'd in *Iſr'el*, when he (as it were
In ſpight of GOD) ſet *golden Calves* up there?
And, his *Succeſſors* walkt on in that way,
VVhat er'e thoſe *Prophets*, from thenceforth, could (ſay
VVhom GOD, in *Juſtice*, or in *Mercy*, ſent
Their threatned *deſolation* to prevent?
VVhat, is more likely, if th' *abominations*
Of, almoſt ev'ry Good-man, in theſe *Nations*
Shall be indulg'd? (and, though it ever ſince
It firſt begun, produc'd nought but offence?)
For, *Obſervation* daily finds it plain,
That, *fear of loſſes*, or the *hope of gain*,

Or,

Or, of *Promotion*, will root out apace
The ſeeds and plants, of *Piety* and *Grace.*
And, ſince, already, it ſo multiplies
Apoſtates, and augments *Hypocriſies*,
What can be thought, but, that, thoſe daies, we ſee
Wherein, th' *Elect* ſhall hardly ſaved be,
Unleſs GOD ſhorten them? for, whatſoere
Men *ſay*, or *do*, they fall into a *ſnare*;
And, thoſe *Deceivers*, whereof laſt I ſpoke,
To blinde mens eyes, have raiſed ſuch a ſmoak,
That, few, know which way ſafely turn they may;
Or, what to *think*, *beleeve*, *hope*, *do*, or *ſay*.
Such *Hiſtories*, as are approv'd by thoſe,
Who never did the *Prelacy* oppoſe,
Affirm, that when the *Churches* Augmentation
Of *wealth* and *honour*, by the free donation
Of *Conſtantine*, was firſt on them conferr'd,
A *voice*, was in the Air diſtinctly heard,
Which did theſe words, articulately ſay,
Into the Church is poiſon pour'd this day:
And, thereupon, that, quickly did enſue,
Which, manifeſts the *Saying* to he true:
For, they, who read Hiſtorical Relations,
Of what hath been in former Generations,
(As alſo, in their times) diſcreetly heeding
What, their *Experience* addeth to their *reading*,
Will finde, that, here, and, almoſt ev'ry where,
The *Prelates* cauſe of many miſchieves were.
Yea, that the greateſt troubles on the earth,
Sprung indirectly, or directly, forth
From their *Ambition*, *Avarice* and *Pride*,
When *Gold* and *Silver* they had multipli'd.
How many troubles, have been here of late
Occaſion'd by what they did innovate?

How

How many thouſand *Families* undone
In theſe three *Kingdomes* are, ſince they begun,
Thoſe *Whimzies*, which the prime occaſion were
Of all the *Civil Wars* and diſcords here?
And, what more will enſue, GOD only knows,
For, wee, already ſee ill boding ſhows.
Their *Avarice*, and matchleſs greedineſs,
Of hoarding Treaſure up, to an exceſs
At ſuch a time as this, wherein the *State*
Is ſtraitned; (and when much it doth abate
That, *Trading*, whereby, our neceſſities
Publick, and Private, ſhould have their ſupplies)
Produceth ill effects; and how by theſe
Both in their *Civil Peace*, and *Conſciences*,
Men may diſturbed be, there's cauſe of fear,
By what in their *deportments* doth appear.
And, I obſerv'd this (which Ile now record)
That, when they firſt begun to be reſtor'd,
With them, return'd (God grant there come no
May-poles, *Maid-marian*, & the *hobby-horſe*, (worſe)
Beſide, ſome other heatheniſh *Prophanations*,
Maugre the *Kings* late pious Proclamations.
It would fill many volumes to collect
What *Prelacy* did heretofore effect;
How troubleſome in other *Common-weals*,
And *Kingdomes*, it hath to GOD's *Iſraels*,
And, other people been: how oft have they
Endeavoured their *Soveraigns* to betray,
Unto the See of *Rome*? how oft, to bring
The *People* into bondage to their *King*,
That, when their purpoſe they had wrought on him
Both *King* and *people*, might be ſlaves to them?
How inſolent and impudent a power,
Was then uſurped when an *Emperour*

Did

Did hold the Stirrup? when an Engliſh king
They to ſo great a ſlavery did bring,
(And foolery to boot) as to decline
His *Royal Perſon*, at *Tom Beckets* ſhrine?
Do pennance there, and be ſo much befoold,
That, ſchool-boy-like, he was with Rods there
By *Canterbury* Monks? when, he, that trod (ſchool'd,
Upon his *Leige Lords neck* (blaſpheming GOD)
That piece of ſcripture, to himſelf applide
Which could in none, but CHRIST, be verifide?
Intolerable was his arrogance,
But, ſuch are oft effects of their advance;
And, thus, have *Kings* and *Emperors* been rewarded,
Who, their lean Gammons, had with fat inlarded.
  Theſe, are the bleſſed and the holy fruits,
Of their great *wealth*, and *Lordly* A*ttributes*;
Yet, theſe are not the worſt; for *Kings* and *Princes*,
Were not alone by *Prelates* inſolencies,
Abuſ'd like other men, in what relates
Unto their lives, their honours and eſtates;
But, GOD, is alſo, thruſt out of his *Throne*:
Ev'n his *Peculiars* are uſurp'd upon;
And, ſuch Intruſions are now made, by theſe
Upon mens *Faiths*, and on their *Conſciences*,
That, they make many *Proſlites* for the *Devil*,
Expoſe them to an everlaſting evil,
And, cauſes are of miſchiefs and offence,
VVhich all the world can never recompence:
For, *Bonds* they lay, where GOD doth none impoſe;
Unbinde, from what he never will *unloſe*;
And, whatſoere he ſpeaks, his *words*, by theſe,
Are made to mean, what ever they ſhall pleaſe.
  But, let the *Saints* in patience perſevere;
For, though theſe arrogantly domineer,

And,

And in their hopes grow every day more ſtrong,
Their time of ſtanding, will not now be long:
The Kings, who with the *Cup of Fornications*
Have been made *Drunk*, for many Generations,
Will at the laſt grow *ſober*, or elſe *mad*,
To ſee what power on them, theſe *Juglers* had,
And, help to bring that fatal *Judgement* on,
Which muſt reward them for what they have done.
Great *Babylon* it ſelf, will ſhortly fall,
And, they ſhall have their *Portion* therewithall.
To do us harm, they had not been ſo able,
If in thoſe *Principles*, men had been ſtable
Which conſtitute CHRIST's *Church*; nor to aſſiſt
As they have done, the Throne of Antichriſt.
Had theſe been ſtill content to ſeek no more
(As *Biſhops* were in ages heretofore)
Than might ſupply things needful in their place,
For *Nature* to promote the works of *Grace*,
(Nor ſtretched their *Precedency* ought further,
Than did conduce to *Decency*, and *Order*)
It had not ſuch ill conſequents produc'd:
And, could they but, yet, timely be reduc'd,
To that *Bound*; *Diſcords*, would ere long be ended,
And, much, that is amiſs would be amended.
*(*GOD *Bleſs the* King, *and open ſo his eyes,*
That, he may ſee in what his ſafetie lies;
And proſper mee, as I deſire hee may
Walke and continue, in that bleſſed way,
Which truly to his glory doth redound;
Whom he ſo kind, and merciful hath found.
My prayers are, that GOD would make him ſtrong
Againſt the Charms *of every gloſing Tongue*;
In Grace *and* Vertues, *daily ſo improve him,*
That, GOD *and* Men, *for ever more may love him*;
And,

And, that, I may finde favour in his ſight,
According as I am in heart, upright:
For, whatſoever, hee ſhall bee to mee;
To him, I'm true, and ſo will ever be.
GOD, pardon all that I have done amiſs,
And, ſo, I finiſh this *Parentheſis.)*

Here, I have ſhown you, by plain *demonſtration,*
Which (as I ſaid) admits no confutation,
That, *Poverty* (though much deſpiſ'd) is better
Than *Riches*; and, that, I thereto am debter
Much more, for what concerns my happineſs,
Than, by what can be got by an exceſs
In *Wealth* and *Honour*: And, what's here rehearſt,
Will bee approv'd, when *Synods* have reverſt
Their *Votes*; and be by *Wiſeſt men* upheld
VVhen *Acts of Parliament* ſhall be repeal'd,
That, were confirm'd, by *Commons, Lords* & *King,*
VVhen, GOD, ſhall to effect, his purpoſe bring,
And, thoſe men to their *wits,* who, little heeded,
VVhat, would enſue that, wherein they proceeded.
Now I have done. If this you can beleeve,
And, GOD, his bleſſing thereunto ſhall give,
I have what, I deſired for my paine;
And, what's here *writ,* ſhall not be writ in vain:
for, all that's in my *words,* is in my *heart,*
In every circumſtance, and every part.
Perhaps, this deſpicable *Barly-cake,*
May tumble, till a fatal breach it make
Into the Tents of *Midian*: but, thereon
VVhat ere elſe follows, let GOD's will be done.
Though no man living, ſhould the ſame regard,
A *good work,* to it ſelf gives full reward;
And, there is nothing, that can make it leſs,
Than what it is, or, bar it from increaſe:

For,

For, though ſuch *Accidents*, may oft befall,
*A*s, that, it will not ſo appear to all,
Nor *Poverty*, *Impriſonment*, *Diſgrace*,
Life, *death*, *good*, *bad condition*, *time* nor *place*,
Praiſes, *Privations*, nor ought that hath name,
Makes *real Vertue*, not to be the ſame.
Glory be to GOD.

A Word *on the behalf of Mr.* Zachary Crofton
Priſoner in the Tower.

Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye the ſame unto them; for this is the Law and the Prophets, Matth. 7. 12.

SInce all men erre, and one way, or another,
Occaſion what miſ-happens to each other,
I cannot but be ſenſible of that,
Which may bee mine, and ev'ry mans eſtate.
CROFTON's a Priſoner, and, ſome ſay, muſt dye;
Yet, I, from none, can learn the reaſon why.
If his declaring for the COVENANT,
Be all his *Crime*, a reaſon I ſhall want,
To ſatisfie mee, by what *Law* wee ſhall
Conclude that his *Offence* is Capital;
Or, how, that can imputed be for *ſin*,
Which, by no *Law*, hath yet forbidden been.
GOD, bleſs the *King* and *State*; and ſo mens reaſon
Preſerve, that, we may once know *Truth* from *Treaſon*,
Leſt we at laſt be brought into a ſnare,
And, be uncertain, when we Traitors are:
For, though it ſafely might bee juſtifi'd
That, rather than GOD, *Men* ſhould be obey'd;
*S*uch, may not be their own *Friends*, who condemn
That man, who pleaded both for GOD, and *them*,
And, to the hazzard of his life perſiſts,
In vindicating their Joynt-Intereſts,
To no mans diſadvantage, except thoſe,
Who, are to GOD and *Men*, apparent foes.
Mee thinks, it is great pity, that, a man
Who, to GOD, *King* and *Church*, both may, and can
Be ſerviceable; and, who doth profeſs
His *Judgement*, in meer conſcientiouſneſs

Without

Without deſign'd contempt, unto the *State*,
Or, purpoſing a mutinous debate,
And, never gave juſt cauſe to be ſuſpected,
He was to either of them diſaffected,
(But, unto both of them, good ſervice did,
When they of *Faithful Servants* had moſt need;
And, hath but done his duty, to oppoſe
Thoſe *Harpies*, which to all *Good men* are foes)
Should by miſtake, or, by miſ-information,
As one, who had deſerved no compaſſion,
A *Sufferer* with *Malefactors* be
Becauſe, hee ſees not, what he cannot ſee;
Or, elſe, becauſe he cannot credit give
To what, he findes no reaſon to beleeve;
For, who will care for life, where *Prelacy*
Attains to ſuch a height of *Tyranny*,
That, it inſlaves both *Soul* and *Body* too?
And, where, of what we ſhould *beleeve* and *do*,
No certainty, can by their LIGHT be known,
Nor leave obtain'd, to make uſe of our own,
Though voluntarily the King ingag'd
To let the *Conſcience* be ſo priviledg'd;
And, *Mercy*, in ſome other things, did ſhow
Whereof, the *Prelacy* will not allow.
Whether the COVENANT, by *right*, or *wrong*,
Were *made*, or *burnt*, it doth not now belong
To private men to queſtion: For, when dooms
Are paſt in *Parliament*, the *Caſe* then comes
Before GOD's *Judgement-Seat*; and, woe to them,
Who, that, which hee approves of, ſhall condemn.
Till, therefore, he, thence anſwers their *appeal*
Wiſe men, their private thinkings will conceal,
And, him implore, to whom referr'd it is,
To *right* what's wrong, and pardon what's amiſs.
What, *Fame* reports by *Crofton* to be done
I, ſingly and ſincerely muſing on,
Do finde, by that; whereof inform'd I am,
That, hee more merited *reward* than *blame*,
Unleſs, that, wherein other men have err'd
(Without his fault) may be to him transferr'd.
The *Covenant* hee took, but did not *make* it;
Nor forced any one to *take*, or break it;

But,

But, in his place alone, the ſame maintain'd
(To his own hazzard) as it appertain'd
Unto the *honour*, *peace*, and *preſervation*
Both of the *Royal perſons*, and the *Nation*,
As he thought it oblig'd; and as it ſtood
In force, relating to the *Will* of GOD
And, no jot further; unleſs, wee ſuppoſe
Hee err'd, in preſſing it, to bar out thoſe
Who, *have been*, ſtill *are*, and *will be* agen,
Foes unto GOD, to *Kings*, and *Common men*,
As ſoon as they themſelves enabled finde,
To do the *work*, for which they were deſign'd.
For, that, which CROFTON moſt inſiſted on,
(As purpoſ'd by the *Covenant* to be done)
Is an exploding of the *Hierarchy*
Brought in, by *Antichriſtian-Prelacy*,
(To whoſe ſupport, his *Oath* cannot extend
Who, CHRIST's *Faith*, is obliged to defend.)
And, if that, be a fault, GOD, mee forgive,
For, therein, I reſolve, to dye, and live.
The *ſtreſs* of his *Caſe*, as appears to mee,
Lies there; if, hee of ought elſe guilty bee,
I, leave him to excuſe himſelf; for, never
Saw I his face, nor ſhall perhaps for ever.
But, hee's in durance, and I fain would do
As, in his *Caſe*, I would bee done unto;
And, peradventure, it will needful bee
That, ſome, ere long, ſhould do as much for mee.
There are, beſides thoſe actings, which do fall
Within the duties of our *Common-call*,
*S*ome, having ſo peculiar Relation,
To GOD's *Deſignments* in our *Generation*,
That, they not onely do the force abate
Of what is call'd, *The Reaſon of the State*,
But, of thoſe *Precepts* alſo, at ſometimes,
Whoſe violations are moſt *hainous Crimes*,
In any other caſe; as may appear,
By many proofs, which I will now forbear.
GOD, doth a *Generation-work* deſign;
For, ev'ry man: Theſe, are a part of mine,
*A*nd, I had rather dye *ten deaths* for one
Than take *ten lives*, to let it bee undone.
Till that is done, mee, Lord vouchſafe to keep;
And, David-*like*, *then*, *let mee fall aſleep*. Act. 13. 36.

1662.

A Proclamation.

[Hazlitt, No. 82.]

A Proclamation

In the Name of the King of Kings,

To all the Inhabitants of the Iſles of

Great Brittain:

And eſpecially, to thoſe who have Hypocritically pretended to *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, *Honeſty* and *Religion*; (as alſo to them who have lived in open Prophaneſs and Impiety) ſummoning them to Repentance, by denouncing GOD's *Judgements*, and declaring his *Mercy*, offered in the *Everlaſting Goſpel.*

Warrantably Proclaimed, and Preached, by

GEO. WITHER.

Though not by any *Humane Ordination.*

Whereto are added, ſome

FRAGMENTS

Of the ſame Authors, omitted in the firſt Imprinting of the Book, Intituled, *Scraps* and *Crums*: and a few which were Collected ſince that Impreſſion, and during his Impriſonment.

LONDON, Printed in the year, 1662.

A

PROCLAMATION

In the Name of the King of Kings,

To the Inhabitants *of the Iſles of* Great Britain*; eſpecially to all thoſe who have Hypocritically pretended to* Juſtice, Mercy, Honeſty *and* Religion; *as alſo, to them, who live in open Prophaneſs and Impiety; ſummoning them to Repentance, by denouncing* GOD'S Judgments; *and thereto encouraging them, by declaring his* Mercy, *offered in the Everlaſting Goſpel.*

" ON the firſt day of the Week, the ſe-
" cond day of the firſt Moneth, in the
" ſecond Year of *revived Monarchy*
" in theſe Iſlands, and in the eighth
"Moneth of my Confinement, for diſcharging my
"Conſcience; My *Conſort* being then with me in
"the houſe of my Impriſonment, and intending to
"reade ſome parcel of *holy Scripture* for our in-
"ſtruction and refreſhment; The firſt place pre-
"ſenting it ſelf to her view, and then read, was the
"ſeventh Chapter of the Prophecy of *Jeremiah*;
"the Contents whereof, and part of the next, ſeemed
"to my underſtanding, when I had heard them,
"to be ſo pertinent to theſe *Nations* in this *Genera-*
" tion,

"*tion,* that I was immediatly inſpired with a ſtrong "perſwaſion, that the effect of thoſe words, here- "tofore dictated to *Jeremiah* by the LORD, "was then ſpoken to me, by the Spirit of the ſame "GOD; and, he having given me fifty years Ex- "perience of the Tranſactions between Himſelf and "this People, ſince I came to years of diſcretion; "and alſo called me to be a *Prophet* by that *Or-* "*dinary Anointing,* whereof every true Member "of *Jeſus Chriſt* is partaker; I thereupon thought "my ſelf as truly obliged in Conſcience, to pro- "claim it to all the *Provinces, Counties, Towns,* "and *Cities* of theſe *Iſlands,* as the ſaid Prophet "*Jeremiah* was to publiſh it in the *Gate* of the "LORD's Houſe at *Jeruſalem.* Therefore, in obe- "dience to that *Internal Motion,* I now declare "and apply it in the ſame tearms, changing and "adding only the *names* and *prevarications* therein "mentioned, into thoſe which are proper to this "*Time* and *Place.* The Effect of the ſaid Pro- "phecy, is this which next follows paraphraſtically "expreſſed; and in the *Name* and *Fear* of GOD, "I thus proclaim it, *Mutatis mutandis.*

JEREM-

JEREMIAH, the *7th* Chapter, and part of the *8th.*

THe Word which came to the Prophet *Jeremiah* from the LORD, *came to me, by the ſaid Prophet*, ſaying; Stand in the Gate of *this City, wherein the LORD hath yet his Houſe*, there Proclaim this Word, and ſay; Hear the Word of the LORD, all ye Inhabitants of *Great Britain*, who *pretend* to worſhip the LORD. Thus ſaith the LORD, the LORD of Hoſts, the GOD of *Iſrael, and your GOD*: Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cauſe you to dwell in this place. Truſt ye not in lying words, (*or, in your formal ſanctity and will-worſhip*) ſaying, The Temple of the LORD, The Temple of the LORD, (*nor ſay in boaſt, here is only his true reformed Church, and with us are his Ordinances*) *for know*, The Temple of the LORD are theſe, even they that obey his Word; *in them he dwells, and among them is his approved Worſhip.* If you amend your wayes and your doings; If you thorowly execute Judgement between a man and his neighbour; If you oppreſs not the Stranger, the Fatherleſs, or the Widow, nor ſhed innocent Blood in this place, nor walk after other Gods in your heart, to your hurt, (*nor worſhip the True GOD according to the ſuperſtitious Inventions of men*) then will I cauſe you to dwell in this place, which I gave unto your fathers, for ever. But, behold, ye truſt in lying words, that cannot profit: Will ye ſteal,

ſteal, murder, commit Adultery, ſwear falſly, ſacrifice to falſe Gods, and walk after ſuch as ye know not, and then come and ſtand before me in my Houſe, *or think in your hearts* you were delivered *from your late troubles*, to do all theſe abominations? Is that Houſe which is called by my Name, become a Den of Robbers in your eyes? Behold, I have ſeen it, ſaith the LORD. Conſider now my Place which was in Shiloh, where I ſet my Name at the firſt: *Conſider alſo the City of Jeruſalem, and my Temple therein:* heed what I did to thoſe places for the wickedneſs of my People *Iſrael*: For, in regard ye have done ſuch works as they did, ſaith the LORD; and, foraſmuch as I ſpake unto you (*as I did to them*) riſing up early, yet was not heard, nor anſwered when I called upon you; I will now do unto *thoſe* Temples *upon which ye have impoſed my Name, and to that Superſtitious Worſhip, wherein ye truſt, as I have done to Shiloh and Jeruſalem:* For I will caſt you out of my ſight, as I (*long ago*) caſt out Ephraim, (*and as I lately caſt out many of your brethren.*) Therefore pray not for this people, that they may *totally* be delivered (*from the temporary viſitation, which their wilful ſins have, as it were, conſtrained my Juſtice to bring upon them, leſt my Mercy ſhould be quite contemned*) lift not up thy prayer, nor make interceſſion on their behalf, for I will not hear thee *to that purpoſe.*

Seeſt thou not what they do in the Cities of *theſe Iſles*, and in the ſtreets of *LONDON their chief City? (Obſerveſt thou not what Swearings and Forſwearings there are? what Diſſemblings? what Apoſtacies?*

Apoſtacies? and how few are now ſecure from the Spiritual and Temporal Oppreſſions of this Generation? (*As they did in Jeremiahs dayes*) the Children gathered wood, the fathers kindled the fire, the women kneaded the dough to bake cakes for the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink oblations to other gods, that they might provoke me to anger, *ſaith the LORD:* (*So the Children, the Fathers, the Women, and the People of all ſorts and degrees, contribute toward their Superſtitions, according to their abilities, after the mode of theſe times; and pour out their drink Oblations of curſed healths, to thoſe Idols which they have ſet up and honour, to the provocation of GOD's wrath.*) But do they provoke me to anger ſaith the *LORD*? do they not rather provoke themſelves to the confuſion of their own faces? *Verily they do ſo:* therefore, thus ſaith the *LORD*, Behold, my anger and my fury ſhall be poured out on this place, upon Man and Beaſt, upon the trees of the Field, upon the Fruits of the ground, and they ſhall conſume, as if they were burnt up with an unquenchable fire. Thus alſo, ſaith the *LORD* of hoſts, the *GOD* of *Iſrael*; (*make your ſelves merry with your carnal delights, and Superſtitious vanities:*) Put your burnt-offerings to your Sacrifices, and eat Fleſh; *Add more of your formal Thanksgivings, to your formal Humiliations; Revive the late interrupted Traditions of men; Pleaſe your ſelves in them, and Gormundize upon the Profits you raiſe out of them, untill you are fat; yet know, GOD delights not in them.* What I ſpake unto your Fathers, *and unto your ſelves,* in the dayes wherein I brought you out of Ægypt, (*out of the*

bodily and ghoſtly ſervitude of that myſtical Ægypt, and out of that Babyloniſh Captivity, whereunto you are preparing to return) I commanded nothing concerning ſuch ſacrifices as you have offered, (*nor gave I unto you any ſuch Ordinances, as are many of thoſe which ye impoſed as mine*) But, this I commanded you, ſaying, obey my Voice, and I will be your *GOD*, and ye ſhall be my People: walk in the wayes that I have commanded, that, it may be well with you; nevertheleſs, ye have not hearkned nor inclined your ear, but walking after the evil Counſels of your own hearts, went backward and not forward. Ever ſince that day, wherein I delivered you *from your Spiritual Thraldom, and in which I would have delivered you from your Corporeal ſlaveries*; I have even from that time until this day, ſent unto you my ſervants the Prophets (*of all ſorts, and with various diſpenſations*) riſing early, and dayly ſending them, *as I did heretofore to my People Iſrael*; yet, you hearkned not unto me, nor inclined your ear unto them; but, hardned your necks, and did worſe then your Fathers; (*yea, worſe then other tranſgreſſors whom I formerly deſtroyed, and by whoſe fall, ye ought to have taken warning*) Therefore thou ſhalt ſpeak unto them theſe words: *Even thou into whoſe heart I have put it, to make application of what I heretofore ſpake by my Prophet Jeremiah, ſhalt Proclaim unto them theſe words, though they have not hearkned unto them*; *yea*, thou ſhalt call *again* upon them though they will not anſwer *thy expectation*; And, thus thou ſhalt ſay unto them: This is a Nation that obeyeth not the voice of the *LORD* their *GOD*, nor receive

receive Inſtruction, *notwithſtanding the Judgments whereby I have lately proved them many years together*; *and which, in part, yet lie upon them*; for, Truth is periſhed, and cut off from their mouth.

Cut off therefore, your hair; *lay aſide your Ornaments*, and caſt them away; *Forbear your Pride, your Luxury, your Oppreſſions, and the Trophies of your vanities, in this time at leaſt of penury and Afflictions*; and take up a Lamentation in the high Places, wherein ye have exalted your *own Inventions*: For, the *LORD* hath rejected and forſaken the Generations of his wrath. The Children and Inhabitants of *theſe Iſles*, have done evil in my ſight, ſaith the *LORD*. They have ſet up their abominations in my houſe to pollute it, *and in thoſe places whereupon they have impoſed my Name, inſtead of what I commanded.* They have built high places, wherein are committed things as abominable as the ſacrificing of ſons heretofore in *Tophet* in the valley of the ſon of *Hinnom*. *They have ſet up ſet wayes of worſhipping me, as were not commanded by me*, nor ever entred into my heart: Therefore, the dayes will come ſaith the *LORD*; that thoſe Places ſhall not be called by their old names, but places of ſlaughter, and in them ſhall be Burials, until there be not roome to contain more. Then, the Carkaſſes of theſe Nations ſhall be meat for the Fowls of Heaven, and for the Beaſts of the Earth, and no man ſhall fright them away. Then, alſo, will I cauſe to ceaſe from the Cities of *Great Brittain*, and from the Streets even of her chief City, the voyce of mirth and gladneſs the

voyce of a cheerful Bridegroom and his Bride; *and the ſound of thoſe Muſical Inſtruments wherein ye are now ſo delighted, with all the altar'd Relicks of Superſtition.* Moreover, thus ſaith the *LORD*, a time will come wherein they ſhall take the bones of your Kings, and the bones of your Princes, (*as it lately befell to others*) and the bones of your Prieſts (*and Prelates*) and the bones of your Prophets *who ſeduced you*, and the bones of the Inhabitants of your chief City out of their Graves, and ſpread them before the Sun and Moon, and before the Hoaſt of Heaven, and before the face of thoſe falſe gods whom you have loved, ſerved, walked after, ſought and worſhipped, and they ſhall never be gathered together, nor buried, but be as dung upon the face of the Earth. And, death ſhall be rather choſen then life, of all thoſe who remain of this evil Family, whereſover they remain in the places whither I have driven them, ſaith the *LORD* of Hoaſts. Thou ſhalt ſay thus likewiſe unto them; Thus ſaith the *LORD*, ſhall they fall and not riſe? Shall they cauſe him ſo to turn away from them that he ſhall not return? If not, why then is this People ſlidden back by a perpetual backſliding? holding faſt their deceit, and refuſing to return? I hearkned and heard, but they ſpake not aright, no man repenteth himſelf perfectly of his wickedneſs, ſaying, what have I done? but every one runneth on in his courſe, as the Horſe ruſheth into the battel. *They are more brutiſh than the brute Creatures*; *for*, the Stork knoweth her appointed time; the Turtle, the Crane, and the Swallow know the time of their coming, but my People know

know not the Judgement of the *Lord*; yet, they ſay, We are wiſe, and the Law of the *LORD* is with us; yea, *they boaſt as if they were the moſt glorious, and beſt reformed Church of Chriſt upon Earth.*

"The remainder of this Prophetical rebuke "and Invitation to Repentance, I leave to be "peruſed in the ſaid propheſie of *Jeremiah*, and "applyed by every Reader as *GOD* ſhall give "him underſtanding, that the Myſtical *Balm of* "*Gilead* therein mentioned, may be timely ſought "after; and that *Phyſitian* found, by whom our "Maladies may be cured; To which purpoſe, I "will proceed with what I have more to ſay, in "order to the making you deſirous and capable "of receiving benefit by that *Univerſal Goſpel*, "which the *Angel* flying through the midſt of "Heaven, was to Preach to every *Nation, Kind-* "*red, Tongue* and *People* throughout the World; "and, after a more general reception thereof "(it being that which will deſtroy the whole "*Myſtery of Iniquity*, Root and Branch) the *Angel* "next immediately following, will bring tidings, "that *Babylon is fallen.*

This foregoing Branch of the Prophet *Jeremies* Commiſſion; being, (as it were by way of *Exemplification*) delivered out to me upon the occaſion aforeſaid, I was internally moved to publiſh it to theſe *Nations* in this my *Generation*, as I have now done this day; And I have performed it warrantably, with a good Conſcience, becauſe, I am infallibly aſſured, that, it was recorded for all *Nations* and *Generations* to the end of the World, as well as intended for the Inhabitants of

of *Judah* in *Jeremiahs* dayes ; and that it ought to be applyed to all thoſe who are found guiltie of the ſame, or of the like *Prevarications* ; and this I believe, in regard he who doth nothing in vain, would not have preſerved, during ſo many Ages, this Record of his Judgements, and of the particular paſſages between him and his People ; and cauſed it to have been ſo diſperſed throughout the Earth, had it not concerned all *his People* in all *Times* and *Places*. Therefore, it evidently appearing unto me, that *GOD* moved me to apply it to theſe *Nations*, I have accordingly made Application, in this manner ; conceiving it will operate the more effectually, by being expreſſed in the Prophets own powerful words & ſenſe ; and much better heeded and regarded then in mine onely ; or if it had been undertaken by my own *Premeditated Deſign*, though I have ſeen enough to warrant the juſtneſs and neceſſity of making ſuch an Addreſſe upon a morral account. I have not hereby charged upon theſe *Nations* any tranſgreſſion which was charged upon the Inhabitants of *Judea* and *Jeruſalem* by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, (nor any *Prevarications* reſembling their ſins or to them equivolent) but, ſuch as *GOD*, my *own Conſcience*, and *moſt men* know (or may know) theſe *Nations* are guilty of ; nor do I exclude *my ſelf* out of that number which needs Repentance, but, have performed my duty faithfully without reſpect or diſreſpect of Perſons according to my underſtanding. And, being conſcious that it is my duty ſo to do, I will now, by the Authority of thoſe *Credentials*, which *GOD* hath written in my heart (and which are in part, publickly ſhown) make

make uſe of them in ſuch Immergencies and Contingencies as occur, faithfully adding what I believe he hath further Commiſſioned me to declare, ſo far forth as my *Experience* and his *known Inſtructions*, joyntly conſidered, ſhall indubitably warrant. And that is, at this time to ſend out among you an *Exhortation* to be wary, that you ſtill harden not your hearts as in thoſe former dayes of *Temptation* and *Provocation*, wherein ye provoked *GOD's* wrath: but, that you hearken unto his *Voice* whilſt the *day of Grace* laſteth. But, alas! I am between hope and fear, it is almoſt too late with many; For, they who are worſt, have ſo high a conceit of themſelves, that there is more hope of meer fooles then of them. They think themſelves to be ſafe & clear-ſighted, when they are indeed, miſerable, poor, blind, and naked; they ſuppoſe they are ſetled upon the hill of *Sion*, whereas, they are yet but as it were upon the mount *Gilboa*, even in ſlippery places, where they cannot long ſtand faſt; For, we have almoſt ſo generally indulged *Oppreſſions*, *Injuſtice*, and *Vanities*, that they ſeem to be the principal ſupporters of our *Safety*, *Power*, and *Honour*; yea to be eſſential to our *Lawes* and *legal Cuſtoms*, as alſo ſo great a part of our Revenues, & the means of our *Subſiſtance*, that, we can hardly live without them. Verily break off in due time from your ſins, and from all the occaſions of tranſgreſſing; *Hear*, *repent* and turn ſpeedily to the *LORD* our *GOD*, not *preſuming* nor *deſpairing*.

In the firſt place, I do humbly (though I might do it Magiſterially) beſeech you my *dear brethren* (who ſeeming to be Profeſſors of the *Goſpel*, have diſſem-

diſſembled or Apoſtatized, or any way given occaſion of *Scandal)* be exemplary to others in a *ſignal Repentance:* For, nor your *formal*, nor your *former Righteouſneſs*, will avail, if you have Apoſtatized from it. Though not in reſpect to my words, yet for the Honour of *GOD*, whoſe ſervants you are thought to be, and for your own ſafety ſake, repent and turn to the *LORD* unfeignedly, all ye, who have hitherto taken the *Name* of *Chriſt* in vain, and prophaned it, by not living the *Life of Chriſt* according to thoſe Doctrines of his, which ye have profeſſed; nor *acting*, nor *ſuffering* conſtantly according to that *honeſty*, and *Piety*, whereof ye made fair outward ſhewes: For, many of you have made ſordid *Gain* by a pretended *Godlineſs*; and like the Religious Whore, of whom *Solomon* ſpeaketh, have made your *ſeeming holineſs*, and formal *Devotions* and *Conformities*, to be Preambles and Brokers to your *Avarice* and *uncleanneſs*. There have been very great failings of late in that kind among the beſt of us; ſo much *ſelf-ſeeking*, *diſſembling* and *Apoſtatizing*, that, there was little truth in our *words*, or *deeds*; and very great and ſevere are thoſe *chaſtiſements* which *GOD* hath already laid upon us for our tranſgreſſions, and greater are yet to come, if we more heartily repent not. All *GOD's Judgements* afore-mentioned, and threatned againſt *Judah*, by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, might have been prevented by timely *Penitence*; and ſo may thoſe wherewith we are threatned, and theſe alſo be quite removed, which yet continue. But, neither our *Righteouſneſs* in time paſt, from which we have Apoſtatized, ſhall profit us; nor ſhall

ſhall our *ſins* which we have heretofore committed damnifie us, if we reform our wayes: For, *GOD* hath not onely ſaid it, but ſworn it alſo by his own Life, *Ezek.* 33. 11, 12. &c. *As I live ſaith the LORD, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but rather, that he may turn from his wickedneſs and live; The Righteouſneſs of the Righteous ſhall not deliver him in the day of his Tranſgreſſion, nor ſhall the wicked fall by his wickedneſs in the day that he turneth from it: neither the Righteouſneſs of the Righteous ſhall be remembred when he committeth Sin, without Repentance; nor the wickedneſs of the wicked be mentioned, when he forſaketh his Sin; but he ſhall ſurely live, though I formerly ſaid unto him, thou ſhalt ſurely die. GOD,* who will not be mocked, hath begun to execute *Judgements* at his *own Houſe,* and we prolong and increaſe them, by continuing and encreaſing our Trangreſſions; yea, and not onely by our little awe of his *Judgements,* but by not rightly conſidering his *Love,* and by defect of that *mutual and hearty love* to each other which moſt eſſentially denominats us to be *Chriſts* Diſciples; for, we have thereby multiplyed our ſorrows and Troubles, more then all our *Adverſaries* could elſe have done; And, though we had no other *Oppreſſors* or *Perſecutors*, that alone is ſufficient (if it continue) to make us utterly deſtroy our ſelves. Conſider this, my dear brethren, with what it hath already brought upon us, that ye may ſpeedily repent: *GOD* vouchſafe his Grace to aſſiſt you therein, and to me *Perſeverance* alſo, in unfeigned *Repentance* and *Amendment.*

Repent likewiſe, all ye, who ſay in your hearts, *There is no GOD*, and ſport away your Salvation, by ſuch horrible Imprecations, as *GOD damn me*; For, though you not onely think, but ſpeak and act alſo, as if indeed there was no *GOD*, you will one day find there is one, and that he hath ſeveral wayes manifeſted himſelf unto you, both openly and in ſecret (by his *Judgements* and *Mercies* upon your ſelves, and others for your example) though you will not yet acknowledge it, but run on impudently, into all manner of impietie and prophaneſs, promiſing unto your ſelves Peace, when deſtruction hangs over your heads. For, as the Prophet ſaith, *Jerem.* 49. 12. and 25. 29. *Behold, ſaith the LORD, they whoſe Judgment was not to drink of the Cup, have already drunk thereof*; and *ſhall you go unpuniſhed? you ſhall not go unpuniſhed, but ſhall ſurely drink it. I have begun to bring evil upon thoſe who are called by my Name, and ſhall you utterly eſcape puniſhment? you ſhall not eſcape; for I will bring a ſword upon all the Inhabitants of the Earth, ſaith the LORD.*

But, I will conclude with an *Evangelical Conſolation*; and that which I ſhall declare unto you is an Epitome of the *Everlaſting Goſpel*, which aſcertaineth that *Jeſus Chriſt* is the *Eternal Mercy* of *GOD*, and the *Redeemer of all mankinde* according to the *Covenant of Grace*, the ſame *to day, yeſterday, and for ever.* This, I am authorized to Preach unto you by an unqueſtionable *Ordination* and *Commiſſion*; For, I declare it according to that *Original Commiſſion*, which was given to all who were or ſhould be the *Miniſterial Diſciples* of *Jeſus Chriſt*, thereto qualified by the *Gifts* given

given to men from above, though not Ordained by men: For, I declare it not by that *Light* alone which the *Son of GOD* potentially ſet up in me when he aſſumed the *Humane Nature*, (and wherwith he enlightens in ſome degree every one who comes into the World, for the Salvation of his own Soul) but, by having his *Goſpel* declared and witneſſed alſo unto me by that *Light* in the *Lanthorn of his Word*, which ought to be a guide to every mans feet, and the direction of all men in their wayes, leſt the other *Light*, being but like that, which the *Moon* receiveth by reflection from the *Sun*, may be darkned by the interpoſitions of the *Fleſh* and the *World*, or by the deluſions of the *Devil*. *GOD's Threatnings*, Mercies, and *Promiſes*, are all, or for the moſt part, *conditional*; and *may be*, or *may not be*, according as we demean our ſelves, when he calleth & offereth his *preventing and aſſiſting Grace*; wherein he is never wanting to perform his part of the *Covenant* made with *mankinde* in *Chriſt Jeſus*. He is *long-ſuffering, ſlow to Anger, would all men ſhould be ſaved*, and *deſireth not the death of any ſinner*. There is no end of his *Mercy*, unleſs to them onely, who wilfully forſake him firſt (after he ſo ſufficiently rewards the *Will*) when he ſaith, *Give me thy heart*, which he may give up unto him, by vertue of the Talent which he hath received; And, even to them who then reſiſt his *gracious offer*, he is not *extreamly ſevere*, until they do (as it were) compell his *Juſtice* to limit his *Compaſſion*, by juſtly hardening them into a *final Impenitency*, that his *Mercy* may not be made contemptible, to the diſadvantage of others, by their yeilding to the

Fleſh, which by his ayd they might have ſubdued; and by their ungratefully adhering to, and believing his, and their greateſt Enemy, rather then truſting to his Word, who placed them in a *happy Condition*; and, when they forfeited it by their own default, had ſo much compaſſion on them (even whilſt they were his Enemies) as to give his onely begotten and dearly beloved Son, to be diſgracefully Crucified to death for their Redemption. This *Love* being well conſidered, is ſo ſtrong a Motive to *Repentance*, that, they with whom it prevailes not, will be little moved with Preaching Everlaſting Damnation in Hell Fire.

If ye be not ſenſible of this unſpeakable *Mercy*, nor of *Spiritual Judgments*, let the ſenſe ye yet have of thoſe that be *Temporary*, and *Corporeal*, make entrance for the former into your ſerious and timely conſideration. Beſide many other *Plagues* that now lie upon you, *GOD* hath lately threatned to deprive us of the Fruits of the Earth for our Trangreſſions; we fear a *Famine*; and it having already begun to pinch us, we pretended a *General Humiliation* here in *England*, that our fear might be removed: But, what follows? we continue ſtill in our unrighteouſneſs and unmercifulneſs, proſecuting our former courſes, rather with more then leſſe violence. The Oppreſſed are not eaſed, but more oppreſſed. Priſoners are not ſet free, to whom the Lawes allow Freedom; but, Jayls are daily repleniſhed with new gueſts, barbarouſly treated, Even harmleſs men and women ſuffer meerly for their *Conſciences* in relation to *GOD*, or upon miſinformations and miſ-

miſpriſons only, unheard, and uncondemned by a *legal conviction.* Which proceedings are contrary to the Laws of *G O D*, of *Nature*, and likewiſe of theſe *Nations*, if they have any in force. For, if the Complainants ſad cryes, which I hear (and hear of) be as creditable, as they are lamentable, many honeſt Families are (and will be) expoſed to beggary, and even rich men will probably be made beggars alſo. They are ſhut up from their deareſt *Relations*; and they themſelves being deſpoiled of all their livelihoods, and of means to ſupply neceſſaries by their labours, are deſtitute of all accommodations. They are lodged worſe than doggs, thronged up together in ſickneſs and in health, nothing left or provided for them to feed on (except they will eat their own fleſh) but what GOD providentially conveyes unto them, by the charity of his Servants; of which charity they are ſometimes defrauded by their hard-hearted Keepers, and that which comes to hand, is handed-in alſo with much difficulty. Theſe cruelties are aggravated with many other oppreſſive concommitants, which make them almoſt inexpreſſable and unſufferable; yea the more unſufferable, in regard, that during the Seſſions of *Parliaments* and *Courts of Juſtice*, which were wont to be their ordinary Refuge, the Oppreſſed can have no Relief; and theſe Grievances are kept alſo from the King's ear, who is their laſt hope next under G O D.

Let us take heed how we fall into the hands of the living GOD, when his Wrath is kindled, leſt he utterly & ſuddenly conſume us, as he did *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, for ſhewing ſo little mercy to others, who have lately received ſuch extraordinary mercies from him. Learn by *Examples*, though ye have neglected *Precepts*,

Precepts, ſeeing what hath been heretofore, may be ſo again hereafter, and in regard *Caſes* that have a reſemblance, will bring down the like *Judgments*. When *Jeremiah* the Prophet was a Priſoner for diſcharging his Conſcience (as I, and many others are at this day) the *Famine* ſo encreaſed, that there was no *Bread* then left in the ſtreet of the Bakers at *Jeruſalem*. It will therefore concern us that we be wary we continue not in the like ſins, leſt ere long, there be little *Meal* in our Markets, and a greater ſcarcity of *Bread* in the ſhops of our *Bakers* at *London*: For, as there are among us very great failings, ſo there are very great appearances of G O D's high diſpleaſure; who hath more dreadful plagues ready to execute his Commands, than *Famine*, *Peſtilence* and raging *War*, joyned all together; and he will here inflict that whereof we are moſt ſenſible, and thoſe hereafter, if we repent not. Conſider this all ye who forget G O D, and return: for, he is at all times ready to meet every one in mercy (without excepting any) who returns unto him by hearty repentance: yea, he takes all opportunities whereby he may ſhew *Compaſſion*, with preſervation of his *Juſtice*; and is ſo inclinable to *Mercy*, that he oft withholds his *Judgments* from wicked perſons and places, for the ſakes of a few *Righteous men* among them, though they perſecute and ſeek to deſtroy them for whoſe ſakes they are preſerved; and vouchſafes *temporal Bleſſings* (as he did to *Ahab*) for *outſide Humiliations*. He is not, as his Enemies do ſcandalouſly report of him, *a hard Maſter, who looks to reap where he ſowed not, and to gather where he ſtrewed not*; but ſo juſt, that he will require no more at any mans hands, but according to what

what he hath given ; nor puniſh any one for the ſin of another. There is no better means for us who are *Subjects*, to live ſafely *in Holineſs and Righteouſneſs without fear*, than to adhere conſtantly to GOD's Commands without dread of men, and to obey our *Superiours* in obedience to the LORD : Nor any ſurer way for Kings to poſſeſs the Thrones of their Kingdoms upon Earth, in *honour* and *ſafety*, without *jealouſies*, than to provide, as much as in them lieth, that GOD may poſſeſs his Throne in the *Hearts and Conſciences of Men* without *Rivals* ; and to endeavour to be *juſt*, as he is *juſt* ; and to be *merciful*, as he is *merciful*, acording to their meaſure: For, whatſoever the Paraſitical Flatterers of Kings would make them believe, they may be more ſecure from dangers at home & abroad, by thoſe poor conſciencious men who are deſpiſed, than with twenty times ſo many *Ruffians* and *God-damn-me's* ; though aſſiſted alſo by the formal devotions, and fained ſanctity of *ſuperſtitious worſhippers*, who ſeem glorious and powerful in outward appearances. I have obſerved, by what Hiſtories teſtifie, that thoſe great *Kings* and *Conquerors* of the world, to whom GOD heretofore tranſlated the Kingdoms of men, from their former poſſeſſors (when he changed *Governors* and *Governments*) enjoyed them in *peace* and *honour*, ſo long, and ſo far forth, as they tolerated the Servants of GOD to worſhip Him according to their *Conſciences*, though they themſelves were *Heathens* and *falſe worſhippers.*

The Mercy of GOD leadeth to Repentance, and extendeth *to* and *over* all his Works. This I am warranted to proclaim by vertue of his *grand Charter*, and by his *Commiſſions*, heretofore iſſued-out for

for the comfort and encouragement of every *true penitent Believer* in the days of his *fierceſt Indignation.* Theſe are the *glad Tydings* of the *Univerſal Goſpel*, which cauſed the *Angels* to rejoyce and ſing at the birth of *Jeſus Chriſt*, this ſong; *Glory be to G O D on High, On Earth peace, good will towards men.* Let us joyn with that *celeſtial Quire* in magnifying of this *great Mercy* which ſo much concerns us; for it is our *nobleſt Intereſt*, and that which moſt advanceth *G O D's Glory:* Let our Burthen to that Song be, *Amen, Hallelujah,* Praiſe the L O R D: Let us be zealous in defending this *Univerſal Charter*, and not be ſeduced by thoſe who ſeek to abridg it to ſuch a narrowneſs, and to ſuch an uncertainty, that if they ſhould be believed, we had more cauſe to howl and lament than to ſing: This *Goſpel* is the ſum and ſcope of that *Teſtimony*, which was, and is given by thoſe *two Witneſſes*, the two *Olive Branches*, and *two Candleſticks*, which ſtand before the God of the Earth, bearing witneſs againſt the *Beaſt* riſing out of the bottomleſs-Pit, who was to war upon them, and ſlay them, and leave their Bodies (as a dead Letter) unburied three dayes and an half in the Streets of the *great City*, until the Spirit of Life from GOD ſhould enter into them, and make them aſcend up into Heaven, in the ſight, and to the amazement and vexation of their Enemies.

Therefore they, whoſoever they be (though pretending to be of G O D's *Counſel*, and to be acquainted with his *Eternal Decrees*) ſhall preach contrary hereto, and think they honour G O D by bounding his *univerſal* and *infinit Mercy*, deal with Mankind, concerning His Charter of *General Redemption*, as many among us now do concerning the Kings

Kings late *Act of Indempnity* and *general Pardon*, pretending thereby to do him *honour*, whereas it tends both to his *diſhonour* and *diſſervice*. It is this miſ-underſtanding, and limiting the *infinit Love* of GOD, which hath been the chief occaſion of the *narrowneſs of mens love* to each other; and of much of that diſcord and bloodſhed which hath been in the world: For, ſuch as men make their Gods to be, ſuch will they themſelves be; in regard, as *David* ſaith, *They who make them are like unto them.* This I adde, not impertinently, nor by the ſuggeſtion of a *contentious ſpirit*, in oppoſition to the judgment of others; or with an uncharitable cenſure of thoſe who do yet think otherwiſe; But I have thus in my *mode* preached it, in zeal to *GOD's Truth* and *Glory*; who ſees my heart, and will puniſh me for it, if it proceed from any other cauſe. He is perfectly *merciful*; ſo *merciful* in his *Juſtice*, and ſo *juſt* in his *Mercy*, that neither of them infringes the other; and hath left us upon record two unqueſtionable *exemplary Evidences*, which manifeſt that his *Mercy* is ſincerely intended to every true penitent, to be his Conſolation when *Judgements* are epidemical and univerſal: For, though he ſpared not the *old world*, but brought a general flood upon all the ungodly, yet, he even then ſpared *Noah* and his family; and when he made the Cities of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* an example to wilfull tranſgreſſors, he then alſo ſpared *Lot* who lived among them, and whoſe righteous ſoul they had vexed with their filthy and wicked converſation. Thus will he likewiſe deal with all thoſe, in all times, who have an upright and contrite heart (though they have been grievous offenders) ſo far forth as it ſhall be

D for

for his Glory, and their eternal happineſs.

Hear, and *heed* this *Proclamation*; for it is of G O D, who is pleaſed in theſe dayes to preach *Mercy* by his moſt contemned Servants; and cauſe them otherwhile to act in ſuch *Modes*, and by ſuch *Diſpenſations*, as to the world ſeem ridiculous; and as probably he did (in moſt mens eyes) when his *beloved Son* rode meekly through *Jeruſalem*, on the foal of an Aſs, at the time wherein he firſt came to take a viſible poſſeſſion of his *Kingdom* upon Earth: which humble *deportment* his now pretended *General Vicar*, and the proud *Kings* of the Earth, would have ſcorned upon the dayes of their *Inauguration*. Which the *Prelats*, though raiſed out of the loweſt of the people (as *Jeroboams* prieſts were) and though pretending to be the ſucceſſors of *Chriſts* humble *Apoſtles*, would have diſdained to be carried in that meek manner to their *Inſtalments*. But many other things appearing contemptible to fleſh and blood, will be permitted ere long to make preparation for the coming of *King J E S U S*, whom they ſcoff at, who ſit in the *Chair of the Scornfull*. It hath pleaſed G O D in this unuſual manner, to make me (though unworthy) to be his Herald in publiſhing this *Proclamation*; who having been many years your *Deſpiſed REMEMBRANCER*, liveth yet, to ſerve *G O D* and his *Generation*; known to the World by this Name,

Given forth at Newgate, *one of the moſt eminent Gates of your* chief City, *in the* 8. *month of my Impriſonment there.*

GEO. WITHER.

Here

Here is added, *A Second Courſe* of thoſe *Fragments* of that *Beggars Feaſt*, which was dayly made him by a *good Conſcience*, whilſt he was a Priſoner in *Newgate*, and which were omitted at the Imprinting of the Book, called, *Scraps and Crums:* With ſome few Collected ſince the ſaid *Impreſſion.*

I.

To thoſe Friends, unto whom this Author hath been ſcandalouſly miſ-repreſented in private, by ſome falſe Brethren and others.

THough hereof I have juſt occaſion had,
I do not meerly for mine own ſake add
This *Crum*; but likewiſe here, for your avail
Inſert it, leſt my *Sland'rers* may prevail,
(By bringing me into your diſreſpect)
To make my *Cautions* take the leſs effect.
Give therefore heed to what I now expreſs,
And let GOD move belief as he ſhall pleaſe.
As *David* ſaid, The wrongs of *open foes*
I could have born, but near my heart it goes,
When I am groſly injured by them,
Who did my *loving Friends* and *Brethren* ſeem,
And cannot chuſe (although I do ſuſtain
Ev'n that with patience) but thereof complain,
In hope, it may occaſion give to ſome
Who fail'd in that kind, henceforth to become
So ſenſible of what was heretofore
Miſ-done, that they will ſo offend no more:

For, unto them, this is the worſt *deſign*
Which I intend by this Complaint of mine.
Two ſorts of men there are, with both of which
I've had to do; and (though not very much)
More than enough it ſeems. One ſort of theſe,
Thoſe *Perſons* are, by whoſe maliciouſneſs,
Moſt, who are conſcientious men reputed,
Are for that cauſe traduc'd and perſecuted;
And (when they thereunto ſhall be inclin'd)
A ſtaff to beat a dog, who may not find?
'Tis care to ſcape the venom of their tongue,
So impudent they are in doing wrong,
And brutiſh in their Cenſures: yet but few,
Except ſome like themſelves, believe that true
Which they report; and they themſelves do know,
That they aſperſe me with what is not ſo.
Of ſuch men therefore, here complain I not;
Becauſe, by theſe, I have not often got
A diſadvantage, which would equal'd be
With what might happen by their *praiſing me.*
The poyſnings of the other, more infect,
Becauſe, receiv'd they are without ſuſpect,
And, vented with a counterfeited ſhew
Of better ends than thoſe which they purſue.
Some of theſe being partners with thoſe *ſinners*,
Who were of our late Troubles firſt beginners,
Did, with a mask of *Piety* and *Zeal*
To *GOD*, the *King*, and to the *Commonweal*,
Drive on their own *deſigns*; And (having made
Of *ſeeming Godlineſs*, a gainful Trade)
Their *opportunities* now being gone,
Of preying upon thoſe they prey'd upon,
Would make a prey of them, whom they pretended
In times preceding, much to have befriended.

So

So feeds the *Pickrel*, when he cannot find
A Roach or Dace, on fiſh of his own kind.
And, ſome of theſe, becauſe I will not be
Inſlav'd to that, from which I ſhould be free,
Have (thereto mov'd by *Avarice* and *Pride*)
Without juſt cauſe, me lately vilifi'd
To ſome of my *beſt Friends*; ev'n unto them
Whoſe *Charity* ſupports me at this time:
And, ſhould it be believed, might much more
Undo me, than all they who heretofore
Have been my *open Foes*. Moreover, ſome,
That I might wholly ſuccourleſs become,
Are pleaſ'd to ſay, I am not ſo bereft
Of my Eſtate, but that enough is left
For my ſupport. Wherein, if they ſpeak right,
They render me ſo groſs an Hypocrite,
That I deſerve no Friend; And if I am
By them beli'd, then much are they to blame,
VVho have, as far as in them lies, to ſtarving
Expoſed *me* and *mine*, without deſerving.
But, this I fear not: for, if that ſupply
Shall fail, which I have had by Charity,
He, who by other hands, hath Mercy ſhown,
VVill from henceforth relieve me by his own:
And, theſe are thus confuted, without feigning,
If they know ought of *mine*, that's yet remaining
VVithin my power; Or, but ſo much as may
(If ever it be mine) my Debts repay,
Save what's yet wholly loſt, I give it all
To him, who thereof make diſcov'ry ſhall;
And hereby, both confirm this Gift for ever;
And urge him that *Diſcov'ry* to endeavour
VVho raiſed that Report; ſo he thereby
Shall have ſome profit, if it be no lye.

I do

I do perceive, to have me quite deſtroy'd
The *Devil* many Agents hath imploy'd
In ſev'ral modes; which that prevent I may,
Nought more or better have I now to *ſay*,
Or *do*, which will avail me, but to fly
To my *Protector*, to your Charity
VVho *know me*, and unto that Evidence
VVhich I have given of my Innocence
To you who *know me not*; in hope you'l do
As in like caſe you would be done unto:
And that when their *malevolence* hath wrought
Till it ſhall purge its own corruption out,
It will abate, and ſome effects produce,
VVhich both to *them* and *me* may be of uſe.
If me you judge, as you would judged be,
No more needs to be ſaid thereof by me;
Eſpecially to him who truly knows,
VVho giveth deeper wounds, than *open foes*.
This *Caſe of mine* concerneth now and then,
Not me alone, but other honeſt men.
Such like *falſe brethren*, in all Ages were
Among the *Saints*, and ſuch-like ſtill there are.
Therefore theſe *Lines* at this time were beſtown,
As juſtly for their ſakes, as for mine own,
Since, of what here I for my ſelf do plead,
Some other, thus abuſ'd, may ſtand in need.

I I.

A cauſual Meditation on Faith, Hope, Fear *and Love.*

TO keep me watchful, whilſt my Foes
My perſon here ſhall faſt incloſe,
By *Meditations* I aſſay
To keep the dread of them away;

And

And whilſt my *Contemplation* flew
At various *Objects*, in her view,
(Among ſuch *Muſings* as were brought
Into my mind) this came to thought.
Faith, *Hope*, and *Fear*, and *Love* are that,
VVhich renders ev'ry mans Eſtate
To be exceeding *good* or *bad*,
Extreamly pleaſureful or ſad,
According as that *Object* proves,
VVhich he *believes*, *fears*, *hopes*, or *loves*.
Make G O D the *bottom* and the *top*
Of thy *Fear*, *Love*, *Belief* and *Hope*,
And thou art then ſafe, whatſoere
Thou doſt *believe*, *hope*, *love*, or *fear*:
But, if the *World* their Object be,
Or, any other thing but *He*,
Thou art deſtroy'd: For, by theſe four,
Miſplac'd, thou giveſt them a pow'r
To ruine thee, who elſe had none
VVhereby a *miſchief* might be done.
If on the *World* thy *hopes* depend,
Deſpair will be their latter end;
VVhen her *fair-ſpeakings* are *believ'd*,
Thou wilt be certainly deceiv'd;
If her thou *love*, ſhe will for that
Requite thee with deſpiteful *hate*;
And, if thou *fear* her, ſhe'l endeavour
To make thee ſlave to *fears* for ever.
This by *experience* I found true,
And thereof thus forewarn I you.
Affect no *Pleaſure*; for 'tis vain,
And terminates at laſt in *pain*.
Fear not, when thou ſhalt be oppreſt
In doing well; for, ſuch are bleſt.

Truſt

Truſt not in *Wealth*; for, it hath wings,
And flies away like other things:
Nor *Honour*; for, it often ſpends
Its ſtock, and in *diſhonour* ends.
Rely not upon *Prodigies*;
For, they are partly *Truths* and *Lyes*;
And, *Signs* and *Wonders* can afford
No ſuch aſſurance as *GOD's Word.*
Place not your truſt in *Kings*; for, when
They ſpeak like *Gods*, they act like *men.*
No, nor your *beſt Works* truſt you in,
For all mans *Righteouſneſs* is *ſin.*
Your *Faith*, *Fear*, *Hope*, and *Love* on none
Ground therefore, but on G O D alone;
And, when thus, you have learn'd to do,
Perſwade all other men thereto;
Not terminating *Meditations*,
In meer *unactive ſpeculations*;
For, they but like thoſe *flaſhes* are,
VVhich we miſ-call a *ſhooting-Star.*
Here, whilſt my *Fleſh* is in reſtraint,
Leſt elſe my *Soul* grow dull and faint,
Her, with ſuch thoughts I entertain,
And find them not to be in vain;
Though more I needed, I confeſs,
Theſe *Muſings*, when I *ſuffered leſs.*
I might be ſafely *rich* agen,
Could I be ſtill imployed then
As I am now. But, who is able,
To thread a Needle with a Cable?
They, who in *Winter* keep at home,
In *Summer-time* abroad will come;
And, though a *Priſon* ſeems a curſe,
Our *Liberty* oft makes us worſe.

VVe

We pray, when *Winds* and *Seas* do roar;
When calm, do as we did before.
Ev'n GOD's choice *Worthies*, when releaſt
From *Suffrings*, fouly have tranſgreſt;
If in this, or ſome other kind,
They were not often *diſciplin'd.*
He, that with troubles hem'd about,
The Battels of the *LORD* had fought
Unfoil'd; aſſoon as he had eaſe,
(Neglecting ſuch like means as theſe)
Did grofly fall; and ſo ſhall we,
When idle and ſecure we be.
Had he been muſing on GOD's Law
When in her Bath, he naked ſaw
Uriahs Wife; or, at that time
Compoſing of a *Pſalm* or *Hymn*,
It had ſecur'd him from that ſin,
Which let a *luſtful Devil* in.
LORD! that I be not ſo ſurpriz'd,
(Though theſe my *Muſings* are deſpiſ'd)
Preſerve me, (whether weal or wo
Befalls me) ſtill imployed ſo;
Or, in what elſe thou pleaſe, that's tending
To keep me alwayes from offending:
And to thy *Glory*, and to my *Salvation*,
Vouchſafe to ſanctifie this *Meditation.*

III.

To thoſe who enquire, why this Author *is now impriſoned in* Newgate?

INto this *Jayl*, you ask me, why I'm thrown?
But to my ſelf that is not fully known;
Unleſs it may be charged as a *Crime*,
For putting *Truth* and *Reaſon* into *Rime*;

Or, giving unto ſome, for doing wrong,
Such Epithites as unto them belong;
Which is by very few thought *criminal*,
And, by moſt men, to be no fault at all.
Yet, ſince you are my Friends, I bold will make
To give you *Counſel*, which I could not take:
Touch not a *gald Jades back*, although it be
To cure him, if you will be rul'd by me;
And if your *Conſcience* force you not thereto,
No notice take, when other men miſdo.
For, they, who moſt ungodly courſes run,
(And boaſt of what they wickedly have done)
So rage at him, who dares to reprehend
Their Actions, howſoever they offend,
That oft-times by their pow'r they bring on him,
Thoſe *Penalties* which were deſerv'd by them.
A *Whore profeſt*, though ſhe would have men
She is a *Whore*, will not be called ſo. (know
(Yea, though ſhe could not live, were it not known
She lived by abuſing of her own)
But, be ſo wroth with him, who ſo ſhall ſay,
That ſhe will ſcratch his eyes out, if ſhe may:
At leaſt, if ſhe can do no more, will rayl;
Or, had ſhe pow'r, commit him to the Jayl,
And for a *Sland'rer* proſecute him there,
As juſtly, as they do, who keep me here.

IV.

A Hymn *of* Thankſgiving, *for deliverance from a dangerous and ſharp* Sickneſs, *during his Impriſonment.*

LORD! they who thy Affection meaſure
By what thou giveſt into their poſſeſſings,
Of *Riches*, *Honours*, or of *Pleaſure*,
Or, of ſuch other *Temporary Bleſſings*,
And

And mark how here thou deal'ſt with me,
May think I am deſpiſ'd of thee;
For, when I ſeem'd oppreſt before
With loſſe of *Liberty* and *Wealth*,
So that I could well bear no more,
Thou thereto addedſt loſs of *health*,
Imbitter'd and made ſharp, with as much pain
As *Fleſh and Blood* were able to ſuſtain.

2.

Yet neither was thy *Love* impaired,
Whilſt in that manner I afflicted was,
Nor *doubted* I, nor ought *deſpaired*
Of thy continuing and aſſiſting *Grace*;
But, as the violence and length
Of *pain* deprived me of ſtrength,
My *Spirit* thereby ſtronger grew;
Yea, ſo thou didſt my *Faith* encreaſe;
(So *Fortitude* and hope renew)
That *Suffrings* were not pleaſureleſs;
Becauſe I knew I underwent thy *Rod*,
Who art as well my *Father*, as my *GOD:*

3.

I know thee not alone by *hearing*,
But, alſo by thy *being in my heart*,
And, by thy thereunto *declaring*,
How juſt, wiſe, good, and merciful thou art:
Thou tak'ſt no *pleaſure* in our *pain*,
Nor doſt, nor ever didſt conſtrain
The ſoul of any to a path,
Which leads him from a *happy courſe*,
To *Sin*, *Shame*, *Sorrow*, or to *Death*,
Or, renders his condition worſe.
For, that thou more delighted art to *ſave*,
Than to *deſtroy*, I good aſſurance have.

4.

For ever, let thy *Name* be bleſſed ;
For, when my *patience* did begin to fail,
And *pain*, a *cold-ſweat* forth had preſſed,
As if in me, *fire* had been mixt with *hail* ;
Thou in my *firſt Fit*, eaſedſt me
By *means*, left *means* deſpif'd might be :
And when I was ſhut up alone,
Of all external helps depriv'd,
(Where means of *Cure* or *Eaſe* was none)
Then, by thy *Self* I was reliev'd ;
That I might alwayes confident be made
Of thy help, when no other can be had.

5.

When ſo extreamly I was pained,
That I could hardly for one minutes ſpace,
Endure the torment I ſuſtained,
In any *poſture*, or in any *place*,
Thou hug'dſt me faſt afleep ; and then
Gav'ſt Eaſe, I know not *how*, nor *when* ;
Which ſo amazed me, when I awak't,
That, I at firſt, could hardly tell
Whether, I for a *Dream* might tak't,
Or, whether I were *ſick* or *well* ;
For, in the fire I thought aſſoon I might
Have ſlept (erewhile) as in my bed that night.

6.

Therefore, to thee, for this *Compaſſion*
I do now conſecrate a *Hymn of Praiſe :*
Be pleaſ'd, O GOD of my Salvation,
To be thus my *Phyſician* all my dayes.
Let this preſerve me from the fear
Of what I may yet ſuffer here :
And when this *Mercy* ſhall be known,
Thereby aſſur'd let others be That

That ſuch *Compaſſion* ſhall be ſhown
To *them*, as was vouchſaf'd to *me*,
If in thy *Truth* and *Fear* they ſhall abide,
And, without wavering, in thee confide.

V.

To them who ſay, or ſuppoſe, that a vain deſire of Fame, *was this* Authors *principal motive, to the Compoſure of what he hath* written *and* publiſhed.

I Hear, ſome think (and, for their ſakes am ſorry
They think ſo) that *Ambition* of *vain glory*
Is that, which principally moves my *Pen*
To dare more than the *Quills* of *wiſer men*;
And, that an itch for *popular Applauſe*
Was of my *bold Reproofs* the chiefeſt cauſe.
If this be true, I am as mad as they
Who think ſo, and take the neareſt way
To my deſtruction, for a *windy puff*,
Which in a moment will be quite blown off,
And leave me comfortleſs, in that condition
Which threatens inavoidable perdition.
But, theſe will find their error, when they know
By tryal, from what Root my Actings flow;
And that I had in what I have expreſt,
A *nobler Aim*, than meer *ſelf-Intereſt*,
Or any outward ends, although in them,
My own well-being I ſhall not contemn.
I am not ignorant that whatſoever
I *actively* or *paſſively* endeavour,
To honour G O D, or for my *Countries* good,
May, to my dammage, be miſunderſtood;
Nor that moſt men, miſ-cenſure what I've writ
To be *Compoſures* without *fear* or *wit*;

And

And that, if I ſhould be thereby undone,
(Which likely ſeems) I may be thought upon
With very ſmall regard, alive or dead;
Or any way at all be mentioned,
Except by ſome few, who perhaps will ſay,
I fool'd my *Liberty* and *Life* away.
But ſhould I minded be, when I ſhall have
My portion among other in the *Grave*,
What greater ſhare ſhall I have in that *Fame*,
Which after Death might memorize my *Name*,
Than they, who in Oblivion lie forgot,
Where *Pen* nor *Tongue* their Actions mention not?
In my time, ſixteen perſons I have known
*W*ho did my *Chriſtian* and my *Surname* own,
And *one** of them oft guilty prov'd to be
Of Crimes, imputed falſly unto me,

* *Captain* George Wither, *a man valiant and witty, and one of the ſixteen here mentioned, was hewed to death at* Kingſton upon Hull *by his own Soldiers in their fury, becauſe he had killed one of their fellows in the like fury.*

By thoſe who knew us not; and he, whilſt here
He lived, had in my *repute* a ſhare:
But, after few years, none will know, among
All theſe, to which of us, thoſe things belong
Which we have acted. Nay, though ten times more
I had deſerv'd (than any heretofore,
Made memorable by a *glorious Fame*)
A *feigned perſon*, who no *real Name*
Or *Being* ever had, ſave what, perchance,
Was thereunto aſcrib'd in ſome *Romance*,
May ſeem to be more honour'd by that *fiction*,
Than any who attain'd the high'ſt perfection

In

In *Piety* or *Morals:* For, I've ſeen
Some *Readers*, with ſuch *Legends* to have been
So far tranſported, that it them could move
More ſighs and tears, compaſſion, honour, love,
Eſteem and admiration, to confer
On thoſe *Idea's*, than beſtowed are
On *real Suff'rers*, who, did undertake
To *do* and *ſuffer* freely for their ſake.
And what a trivial prize or purchaſe then
Is an eſteem, or vain applauſe of men?
My Actings have expoſ'd me, during life,
To hazards, loſſes, much reproach and Grief;
And, what ſhall I the better be, or worſe,
When I am dead, whether men bleſs or curſe,
Speak well or ill, that I ſhould quite deſtroy,
For ſuch toyes, what in life I might enjoy?
By being *ſilent*, I preſerv'd from blame
Might be, and more eſteem'd than now I am.
If I could for advantage ſwear and lie,
And flatter Fools and Knaves in Elegy:
Sure, he who ſhall obſerve, as I have done,
What ſcorns, and what deſpights I've undergone;
What I have *felt*, and what I do *fore-ſee*
Will probably on Earth my *Wages* be,
Yet thinks I run theſe hazards for *vain Fame*,
Muſt likewiſe, either think, that *mad* I am,
Or, that I've only learned in the School
Of *long Experience*, to be *more* than *Fool.*
But, though moſt are deceiv'd in their *Deſign*,
And in their *thoughts*, I am not ſo in mine.
I know my *Work*; I likewiſe know that *End*
Whereto it doth, or at leaſt, ought to tend:
And, therefore hope, that till my lifes concluſion,
I ſhall be kept from ſuch a groſs deluſion.

He

He, that for *G O D's Cauſe*, or for his *Elects*,
Pretends to *do*, or *ſuffer*; yet, expects
More honour, or ought elſe, than his juſt ſhare
With them, who of the ſame *Communion* are;
Expects more than his due; Exceeds the bound
Of that *ſelf-love* which in *true Saints* is found,
And, what he *acts*, or *ſuffers*, no Reward.
Can merit; for, he forfeits his Reward.
All, that he ſhall endeavour, on that ſcore,
When *Rich* he thinks to be, will make him *Poor*;
And, by what he expected to be *fam'd*,
He ſhall become contemptible and ſham'd.
G O D's Mind, I therefore ſtudy to fulfill,
Seeking no *Pay*, but *what*, and *when he will:*
And, knowing that's my *Aim*, much care I not
What, in this world, he gives to be my Lot.
I no more value *Praiſes*, than *Reproach*;
And, whether in a *Carr*, or in a *Coach*,
I ride to my laſt home, I little care,
So with a *quiet Conſcience* I come there.
If well in life I uſe them, 'tis no matter,
How far aſunder men my Limbs do ſcatter,
Or in what Publick place they ſet my Head,
To terrifie ſome fools, when I am dead:
For, ev'ry part of me will meet together,
When G O D ſhall pleaſed be to call me thither,
Where *CHRIST* now ſits inthron'd; and whither (he
Aſcended to prepare a place for me.
I prize nor *Life*, nor *Death*, but, as thereby,
I, more or leſs, G O D's Name may glorifie.
And, whilſt my own heart knows this to be ſo,
I care not, whether 'tis believ'd or no
By any man, unleſs, that, to infuſe
The like mind into him, it may conduce.

If,

If, I have acted for a worthleſs *prize*,
Learn by my fooliſhneſs to be more *wiſe*.
If I have aim'd to *ſuffer*, or to *do*
For ſuch *ends* as I ſhould, do ye ſo too.
Becauſe then, what you heretofore of me
Miſdeem'd, will thenceforth your advantage be;
And, no more harm to me, than that man found,
Who had an *Ulcer* cured by a *Wound*.

VI.

A Meditation, *occaſioned by conſidering the manifold* Temptations *to diſtruſt in GOD, whereby his beſt Servants are otherwhile proved and exerciſed.*

THe beſt of men, ſome failings have; and I,
Not only many; through *Infirmity*;
But, flowing alſo from thoſe *Negligences*,
Which very much have heightned my offences;
Becauſe I know, what pow'r to me he gave,
To do thoſe things which I neglected have:
Eſpecially, when my Diſtruſtfulneſs
Hath made me doubtful of GOD's Promiſes.
Who, to aſſure them, hath vouchſafed both
A *written Word*, and ſeal'd it with an *Oath*;
And, alſo, *new experiments*, which may
Aſcertain it, vouchſafeth ev'ry day.
David, the moſt couragious Combatant
Againſt ſuch-like *Temptations*, did oft want
That Confidence, which was by him profeſt,
And, thereby hazarded his Intereſt
In GOD's free Promiſes. By *Saul*, ſaid he,
One time or other I deſtroy'd ſhall be;
And, what was promiſed, had ſo outright
Forgotten, in his carnal pannick fright,

That to G O D's *Foes* he for protection ran,
The part there acting of a *frantick man*,
And of a *drivling fool*; yea, worſe than ſo,
Diſſembled then, yet ſcap'd with much ado.
That Courſe, whereby he thought to be aſſur'd
Of ſafety, an indangerment procur'd
Beyond all former hazards; for, he loſt
Not only Goods, Wives, and all hope almoſt
Of *Reſcue*, but was alſo like to loſe
His Life, and to be ſton'd by ſome of thoſe
(In their diſtemper) who inrag'd became,
To ſee their *Habitations* in a flame,
Their dear'ſt *Relations* captiv'd, and to thoſe
Inſlav'd, who were their old *malignant Foes*.
In which ſtrait, if G O D had not him befriended,
Whom he diſtruſted, there, his Life had ended.

There is our *Caſe*; for, though that many times,
Our *Fears*, our *Foes*, our *Troubles*, and our *Crimes*
We have, beyond hope, been deliver'd from,
And promiſed in ev'ry time to come,
That like *deliverance*; yet, when ought fails
Which we expected, or a Foe prevails,
(For our probation) we are hurried ſtreight
Into a caufleſs, and a fooliſh fright;
G O D's *promiſed Aſſiſtance* we decline,
Catch hold of any *politick Deſign*,
Run this, and that way, to the *World*, the *Devil*
For help and Counſel, or act any evil
In ſuch a *giddy fit*, though we have *ſeen*,
And often *felt*, what thoſe effects have been
Which will enſue. Nay, if long time we bear
A *preſent ſuffring*, and new troubles fear,
Our *Faith* is at a ſtand, and we begin
Immediately to let *Deſpairings* in;

Make

Make *Principle of Faith*, give way to *Reaſon*,
And ſeem *Phanatick Whimſies*, out of ſeaſon,
Or airy Refuges, beſeeming none
In *ſtraits*, but *meer Fools*, to depend upon.
Though in the *Saints* of old to fall off thus,
It was a Crime ; 'tis greater ſin in us,
By ſo much, as the ſinning againſt *Grace*
Doth our tranſgreſſions of the *Law* ſurpaſs :
And, neither Theft, Adultery, or Murder,
From G O D and *Penitence* will draw us further,
If we avoid it not : For, to be made
More *cautelous*, we have not only had
Examples of old times, and ſeen ſince then,
What hath befallen many thouſand men
In ſuch *defections*, but, we likewiſe are
Experienc'd in our own particular
Eſtates and *perſons*, what will them betide,
Who in the dayes of *Tryal* ſtart aſide,
And, by the *Goſpel* are enlightned more,
Than other *Generations* heretofore.
This, makes me, in my preſent *troubles*, wave
Thoſe wayes, whereto I ſome *Temptations* have,
My perſon to redeem ; and to prevent
The future miſchiefs, that ſeem eminent,
This makes me ſcorn, to creep, or fawn, or ſneak,
Or, (whatſoere I threatned hear) to ſpeak
To an *unworthy perſon*, though I could
Prevail, perhaps, upon him, if I would :
For, were my *Poverty* ten times as much,
The King of *Sodom* ſhall not make me rich ;
Nor, were I ſick to death, would I implore
Thoſe *falſe Gods*, which moſt men do now adore
For *health* or *life*, though I thought they could give
That, which I moſt deſired to receive.

This, among other *Notions* of this kind,
(Which needful are to fortifie my mind
Amid my *Suffrings*) makes me muſe on theſe
Our *common failings*, that, if G O D ſo pleaſe,
They may be by his *Grace*, with my *endeavour*,
A means to keep me firm to him for ever;
And, by declaring what *Experiment*
Hath taught to me, make others confident
In ſuffrings for his Cauſe: and, not afraid
What is, or what can here on them be laid:
For, as where many *Cowards* are together,
They ſtill beget more terrours in each other;
So men of *Courage*, more couragious grow,
When, to each other, they example ſhow
Of *Chriſtian Fortitude*: To which good end,
Theſe fruits of my ſpare howers I intend.

VII.

Another Scrap, *to them, who carp at this* Author's *frequent writing.*

WHy ſhould you be diſpleaſ'd, and have a loathing,
Of that which may do good, and coſt you nothing?
Or, which you may paſs by, without offence,
Or, giving you occaſion of expence,
Unleſs you pleaſe? For, that which I compoſe,
On no man, I againſt his will, impoſe.
G O D is our Shield, our Fortreſs, and that Friend
On whom alone we alway ſhould depend;
Yet, he expects an *Activeneſs* in thoſe,
On whom a *Chriſtian Armour* he beſtows;
And, that we put it on, when there's occaſion
Of *War defenſive*, or, of an *Invaſion*;
As alſo, that, we alwayes keep it clean,
And our ſelves ready, by *good diſcipline*: For,

For, of their *Talents* they will be bereav'd,
Who make not uſe of what they have receiv'd :
Yea, they will be ſurpriz'd, who, *times* and *places*
Neglect, wherein to exerciſe their *Graces*,
When means is offred ; ſince it will make room
And entrance for *Temptations* when they come,
If we are negligent in doing that,
Which to our *Perſeverance* doth relate.
The *Roman Legions*, which reſided here,
(When no foes to oppoſe them did appear)
Beſtow'd their ſpare hours with much diligence,
In making Preparations for defence
In times of need ; New Fortreſſes did raiſe,
Built Bridges, Cauſeys, and made eaſie wayes
For future Marches, whereby, to and fro
In ſafety, they, and other men might go.
And, we muſt do the like, if we would be
From future dangers and *ſurprizals* free ;
To which end, things that ſeem of little uſe
At preſent, may hereafter much conduce.
Our *Patience* will wear out, our *Courage* ſlack ;
Our *Spirits* faint, and cauſe us to draw back
From *needful Suffrings*, unleſs in ſome meaſure
VVe daily ſhall improve ſpare time and leaſure,
To fortifie our hearts by *meditation*,
VVhich is the nouriſhment and preſervation
Of *Hope* and *Faith*. This, when my *Friends* are
(VVhoſe *Conſolations* I do feaſt upon (gon,
VVhilſt they are preſent) if I thoſe can void,
VVith whoſe *Impertinences* I am cloyd,
Moves me to gather up, that, into *words*,
VVhich their and my *Experiment* affords ;
Leſt that be loſt, which elſe might ſerve in ſtead
Of *Cordials* at a ſudden time of need.

This,

This, moves me, when my *Foes* threat and revile,
To muſter thus (as 'twere in rank and file)
My *ſcatter'd thoughts*; and then to march up cloſe
Ev'n to the *Vanguard* of my furiouſt Foes:
For, when we look *grim Terrors* in the face
Without diſmay, it makes them to give place.
And, though the *Champions* of the world do laugh
To ſee my *weapons*, but a *Sling*, a *Staff*,
And *Peble-ſtones*; they will prevail, when they
Shall either periſh, or elſe run away.

This moves me (when alone) leſt elſe the *Devil*,
Or my own *Fleſh* may tempt me to ſome evil,
(VVhen they ſhall idling find me) to retire
Into my *ſelf*, and ſearch what *vain deſire*,
VVhat *hope*, or *fear*, or *doubtings* there do lurk,
VVhich either may advance, or counterwork
Thoſe *Principles* of *Grace*, which by good uſe
And practice, I to *habits* may reduce.

This, that thoſe *Notions* may not fly away,
VVhich I find helpful, makes me oft imploy
My leaſure times, in what, it ſeems, hath ſo
Increaſt my *Scriblings*, that they nauceous grow
To many *Readers*; and, perhaps to ſome,
VVho might by them advantaged become.
But I am pleaſ'd; for, that, my taſt delights,
*W*hich is diſguſtfull to their Appetites;
And what at this time they diſreliſh, may
Yeeld profit with delight, another day.

VIII.

An Eccho *from the* Thunders, *in the* celeſtial Temple, *reverberating, in part, the effect of what was uttered by their* Voices.

SIx *Trumpets* have been ſounded forth,
Six *Vials* poured on the Earth,

Six

Six *Thunders* have their *Voices* ſpent;
Yet, they blaſpheme, who ſhould repent,
And night and day a direfull cry,
Still beating on my ears have I,
Of men oppreſt between their paws,
Whoſe *God* is *Gain*, whoſe *Luſts* are *Laws*;
And, *dreadful ſounds* of *Vengeance* too
Are *eccho'd* whereſoev'r I go.
Though men are *deaf*, yet ſpeak I muſt:
Hear therefore, *lifeleſs forms of duſt*,
And *ſenſleſs things*, that ye may bear
Your Witneſs to what *I declare:*
For, what hereafter ſhall enſue
Will make deep ſtamps on ſome of you.
Wo, *wo*, ere long to C. C. C.
To *P.* P. P. P. P. and P.
Like *Wo* to S. to M. and L.
For, they have made this Earth a Hell,
Wherein, unleſs *Chriſt* quickly comes,
Few *Good men* ſhall have reſting rooms;
And little Faithfulneſs will here
Be found, when he ſhall next appear.
But *Time* hath almoſt wheel'd that round,
Wherein the *ſeventh Trump* will ſound.
And then ſhall *Righteouſneſs* alone,
With *Pow'r* and *Glory* fill the Throne,
That *JESUS*, who (when by his Birth
He was firſt viſible on Earth)
Much troubled *Herod*, and with him
The City of *Jeruſalem*;
And is that *Univerſal Prince*,
Of whom all *Tyrants* ever ſince
Have been afraid, will come ere long,
To ſet that *right*, which now is *wrong*,

And

And put an end to their Oppreſſion,
VVho charge his *Subjects* with Sedition:
For, though ſome ſlighted them when they were (ſeen,
His *Harbengers* have here already been.

I X.

A brief Reproof of them, who take pleaſure in Scandalous Invectives, *whereby others are perſonally defamed.*

THere is a *mangie Humour* and an *Itch*,
(At this day very troubleſome) with which
Moſt men are ſo infected, that unleſs
We find a ſpeedy cure, 'twill ſo increaſe,
And leave ſo few from this *Contagion* free,
That we ſhall all appear meer *Scabs* to be.
Now, there is nothing more delights the ear,
Than when it ſhall thoſe vilified hear,
Whom they affect not, whether they are blam'd
Without juſt cauſe, or worthily defam'd;
Eſpecially, if thoſe in ought diſſent
From their *Opinions*, (Although eminent
For many *Virtues*, and with them agree
In all things, which with *Truth* eſſential be.)
And, ſince our *Diffrences* did us divide,
Few men there are of note on either ſide,
Of good or ill deſert; but (right or wrong)
They ſo aſperſed are by *Pen* or *Tongue*;
And *Truth*, if ſpoke, ſo blended is with *lyes*,
With *fraud*, or elſe with *Ambiguities*,
That, if what is in *Pamphlets* publiſhed,
Should be hereafter by our *Children* read,
They'l think this *Age* (if they do credit it)
Had neither *Honour*, *Honeſty*, nor *Wit*;
So ſcurrilous, and ſo malevolent
Are their *Invectives*, and ſo impudent.

There

There are of *Truths* and *Falſhoods* put together,
Such *medlies* made, without reſpect to either,
And miſappli'd in ſuch a barbrous wiſe,
Mens *Perſons* or their *Cauſe* to ſcandalize,
That, whether they did wickedly, or well,
They, in their *outward Fames* are parallel;
And, frequently, by ſeeming to intend
That, which may their *Antagoniſt* befriend,
A *Foe diſguiz'd*, deſtruction doth deviſe
For them, whom he pretends to patronize:
Shews make of *Peace*, where they bear no *Goodwill*,
And, thoſe to *ſave*, whom they intend to *kill*.
This *Bitterneſs* and *Falſhood* multiplies
Thoſe *Diſcords* and thoſe *Animoſities*,
Which have thus far undone us, and this courſe
Will make that which is *bad*, grow daily *worſe*,
Until it ſhall exaſperate this *Nation*
Beyond all means of *Reconciliation*;
For, till there ſhall as much reſpect be ſhown
To other mens *Good-names*, as to our *own*,
And, we are pleaſ'd to hear *good* ſpoke of thoſe
Who well deſerve, although they are our *Foes*,
We never ſhall be *Friends*; nor friendſhip merit
From any, till we qualifie this *ſpirit*.
'Tis *gentle ſpeaking* that appeaſeth *Wrath*;
A *bitter language*, no ſuch virtue hath.
Yet, let none think, this means to uſher-in
A *Reprehenſion* of reproving *Sin*,
Or, that, it well beſeems not any man
To render *Vice* as odious as he can:
For, no debaſement can make *Wickedneſs*
More ugly, than eſſentially it is.
Though *juſt Reproofs* have not allowed been,
Where *perſons* are more aim'd at, than their *ſin*.

Their Practice, *Juſtice* doth to none allow,
Who at their Neighbours, from an *unſeen Bow*,
Shoot poyſned Arrows; and, *Bandetti*-like,
The *Paſſengers* from ſuch a *Covert* ſtrike,
That none can truly know how they are *nam'd*,
Or where thoſe *dwell*, by whom they are defam'd.
In taxing *Vices*, let nor *Tongue* nor *Pen*
Act ſparingly; but ſpare alone the men,
(As much as poſſible) unleſs they ſhall
Ingage themſelves, by *quarrels perſonal*
Againſt the *Truth*; Then ſpare them only ſo,
That thereby *Truth* may not receive a blow.
A cauſleſs *Scandal*, nor a *Lie*, admit,
Though thereby *Truth* may ſome advantage get;
For, *ſhe* or *they*, will honour loſe thereby,
Who think to do her ſervice by a *Lie*.
Some *Good-men* (not a little to their ſhame)
I fear are this way otherwhile to blame,
As much as they *whoſe refuge is in Lyes*,
(And care not by what means they gain their *Prize*)
For, when that an *Impoſtor* doth expreſs
What ſome-way ſuiteth with what they profeſs;
Oft-times by that *Wile*, guilded Pills are ſwallow'd
As wholſom, which are poyſned and unhallow'd,
And, them deprive, who are deluded ſo,
Of *outward peace*, and *Peace of Conſcience* too.
Take therfore heed of thoſe, who by their mingling
Truths with apparant *Falſhoods*, and by gingling
Some Silver among Counters, may by ſhows
Of their befriending that, which they oppoſe,
Obtrude upon you ſomewhat that is evil,
Relating unto things *Divine* or *Civil*;
At leaſt, to make you hearken with content,
To what brings undeſerv'd *Diſparagement*

On

On other men: For, all things baneful prove,
Wherein there's want of *Prudence, Faith,* or *Love.*

X.

A Diſclaim, *by way of* Advertiſement, *of a Paper, falſly imputed to this* Author.

THere are Verſes printed on one ſide of a ſheet, Intituled, *The Wheel of Time turning round to the Good Old Cauſe*; which many, who know not me, nor my *Principles*, nor my *Writings* from other mens, have aſcribed unto me, who do abhor publiſhing any thing without my *Name*, which may be ſcandalous; eſpecially to *individual perſons*, either by name, or by marking them out in ſuch manner, that the *Vices* I reprove can be juſtly appropriated to them, and to no other: Neither did I ever purpoſly compoſe ought which might endanger the *publick Peace*, or hazard the quiet of *private perſons*, whereof that *Paper* is ſuſpected. And indeed, I conceived it at the firſt view, to have been the compoſure of a malicious perſon, who thereby intended to make thoſe in *Authority* jealous of ſome *Innovation* intended by ſober and *conſcientious men*, who I hope will make patient ſuffering their *Refuge*, in all their *Probations*. Therefore, as ſoon as I had peruſed it, I wrote theſe following *Verſes* on the backſide thereof, and gave it unto a Friend, to communicate thereby my ſenſe thereof, to others, if he pleaſed.

He, that divulgeth ought without a Name,
Which individual perſons doth defame,
Although the Truth *he writes, deſerveth blame:*
Yea, he, that without ſoberneſs *and* reaſon,
Speaks what is true, and ſpeaks it out of ſeaſon,

Againſt the Dignity of Truth *ſpeaks Treaſon.*
Yet, Saints, may by oppreſſions, *now and then*
Be ſo provoked (*for they are but men*)
That, they may thus offend by Tongue *or* Pen.
If it be ſo, let him who forth hath ſent
Thoſe Lines, *his folly heartily repent*;
For, they portend an Evil-Conſequent.

G. W.

XI.

To them who object it as a fault, that this Author *hath written ſeveral* Poems, *ſince he reſolved to write no more.*

I Sometimes think my work is done, and then
Reſolved am to lay aſide my *Pen*;
Yet, when I do diſcover ſome *remain*
Unfiniſhed, I take it up again:
For, when I promiſe, what concerneth none
(In any manner) but my ſelf alone,
'Tis alwayes in mine own pow'r, to diſpenſe
With ev'ry ſuch *Reſolve*, without offence;
Then, ſpecially, when elſe, perhaps, I may
To GOD, my *ſelf*, or *others* in ſome way
Infringe my *Duty*, by the proſecution
Of that unprofitable *Reſolution.*

For this *cauſe* therefore, I now think it fit,
Not only ſuch *Reſolvings* to remit,
But, alſo, by *theſe Preſents*, to declare
That, whenſoere a *juſt Cauſe* doth appear,
To *write*, or *ſpeak*, or *do*, what I believe
GOD may have honour by, or *Men* receive
A future benefit, I will aſſay
(Whilſt I have life) to do it as I may.

This *Promiſe* binds me; and, I muſt confeſs,
That, if in time to come, I ſhall tranſgreſs

Againſt

Againſt this *Reſolution*, there's in me
No pow'r whereby I from it can be free.
Reprove me therefore, if at any time
I break this *Promiſe*; for it is a crime.

XII.

Of Governours *and* Governments; *and how we ought to demean our ſelves toward them.*

ALl *Pow'r* is of the LORD, the GOD of Heav'n;
And Man hath none, but, that which he hath (giv'n:
To *raiſe*, pull *down*, to *change* or *innovate*,
In governing a *Kingdom*, or a *State*,
Belongs to Him alone; and nought to do
Have *private men*, but to ſubmit thereto
When He a *Change* hath made, whether he hath
Vouchſafed it in *Mercy*, or in *Wrath*.
Therefore, the *Perſons*, or the *Government*,
To change I never ſought, nor had intent;
But, to ſubmit to that, what ev'r it be,
Which *GOD* was pleaſed to ſet over me.
Both *Men* and *Forms*, if well compar'd together,
Do prove ſo like, and ſo unlike each other,
That oft the *Conſtitution* which at firſt
Appear'd the beſt, becomes at laſt the worſt;
And, as the *Elements* do change into
Each other, ſo the *Governments* will do,
According to th'*Affections*, and the *Pow'rs*
Of thoſe, who are the preſent *Governours*.
All kinds of *Government*, in ſome reſpect,
Are but *one* and the ſelf-ſame in effect,
And, when refined, will corrupt agen,
So long as actuated by meer men,
Who, overſwayed by their *Luſts* and *Paſſions*,
Are alwayes ſubject to *Prevarications*,

And

And ſo oft alſo, as the People's ſin
Compels G O D's Juſtice to bring Changes in.
This, when the *Supream Pow'r* was here divided
(So, that ſome this way, and ſome that way ſided)
Made many *Wiſe-men*, both in reſolution,
As alſo in their wayes of proſecution,
Exceeding doubtfull, that a ſad Reſult
Might follow, in a path ſo difficult;
I therefore, then, endeavoured to adhere
To that, wherein moſt Juſtice did appear
When I had cauſe of doubt; and did comply
Where I ſaw with moſt viſibility
That *Pow'r* did then reſide: For, ſo I thought
(And ſtill believe) I was divinely taught
By *Precept* and *Examples*; and I joyn'd
Therein, to thoſe, who ſeeming of that *mind*
And *judgment*, did in ſhew the ſame profeſs
With zeal, and with much conſciencioufneſs.
And, ſome few, doubtleſs, acted to that end
Sincerely, which the reſt did but pretend.
But, I was cozned by the greater part:
Yet, went on in ſimplicity of heart,
Till I ſo far into a ſnare was run,
That, back I could not go, nor further on
Without a *Miſchief*; or, a breach had made
Upon that *Faith* which I engaged had.
For, few I ſaw purſuing any thing
Concerning *G O D*, the *People*, or the *King*,
With true integrity, to which-ſoere
Of thoſe *three* they pretended to adhere,
With whether ſide ſoever they then cloſed,
Or, whatſoever they in ſhew propoſed.
I ſaw, that either by an open ſcuffling,
Or, by a politick and ſecret ſhuffling,

Both

Both ſides had ſo the *Knaves* and *Court-cards* laid,
That *cheating Games* were likely to be plaid,
And, that our Loſſes, who intended beſt,
Would be the loſing of our *Stakes* at leaſt.
Some, for *Religion* did pretend to fight;
Some, for the *Royal*, ſome for *Common-Right*;
But, I perceiv'd *Self-Intereſt* was that
Which principally moſt men aimed at;
And had not thereof a bare jealouſie,
For, 'twas apparant by that Policy
With which they proſecuted their Intent.
What elſe by them could probably be meant,
Who jugling with both ſides, to none were true,
But as their own advantage might enſue?
Who, ſiding with one *Party*, ſent a Brother,
A Son, or elſe a Nephew to the other;
Who mutually did their Deſigns advance
With Correſpondence, and with Maintenance?
With Counſels and with Treaſure ſtrengthning thoſe
Unſeen, whom they did openly oppoſe?
And otherwhile, by murdring their own Friends,
Made bloody paſſages to their *ſelf-ends?*
Thus did they, yet, ſome of thoſe now appear
In better caſe, than we, whoſe Actings were
Moſt innocent. But, though we ſuffer firſt,
The better ſeeming *Game* will prove the worſt.
For my part, though it coſt me all I had
To keep my Conſcience clear, a ſhift I made;
And, am as well contented with my Lot,
As they are, who have by my Loſſes got.
Truſt rather therefore thine own Conſcience, then
Upon the Counſel of ſev'n wiſer men:
For, in a dubious path, no *humane light*
So well directs us how to walk upright,

If

If ſo far forth as G O D doth means provide,
We take his *Word* and *Spirit* for our Guide.
Be faithful to the preſent *Government*
That G O D permits, to whatſoere intent
He doth permit it, or what-ere it be;
For, (as I ſaid) L O R D of all Pow'r is He;
And, ev'ry *Government* is good, ſave when
It is uſurped by *unrighteous men*;
And, we muſt bear it then, till he ſhall pleaſe
Who laid it on us, to vouchſafe us eaſe;
Becauſe (though He permitteth it) our *Sin*
Was that, yea that alone, which brought it in.
We may, and muſt endeavour in our places,
(According to thoſe *Talents* and thoſe *Graces*
Which G O D beſtows) to offer thát which may
Help keep them in a ſafe and *Righteous way*,
For their ſakes and our own; and, without fear,
Speak to that end, what we ſhall know or hear,
(Though they offended be) ſo we apply
Our *Balm* with prudence and ſobriety.
Our ſeeking to reform it, by a courſe
Not lawful, will but make it much the worſe;
Whereas, if we with *patience* do attend
On G O D, he'l *better*, what we cannot *mend*,
Or, elſe, with His own hand, deſtroy it quite,
Ev'n when their *Tyranny* is at the height.
Theſe are my *Principles*: Theſe, without fear,
Have kept me, and will keep me ſtill, who ere
Shall govern me; and whether *Right* or *Wrong*.
Be done me either *little-while*, or *long*.

XIII.

XIII.

A Scrap *added to the former, ſince the ſending of the* Authors Remonſtrance *to the houſe of* Commons.

THough *Liberty* I've loſt, with my *Eſtate*,
Yet, as things are, I wonder not thereat;
Nor marvel that my *Poem*, for which here
I ſuffer, to the *World* muſt not appear:
For, I confeſs, it ſpeaks not in a *ſtrain*,
Which *Flatt'rers* with eſteem can entertain;
And they by whom I have accuſed been,
Would miſs their Aim, were that in *Publick* ſeen;
Occaſion likewiſe I ſhould not have had,
Of that advantage, which is thereby made.
But, one thing (which till now I thought not fit
To mention) I admir'd at, and do yet;
Ev'n this, That, being of all elſe bereft,
The ſame *Tools* in my pow'r ſhould ſtill be left,
VVhereby *offence* was given, and by which
My *Vindication* will be further'd much.
It was a *Mercy*, but, ſure, not of men,
That, I bereaved was not of my *Pen*
When I was firſt reſtrain'd, and alſo ſent,
(As many are) to *cloſe Impriſonment*;
Which, at this time had greater miſchief done,
Than all that I, till now have undergone.
And this, I here expreſs, not to outbrave
Mans fury, but, that G O D may Glory have
By that *Aſſurance*, wherewith, me he arms
In *preſent ſuffrings*, againſt *future harms*.
For that cauſe, in this manner, is reveal'd
That, which a *wiſer man* would have conceal'd;
And, though, I ſomewhat over peremptory (*Glory*
May ſeem; yet, when *Truths honour*, and *G O D's*

Do lie at ſtake, I know a *ſervile ſpeaking*
To be a fooliſh and uncomly ſneaking ;
Not onely diſadvantaging the *ſpeaker*,
But, rendring alſo *righteous Cauſes* weaker.
All men to *Caſualties* expoſed be,
And, things befall to others, as to me ;
Ev'n unto them, who are above my *ſphear*,
And, were occaſion of my lodging here.
When I had been above ſix months, debar'd
Of Liberty, unpitti'd, and unheard ;
Accuſ'd for *Libelling*, becauſe I had
A private Recapitulation made
Of what I knew, as well by *ſight* as *fame*,
(And, for which, yet, unheard, confin'd I am)
Five Perſons, of no mean degree, were ſent
To be my Fellows by Impriſonment
Within this Jayl ; and, at this preſent are
Charg'd with ſuſpition of no leſs Crimes here
Than *Theft* and *Murder* ; And, there's one among
That *number*, which at this time doth belong
To that *Society*, which I am ſaid
To have defam'd, and therefore here was laid ;
Though I in private only, had declar'd
In genral terms, what *common fame* aver'd.
And, which now ſeem not ſo incredible
As they were thought, nor things impoſſible.
Yet, with unfeignedneſs, deſire I do,
They may be guiltleſs found, if they be ſo,
And quit, without endeavouring to ſmother
Two *Crimes*, by perpetrating of another :
For, *guilt* to cover, and damn *Innocents*,
Is not in theſe dayes without *Preſidents* :
And, *Preſidents* (although not worth a ſtraw)
By ſome are made equivolent to *Law*.

Their

Their *Youth* I greatly pitty, though the Rage
Of my *Oppreſſors* pitty not my *Age*,
Nor care to what ſtraights I may be expoſed,
Whilſt here, deſpiſ'd of all, I am incloſed.
Now they, and I, until we ſhall be try'd
All ſcandalous conjectures muſt abide;
And, if upon the *Teſt*, their Act appears
Miſtook; why may not mine as well as theirs
Miſtaken be? ſince I more likely am
Than they, by *Prejudice* to ſuffer blame?
And have leſſe outward means of *vindication*,
From an unjuſt and cauſleſs imputation?
But, they, and I, ſhall have, when our time's come,
That, which G O D hath appointed for our *Doom*.
He will be *Righteous*, though men are not ſo;
Whatere He pleaſes, therefore let Him do.
We, by the *Juſtice*, which will then be done,
Shall know, what's likely to enſue thereon
To other men, who live in expectation
Of *Juſtice*, or of due Commiſeration.
And, if with meekneſs, upon GOD we reſt, (*beſt*.
That, which threats *worſt things*, will produce the
They whom I have diſpleaſ'd, may now be merry;
For, I have ſcribled until I am weary:
And ſhall, perhaps, no more be troubleſome
This way, when what's *conceiv'd* to *light* ſhal come;
But, then permit them from thenceforth, to do
What they intend, till they are *weary too*.
In this *mode* I have little more to *offer*,
To *ſay*, or *do*, but down to lye and *ſuffer*;
Aſſur'd, that (if no good effects that have
Which I have writ) A *Poem* in my *Grave*
Compoſ'd and hither ſent, would be no more
Effectual, than my *Writings* heretofore.

I have expreſt enough to men of *Reaſon*,
Who know when *ſober Truths* come forth in ſeaſon:
Now, therefore, if GOD pleaſe, let them who ſhall
Deſire them, take *Pen*, *Credit*, *Life*, and *all*;
But let them therewith know, that they will be
So dealt withall, as they ſhall deal with me.
'Tis now known, what *I've done*, what *I can ſay*,
And, what *I ſuffer*, but not what I *may*.

Qui jacet in Terrâ, non habet undé cadet.

"The World can him undo no more,
"Whom ſhe hath quite undone before:
"But, he whom GOD ſhall ſmile upon,
"May *loſe all*, yet not be *undone*.

A few *Lines* more I'le add: I hear ſome ſay,
This will occaſion rending quite away
All *Liberties* at once, and many think,
That henceforth neither *Paper*, *Pen*, nor *Ink*
Will be allow'd me, nor a *Viſitant*,
Which may ſupply me with what I ſhall want:
Yea, that I may be thither ſent, where none
Shall ſee, or hear, what muſt be undergone;
And, that nought can be hop'd for, but *Perdition*
In ſuch a *place*, and ſuch a *ſad condition*.
Yet, this I fear not: For, there is no *place*
On *Earth*, or any ſuch diſtreſſed *caſe*,
As no Redreſs admits. There's not alone
For ev'ry *Grief*, a *Cure*, for ev'ry one
In ev'ry *Country*; But, *each man* about him
Hath alſo that, *within* him, or *without* him,
Which known, and by GOD's aid applied, cures
All *Maladies*, and all *Diſtemperatures*.
The greateſt *Tyrants* pow'r extends not to
All thoſe things, which he hath a *Will to do*.

Nor

Nor is there any *Miſery*, or *Place*
Whereby I can be ſhut up from *GOD's Grace.*
What more I may now, or hereafter bear,
Increaſes not my *terrour* or my *care:*
Nay, ſo far am I from the dread of that
Which may befall in ſuch a *ſad eſtate*;
That when I think on what the Rage of *men*
Shall do at *worſt*; And what GOD will do *then*,
It keeps me pleaſ'd. For, to deliver me
(What ere betides) a thouſand wayes hath he.
He, that can make ſafe paſſage through the *Seas*,
And, through a *Fiery Furnace*, if He pleaſe,
Pre-apprehenſions gives me, of that *Grace*
Which will vouchſafed be in ſuch a *Caſe.*
Joſeph was long in Priſon; yet GOD ſent
A means to free him from Impriſonment,
In ſuch a *mode*, that, if within our *Creed*
It be, 'twill very well deſerve our *heed.*
The *World* can neither bring me to *diſpair*,
Nor me deprive of *Hope*, *Faith*, *Love*, or *Prayr*;
Nor take *away*, or unto me *reſtore*
Ought, making my *Aſſurance* leſs or more.
GOD clothes the *Lillies*, and doth *Sparrows* feed;
He can turn *Stones* to *Bread*, if there be need:
And, could I down to *Hell* by men be driven,
When I came thither, I ſhould find it *Heaven.*
The *Bugbears*, wherewithall the *World* aſſays
To skare me, could not in my *childiſh dayes*
Affright me. I was exerciz'd in youth
(For loving *Honeſty*, and writing *Truth*)
With ſtrict *Impriſonments*, and made ere ſince
A *Stone* (to very many) *of offence*,
Kickt to and fro, till thereat many broke
Their ſhins at leaſt, yet harm I never took.

GOD

G O D hath preſerved me now fifty years,
In his Work, in all troubles, wants and fears;
From *Poverty* and *Shame* in worſt of times;
From mine own Follies, Vanities and Crimes;
From *Famines*, *Peſtilences*, raging *War*,
And *Tyrants*, worſe than thoſe three *Judgments* are,
Without diſmay, ev'n when it ſo befell,
That men in greateſt pow'r ſped not ſo well.
In plain terms I did often repreſent
Their failings, to the late *Long Parliament*,
Yet ſcap't their *fury*, though I could not ſcape
Their *Fraud*, nor *Partnerſhip* in that miſhap,
Which their *Improvidence* occaſion'd then,
Both to themſeves, and many better men.
But, that will for my welfare prove at laſt,
As certainly, as that which in time paſt,
I told them would befall, is at this day
Fulfill'd upon them, ev'ry ſev'ral way;
And, will continue, till their *Fiery Tryal*,
Hath brought men to that real *ſelf-denial*,
Which them will qualifie to carry on
The Work which GOD intendeth ſhall be done.
I likewiſe did preſage to *Oliver*,
In bold words to his face, and without fear,
What would at laſt befall him: and I knew
(Though he diſſembled it) what would enſue
For ſuch plain-dealing: yea, I ſoon did find,
By what courſe my deſtruction was deſign'd;
But, whilſt he thought, I thought my ſelf befriended,
G O D taught me to prevent what he intended,
That, I might ſuffer, as now at this time,
What gives more cauſe of glorifying Him.
By theſe *Experiments* confirm'd I am,
My G O D will alwayes be to me the ſame,

That

That he hath been, and ratifie that *Truth*
In my *old Age*, that I believ'd in *Youth*,
By making that, which likely ſeems to double
My ſorrows, to help others in their trouble,
VVith conſtancy and patience to ſuſtain
Their *Burdens*, whilſt upon them they remain.
And, peradventure, they will be ſo wiſe,
VVhoſe Indignation, yet upon me lies,
That, when they heed what GOD for me *hath done*,
And *may do*, they'l conſider ſo thereon,
That they who were my *Foes*, my *Friends* will be,
And ſave *themſelves*, by their deliv'ring *me*.
G O D can effect this for me, if He pleaſe:
For, He doth many ſtranger things than theſe.
But, let Him do his Will. VVhat ere is done,
He is my *Truſt*, and, Him I'le reſt upon.

If ſuch a Famine, *as is threatned, comes,*
There will be need of ſuch like Scraps *and* Crums.
But, theſe, to none can toothſome be, unleſs
They thirſt and hunger after Righteouſneſs:
For, they will reliſh unto all men els,
Like fleſhleſs bones, or fiſhleſs Oyſter-ſhels:
Perhaps, to ſome few, they will ſerve inſtead
Of Phyſical Receipts *in time of need,*
If, careleſly they be not caſt aſide,
But, prudently and ſeaſonably apply'd.
To that end, they endeavoured to ſave them
From being loſt, by whoſe means ye now have them.
They Relicts *are of that* continual Feaſt
My Conſcience *makes me*; *and* probatum eſt
To ev'ry one of them ſubſcribe I may;
For I have proved them by night and day.

They

They are but part of larger Meditations
(*Thus worded, for my daily* Recreations)
For whilſt to write them down, I did aſſay,
The greateſt portion of them flew away.

VERSES written by Mr. *George Wither* upon three Trenchers with Oker, during his cloſe-Impriſonment, and carried to the Lieutenant of the Tower by the ſaid Priſoners Keeper.

George Wither, *cloſe Priſoner, to the Lieut. of the Tower.*

SIR, I have been a *Priſner* now ſix times,
For no worſe faults, than *juſt Reproofs of Crimes.*
Nigh *fifty years* acquainted with the pow'r
Of *Jaylors*; and, ſhall ſhortly know the *Tower,*
To be the *beſt,* or elſe the *worſt* of all
Confinements, which did hitherto befall.
All my *defenſive Arms* are took away,
Now therefore, I aſſume ſuch as I may;
And, ſince my Lot affords no better *Tools,*
A *Trencher* mark't with *Oker, Lead,* or *Coals,*
Shall be my *Buckler, Sword,* and *Advocate*
To you, in this my much oppreſt eſtate.
Theſe, *long experience* taught me to provide,
When ſuch a *ſtrait* was likely to betide;
And, if you take them from me, you will do
More than your *Order* doth oblige you to,
Or *Charity* allows: for, I'm not free
To come to you, nor will you come at me;
Though *wiſe,* and *good,* and *honourable men,*
Have thought me worth a *viſit* (now and then.)
When

When I was in the much deſpiſed *Jayl*
Of *Newgate*; ſome from thence were freed by *Bail*,
Though charg'd with *Theft* & *Murder*; and I may
Expect that *Priviledge* as well as they:
But, *kiſſing goes by favour*; and I lack
The *Silver Key*, which way thereto doth make,
And by the want whereof, I find this place
Affords not unto me, the common grace
Allow'd to *Rogues*; nor ſo much as a *Slave*
In *Turky*, or in *Barbary* may have:
For, they have *Bread* and *Water* at the leaſt,
And *Place* aſſigned them, wherein to reſt,
VVithout extorting more than can be had
(Unleſs their Fleſh could into Coyn be made)
VVhereas the *Mercy* which this place affords
(In *Age* and *Sickneſs*) had been *naked boards*,
And *ſtones* for *bread*, had not my Wife, by giving
VVhat Charity beſtow'd to keep her living,
Prevented for a week, what was deſign'd
To me, thence-forward, if we cannot find
Enough beforehand, weekly to bring in,
And ſave the ſtripping of me to the skin:
By which means, that *Impeachment* now intended,
May not be drawn up, till my Life is ended;
So, they will loſe their labour, who aſſay
To mould my *Puniſhment* another way;
VVhich I conceiv'd, would more vexation be
To ſome, than all my *Suffrings* are to me.
Priſners ſhould gently uſed be, (if mild)
Not curriſhly oppreſſed and revil'd:
For (though neglected) we have ſtill a *Law*,
VVhereby ſuch *Jaylors* may be kept in awe.
Know, *Sir*, that much abuſe to me is done;
Which is not an Abuſe to me alone,

But likewiſe to *your ſelf*, and to the *nature*
And *priviledge* of ev'ry *humane creature.*
For which cauſe, being willing to prevent,
Both your *Diſhonour*, and my *Detriment*,
I *this way* have contrived to declare
My mind; and that, I my *Affronts* can bear;
Though (to my knowledge) ſince my name was *Wi-*
I was not *Villain* call'd, till I came hither; (*ther*
Nor from ought, for preſerving *health*, debarr'd;
Though, oft my uſage hath been very hard.
The *mercy* of preceding times was ſuch,
That *Priſners* here, were not oppreſt ſo much:
For, all *Cloſe-Priſners*, (for what *Crime* ſoere
Accuſ'd) ſuppli'd with all things needful were
In their *degrees*; ev'n at the *Princes* coſt:
Which *Priviledge*, though now it ſeemeth loſt,
Cuſtom had made ſo legally then due,
That, till of late, it was deny'd to few.
And, whenſoever claim'd, your *Predeceſſors*,
If they denyed it, were thought Tranſgreſſors.
They who infring'd that *Cuſtom*, firſt, did bring
Diſhonour to the *Nation*, and the *King*.
Them, cloſely to impriſon, who have nought
To feed them (and thereof, then take no thought)
Is worſe than *killing them*; yea, ſuch a ſin
As hath by *Infidels* abhorred bin.
Where's nothing left, there nothing can be got;
And, to oppreſs, becauſe men have it not,
Is an inhumane, and a brutiſh evil,
That's found in none, but an *incarnate Devil.*
Sir, by profeſſion, you a *Chriſtian* are,
And, I hope, this mind, is from you ſo far,
That you all *civil uſages* will daign,
So long as in your keeping I remain.

A

A *Cat* no more can yeeld you, but her skin.
If *Sheep* do pay the *Fleeces* they are in,
They'l grow again, ſo you from *Curs* preſerve them,
And ſhut them not ſo cloſe up, that you ſtarve them.
That which concerneth other men, and me,
This day, another day *your caſe* may be:
For, *Changes* are not fixt with ſuch a *Pin*,
But, that thoſe things may happen, which *have bin*.
Conſider it: If *Mercy* you extend,
'Twill make a better man than I your Friend;
And much more *honour* you, than all your pow'r,
As *Alderman*, *Lieutenant of the Towre*,
And *Member* of the *Commons*, if ſevere
You prove to me, beyond what I can bear:
For, if through want, I periſh in theſe *bands*,
My *Blood* will be required at *your hands*;
And, you will find, that I am own'd by *Him*,
Who juſtifieth, when *man* doth condemn.
Do as your heart inclines: If you deny me
Things needful, G O D himſelf will then ſupply me
With ſtrength to bear it, till I ſhall enjoy
That *Freedom*, which no *mortal* can deſtroy:
And when the World hath done the worſt ſhe can,
Good men will ſay, I was an *honeſt man*,
To GOD, *Prince*, *Conſcience*, and my *Country* true,
What-ever, on my *Tryal*, ſhall enſue;
Yea, though with rigor I may ſuffer all
That's threatned, and ſeems likely to befall,
I do not yet perceive, which way G O D can
Be honour'd more by any *mortal man*,
Than by the *Joy* and *Courage* he may give him,
When others think they moſt *extreamly grieve him*.
If I had ſuffred leſs ſince I begun
To ſerve Him; I his *Work* could not have done;

And, what I now ſhall *ſuffer*, may add more
Unto his *Honour*, than *all heretofore.*
And, from that, whereto *Conſcience* doth invite,
My *Puniſhment*, will not one man affright
Who owns my *Principles*; and ſhall have grace
To act them *ſoberly*, in his *own place.*
Sir, I have twenty times as much to ſay,
But, here I am compelled to make ſtay:
For lo, this *Trencher* will contain no more,
And, *Paper* muſt not come within my door.

Your Priſoner, *Geo. Wither.*

Hearing it reported, that the Diurnal women *cryed the news of his* Impeachment *for* Treaſon, *he compoſed this* Epigram.

I Am preferr'd from *Newgate* to the *Tow'r*;
And, as the *Summers heat* mends Ale that's ſowr,
So, here my ſtate is mended; and what follows,
May be, for ought I yet perceive, the *Gallows.*
Hark! what is that which now the woman cryes,
Who, this day ſelleth weekly *Truths* and *Lyes?*
How! an *Impeachment* againſt Major *Wither?*
Theſe *words*, methinks, ſeem not well put together.
But, let them paſſe, until I know the reaſon;
Perhaps, a kind of *whiſteling of Treaſon*
I am thought guilty of: and if ſome ſay
The Fox's *ears* are *horns*, who help it may?
Theſe *Novels*, only pleaſe, or elſe affright,
Children & *Fools*, who know not black from white,
Nor right from wrong; and quite contrary things
They'l tel next week, to what this week forth brings.
How-

However, *Friends*, be not thereof afeard,
He that ſhall ſtand accuſed, muſt be clear'd
Or elſe condemn'd, before that any one
Can juſtly ſay, that *right* or *wrong* is done.
The *Commons* do intend to vindicate
Their Honour; and I am not griev'd thereat,
For, it concerns them; and the *Reputation*
Of their *Houſe* is the Honour of the *Nation.*
If that which I have writ, *ſeditious* be,
Or *ſcandalous*, 'twas not ſo made by me:
But, rather, by ſome *Members of their own*;
For, to all other men, it is unknown;
And was by me, compoſ'd with an intent,
Both *Scandal* and *Sedition* to prevent,
As that *Remonſtrance* truly hath averd,
Which to their *Speaker* I long ſince preferd.
I did but part of that in *private* write,
Which genrally was *fam'd*, that make I might
Good uſe thereof: And, if that be a *crime*,
I know it was not ſo in *former time*,
Nor will be ſo *hereafter*, unleſs we
To *univerſal Ruine* deſtin'd be.
If their *Proceed* againſt me be ſevere,
The more my *Innocency* will appear
To prudent men; And, if I wronged be,
The more *G O D* will be merciful to me.
He that beneath his *Wings* hath his abidings,
Needs not to be afraid of *evil tidings*,
Though they cry'd, *Fire & Brimſtone is deſcending*;
For, *Angels* alwayes are on him attending.
If they, as *conſciencious* be, as *wiſe*,
Upon whom now an *Impoſition* lies (weigh'd
To *charge me*; They, perhaps, when they have
What I have *done*, with what I've *writ* and *ſaid*
In

In my *defence* ; will to that ſenſe incline,
Whereby the Honour of *their Houſe*, and *mine*,
May joyntly be preſerv'd, and make good uſe
Of that which hath been deemed an *abuſe*.
I know *diſcreet men* cannot be ſo mad,
To make that *worſe*, which is already *bad*,
Or, not to leave *one ſingle perſon* free
To ſpeak *Truth* plainly, when juſt cauſe may be.
For, they ſo underſtand, what doth belong
To *Free-men*, and to *Slaves*, to *right* and *wrong* ;
That, to excuſe the breach of any *Laws*,
I ſhall not need a *Favour* worth two ſtraws,
If *Juſtice* may take place, (as I conceive
It will, when they my *Innocence* perceive.)
Yea, peradventure, they, who yet ſeem Foes,
Will be to me ſo friendly in the cloſe,
That they will by their *Juſtice*, honour gain,
And, me into their favour entertain.
One *bitter herb* ſpoils not a pot of Broth,
(Though ſome the ſingle taſt thereof may loath)
But, makes the ſame perhaps much wholſomer
Than if it totally omitted were.
The *beſt among us*, at the beſt are *ſinners*,
And, in *true Penitence*, but *new beginners*,
Who need *forgiveneſs* : and, GOD will beſtow
Such Mercy, as to other men we ſhow.
'Tis not the cutting-off of one mans *ears*
Will ſtop the *Voice* which ev'ry body hears ;
Nor poſſible, if *Tongue* and *Life* they take
From me, to make all men afraid to ſpeak :
Nor is't in *Whirlwinds*, which the Rocks do rend,
Whereby G O D will into mens hearts deſcend.
Sunſhine makes us thoſe Robes aſide to lay,
Which *furious Tempeſts* cannot tear away :

And

And, they whom *Threatnings* cannot work upon,
By *Gentleneſs* and *Kindneſs* may be won
To yeeld up their own *Judgments*, and their *Will*,
Sometime for *good*, and otherwhile for *ill*.
G O D by his Grace, preſerve me from that *ſnare*,
And then, come what come will, I nothing fear.
For, chiefeſt cauſes of the *greateſt Evils*,
Are theſe ; *kind Foes*, *good Witches*, and *white*
(*Devils*.

Ingenii Largitor Venter.

(*witty* ;

HUnger will break *Stonewalls*, and make *Fools*
When others will not, we our ſelves muſt pitty :
For, he that wholly doth *himſelf* neglect,
Cannot his *Neighbour* heartily affect.
And, if we love not thoſe whom we have ſeen,
The Love of G O D in us hath not yet been.
By what *Expedient*, I ſhall henceforth get
A means to vent my *thoughts*, I know not yet.
My *Black-lead*'s took away ; and worn out quite
My *Oker-penſil* is ; therefore *Good-night*.
All I can now do, is to ſit and think,
What might be writ with *Paper*, *Pen* and *Ink*.

GEO. WITHER,
Cloſe-Priſoner.

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